The Australian

Over 830,000 Copies Sold Every Week

Women's Weekly

PRICE

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New Zealand 15c
New Guinea 34c
Malaysia $1.00

November 8, 1967

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.



Color lift-out

20 TOYS
to knit, sew,
or crochet

Color features

CHEVALIER'S VISIT

CHRYSANTHEMUM TIME

RECIPES: HOME-MADE SWEETS

GAY FASHIONS
FOR THE BEACH

Page 45

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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OUR COVER

● "Little Red Riding Hood" apres-swim outfit is from Italy — and available in Australia. The red towelling poncho cape is $30; the contrasting yellow hood, $10; the striped towelling beach bag, $26. For more colorful beach gear, and where to buy it, see page 45.

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It's hard, if you live in a country town, to find

A JOB FOR JENNY, 17

(even if she can type)



A GIRL studies the "positions vacant" ads.

By CLAIRE KENT, Jenny's mother

WHEN we left suburbia our children were still at school, so when friends reminded us of the scarcity of country employment for young people we were not concerned.

But eight months of living in this Victorian town brought the cold, hard facts forcibly to our notice.

Our daughter, 17-year-old Jenny Kent, Intermediate Certificate, three years' typing at high school, was still searching for work.

The population of our town is 4500. It is the "sunshiny" centre of a prosperous dairying, fruit-growing area.

The town looks good and home-building is proceeding at a fast rate.

However, the employment situation for girls is poor, there is a dearth of jobs.

As one local businessman said: "Eliminate the solicitors, estate-agents, and garage offices, what have you left? Shop assistants only." (We tried for shop assistants' jobs.)

The fruit cannery employs hundreds of girls from December to April only, and it is realised employers cannot conjure up jobs from nowhere.

The supply of typists appears to outweigh the demand in the country. Higher education is stressed these days, but local firms are not demanding.

30 applicants

One office employing a dozen girls stated they came straight from high school, were not fast typists, but improved with practice.

During my stay in this town I have observed many changes in the young (and not so young) faces behind shop counters and office desks; from time to time in the local Press I have read "Miss Jones has begun work at the office of Blanks . . ."

Nine times out of ten, these positions were never advertised.

We realised, as local friends have intimated, that getting a job in the country was often a matter of connections, a case of "who knew whom, and what."

A small engineering works received 30 applicants for an advertised clerk-typist position. A nearby garage had 40 contending for their typist job.

These figures may sound exaggerated, but they are authentic.

During the summer Jenny filled in with some casual work—fruit-picking.

We bought a second-hand typewriter on which she practised at home, copying from newspapers, and while her speed and accuracy increased, so also did her general knowledge.

To relieve the monotony of typing practice, she cooked sponges and pies, and decorated cakes to meticulous perfection.

She became an avid reader of the "Positions Vacant" columns in the daily newspaper, which listed dozens of tempting-sounding positions for typists.

Alas, all were in Melbourne.

She began to feel "left out." Shopping in the main street, she heard "Have you got a job yet, Jenny?" as often as "Good Morning."

In all, she applied for ten positions, became resigned to being rejected, and then, with each succeeding disappointment, upset.

Such a situation is bad for the morale of a young person.

We were well able to afford to keep Jenny while she remained jobless, but what of others less fortunate? The widows, deserted wives, always financially hard pressed, whose sons and daughters can find no work in the country?

The spectre of unemployment, once a person has been jobless, colors the thoughts.

Jenny registered at the nearest centre for unemployment benefits — this was reminiscent of the "dole" depression (of the '30s).

We asked the number of unemployed under 20 years of age. There were 30. In a population of 14,000 this does not sound many, but measured in terms of just one young person suffering financial stress and doubts about the future the situation is far from desirable.

Tired of disappointments, we decided to survey conditions in Melbourne.

During a crowded five-hour itinerary between bus arrival and departure we answered an advertisement for a junior typist at a large retail store.

The position had been filled, but the staff-manager explained:

"There is no shortage of work for juniors. We had a number of applicants, but these were girls already employed, who were seeking to better their positions."

At a wholesale distributor's employing 20 office staff the situation was different. They had turned away applicants, recently had had country girls seeking work, and had noticed a trend to scarcity of employment.

During our search and survey we met some wonderful people who, although busy and total strangers, wanted to help.

Girls' hostel

We were told: "It's unusual to turn away a suitable applicant, but July is a slack time, the end of the financial year."

We managed a half-hour's hectic shopping, asking saleswomen if they knew of the scarcity of employment. Surprised, they answered: "No, unless they are people who don't want to work."

We had no time to phone other advertised positions, but went, instead, to the Commonwealth Employment Service.

After an interview there, to ascertain Jenny's qualifications, they advised us to obtain accommodation for her in Melbourne; then a job would be found for her.

We had to return home to wait more patient weeks, while board was arranged at a girls' hostel.

On the Sunday before Jenny left for Melbourne, we drove 140 miles through Girgarre, Stanhope, Corop, Rochester, Bamawm, Lockington to Gunbower, Leitchville, and Tongala. These small towns and villages (each with a large milk-products factory) are nevertheless centres of closely settled dairying communities.

The sun shone beautifully on green paddocks, but uppermost in my mind was the query: Where will these farmers' children find work?

Jenny's case illustrates once again the reason for the drift to the cities, which, in turn, restricts the development of country towns.

As a parent, I find the "drift to the cities" rather sad. As a citizen, I see insufficient decentralisation limiting the development of [illegible]ation.

During my first Melbourne survey, I discovered that many business firms do not expect typists who have come straight from school to be speed experts, but they employ them while they improve.

They teach them the operation of other machines, so that when they turn 19, they can be classed as experienced typists.

This sounded generous to me.

During our second Melbourne visit we again contacted the Commonwealth Employment Service, who sent us to various firms.

I found employers thoughtful and considerate of the distances Jenny would travel — eight miles daily could cost $3.50 weekly in fares.

Another "one-typist one-employer" pointed out that Jenny, as a 17-year-old beginner, would find his office too lonely.

I cannot speak too highly of the staff of the Commonwealth Employment Service for Female Personnel in Collins Street.

Their tireless efforts and genuine friendliness encouraged Jenny during what was, naturally, a strange, anxious time for her.

Two days later, Jenny phoned me at home to say the Commonwealth Employment Service had helped her find a typing position with a hire-purchase company.

At first I thought she was joking.

Unbelievable!

Only four days in the city and she had a job! It seemed unbelievable, after eight months in the country unable to find work. I felt like shouting the news from the roof-tops.

By now, thoroughly interested in employment, I perused 16 pages of a Melbourne newspaper's advertisements for professional positions.

The date was August 11, 1967. There were more pages than in the June, July issues, proving that the end-of-financial-year "quiet period" soon picks up.

I attempted an exhaustive check for numbers of female office staff vacancies in Melbourne. I counted 85 stenographers, 75 typists, 30 clerk-typists, 15 junior girls.

Complete accuracy was impossible, as several private employment agencies advertised thus: "Choose from 10 top-paid typist, stenographer positions."

So many advertisements. They made fairytale reading, compared with the almost nil in "positions vacant" in country newspapers.

An advocate for higher education (for both sexes), I noted with surprise that Intermediate Certificate (4th year), Leaving Certificate (5th year) were rarely requested. Matriculation was requested once only.

Here was another conflicting situation. Jenny, investigating at a private employment agency, was told there: "It's difficult for an inexperienced 17-year-old typist to get a job. Many employers start their juniors at 15."

This was puzzling. Why of the girls encouraged by parents, schools to study diligently till they are 16 or 17?

But, by now Jenny had a job. And I had had enough of travelling, and transport city streets.

Jenny says: "I work with about 40 other people, who are obliging and helpful in a centrally heated office.

"We are kept busy with interesting, varied work. We have our own cafeteria. I am doing evening classes in shorthand.

"My weekly salary is approximately $20.60. I pay hostel board $9.40; lunches cost $1.25; fares cost $1.25.

"I have $8 weekly left for budget for clothing, outings and savings bank account."

In the city, Jenny is quick, confident. Independent now, earning her own living, she looks bright, sparkling.

Different already from the serious, discouraged girl who could not find a job in the country.

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1 NOV 1967

FOR FRANK IFIELD and GILLIAN— A SON



● *Comfort for a crying first-born (right) from Australian singer Frank Ifield. Frank and his former dancer wife, Gillian, are to name their son, born in London, Mark Philip.*



AUSTRALIAN singer Frank Ifield and his wife, Gillian, a former dancer, are to name their first child Mark Philip.

The baby was born on October 6 in a London nursing home and Frank heard the news while appearing at the Coventry Theatre. After a quick celebration with the show's cast, he went to see his wife and son.

Mark's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Ifield, of Beecroft, N.S.W., received a cable from Frank telling them the news.

"It was so exciting," said Mrs. Ifield. "I can't remember quite how the cable went, but it ended, 'MOTHER WELL FATHER PROUD FRANK GILLIAN QUESTION MARK.'

"Frank and Gillian then rang on the Sunday to tell us that the baby weighed 6¾lb. at birth and was fair. Gillian was bright and bubbly, Frank was very proud.

"We now have six grandsons and three granddaughters. Frank wanted a boy, but our other sons all had daughters first. Of our six sons, four are married."

Frank Ifield has made London his home since 1959, but has returned to Sydney several times. He and Gillian were married in London in July, 1965, and came to Sydney for a quick trip several months later.

Although Frank was in Sydney earlier this year, Gillian stayed in England. "Frank told us that she was busy, but apparently the doctor had advised her against flying at that time," said Mrs. Ifield.

"We're going to England next year, but Mark will be about eight months old then. It would be lovely if they came over early next year."

● *Contented now, Mark Philip, with his proud parents. Frank rang his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Ifield, of Beecroft, N.S.W., to tell them that the baby weighed 6¾lb. and was fair.*

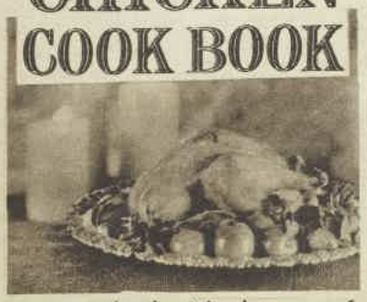
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NEXT WEEK

Our 16-page lift-out is scrumptious: it's a

CHICKEN COOK BOOK



. . . packed with dozens of recipes from famous international delicacies to practical everyday dishes.

and . . .

in COLOR

Prettiness of new maternity fashions—on sale now





4-PAGE PREVIEW: **Galsworthy's "The Forsyte Saga" —as made for TV.**

(and lots more, of course!)

and . . .

A GUIDE TO GARDEN PESTS

and . . .



Our delightful new serial is "HERE COMES THE BRIDE —THERE GOES MOTHER"

and . . .

There's a big, colorful CATALOGUE OF TOYS to buy for Christmas, too.

NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK

WILL THE BOWLER GO?



LONDON LIKES THE CAFTAN

. . . And Regency brocades . . . tunics cowboy coats . . . and necklaces

By MARGOT CURRY

EVER since Beau Brummell taught his countrymen to wash and wear clean linen, the average crowned head, British nobleman or London "gent," has bought his clothes in the austere half mile that lies between Old Bond Street and Jermyn Street, London.

Here he would purchase his bowler, pause agonisingly over the question of the trouser cuff or an additional button on the sleeve, because (unless he was a very important crowned head indeed) a difference of one inch in his coat length might incur the pinched nostril and sniffy gaze on the Club steps. In which case, there would be nothing left but to go away, shoot hippopotamuses, and forget.

Empires come and go, but Savile Row will still make your husband a suit for around $A250, though he should order it at the beginning of his trip and not go too far away.

Behind worn brass plates, ecclesiastical craftsmen will discuss the project at length, call him back for at least three fittings, and send him out into the world a couple of months later in a carved masterpiece in Yorkshire wool that sits with never a wrinkle.

As a concession to modernity, the jacket will button higher and the trousers are narrower than they were 20 years ago, but, on the other hand, the general style will conform to that of 60 years ago.

Savile Row is eternal.

There are places, of course, which will make a suit much more cheaply, and with only two fittings, but these are for earnest young men with their way to make.

The style looks the same, but the young man knows the difference: defiantly, he wears his bowler at a jaunty angle, or may even sport a cape — and waits until he can move on to higher things.

Now, however, there are sinister influences at work. The bastions of established order are being undermined by the giddier elements of British youth.

Long-maned and caftan-clad, they break out in all directions from Carnaby Street and Portobello Road, to sit beside their girlfriends under the hair-dryers of Vidal Sassoon and Richard Conway.

They emerge with medieval bangs or frizzy perms, and they call themselves the Beautiful People.

Influenced by India, via the Beatles and San Francisco, it is nevertheless fair to point out that many are only Beautiful part-time.

City bosses tend to be terse if their clerks wear lilac smocks, and even on a building site a flower-laced bush of hair on a worker is likely to excite comment.

In a briefcase

But there are ways round this: the young accountant's briefcase conceals not only a caftan but a wig, sideburns, and droopy Viva Zapata moustache, so that he can attend discotheques like Dolly's and Blaises in the evenings without being too ashamed.

He can then mingle unobtrusively with those in more trendy professions — photographers, boutique owners, interior decorators, disc jockeys—in a scene that, if not always Beautiful, is at least colorful, even if you can't always hear the records for the jangle of the temple bells they wear about their necks.

Of course, if you're really hippy, you don't work at all in Britain, and buy your wooden beads and wampum out of National Assistance.

This is not too easy, nor to achieve the full effect of, say, Adam Faith in his honeymoon pictures cost money.

Generally speaking, the true Flower Children are a little unhygienic. They are gentle people, anti-war, and bother nobody.

While the drug controversy rages above their uncaring and unkempt heads, their originality of dress, second-hand furs, and jazzy shirts considerably brighten the dreary backgrounds against which most of them live.

It is pleasant, if puzzling, to be offered a flower in the street: their Love-ins make a sunny addition to front-page news, and it's not their fault if they influence the dress habits of their generation.

In fact, it is hard to say which came first in this, the Flower Children or the Beatles.

Other pop groups, more obscure, claim precedence both with the sitar and sartorial effect of somewhere-



TUNIC SHIRT: Gold braid trims neck, sleeves.

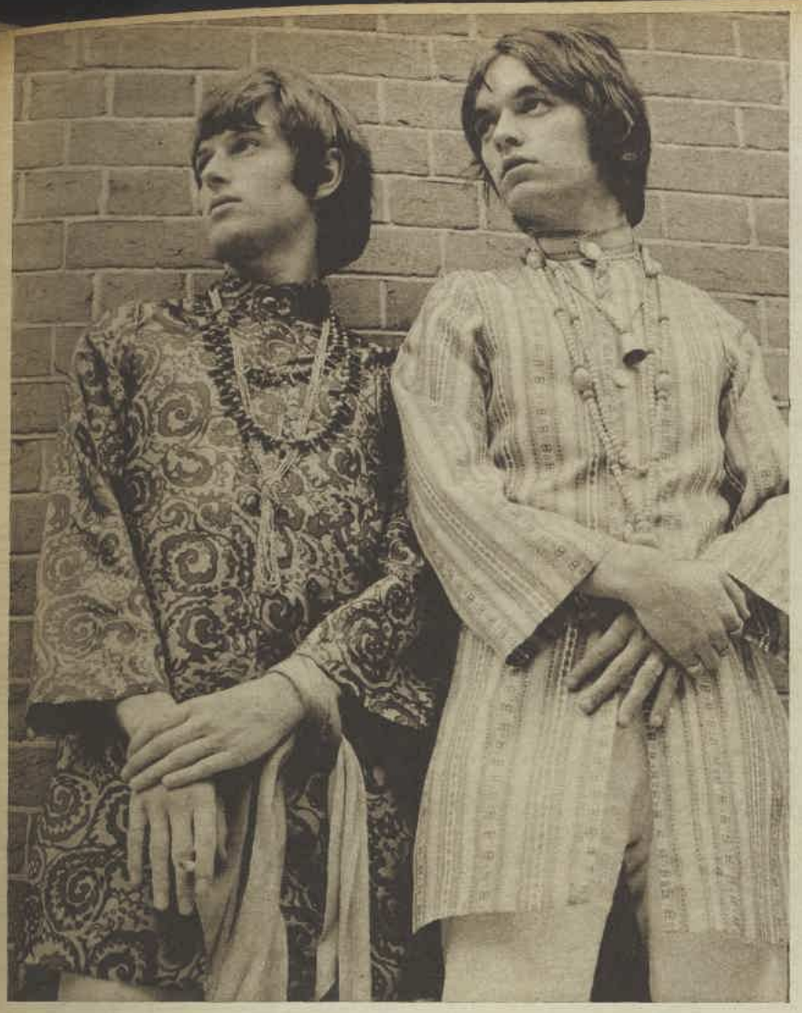


CAPE, in the coachman style, is worn with a bowler.



COWBOY gear for boys and girls is much liked.

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CAFTANS AND NECKLACES. This fashion, new and colorful, has been given the stamp of approval by the Beatles. The two caftans pictured reach to just above the knee, and wearers can add any number of beads.



SCREAMING Lord Sutch, the pop entertainer, wears a Regency coat of gold-and-green brocade, with matching gold waistcoat, and wine satin trousers. Here he climbs a post.

near-India, and there are breakaway cults who owe their allegiance somewhere between East and Way-out West—for you may see an embroidered sheepskin coat a la Tibet or a calf leather jacket in cowboy style.

All these trends are eagerly followed by the young fans, with the embellishment of large enamel badges carrying slogans like "Save Water — Bath Together" and "Never Mind Oxfam—Feed Twiggy."

Violet caftan

The wide choice happily kept a young relative of mine dithering until it was time to get the plane home to Australia.

He couldn't decide which would have the greater shock effect on his family — a violet caftan or a complete Regency outfit in gold brocade and wine satin.

Fortunately, he didn't have time to buy either, which must be a relief both to his father and the ghost of Beau Brummell.

The Regency period was the most elegant ever in male dress, but somehow it does not reproduce well, at least in the cheaper versions.

In the much grander establishment of Mr. Fish, an avant garde boutique-cum-tailor off Savile Row, I did see a very dashing caped greatcoat.

He also sells the matching flowered shirts and ties just permissible to the more daring salesmen and advertising executives, and the floor-length fur coats which are not.

The majority of young Britons remain fairly unmoved by this cut and thrust battle for supremacy. Unless they go to art school, most students wear the corduroys, tweed jackets, and the scarves of incredible length students have worn for generations.

They may be aware an ancient Greek influence is stealing o'er the caftan, but they can face up to it.

True, their hair is long, but this is often because they can't afford too many haircuts: perms are beyond both their means and their inclinations.

However, the minority are influential enough and have sufficient money to spend, which comes to the same thing, to turn their fashion ideas into a major industry which is watched, if not always emulated by, the rest of the Western world.

Boys in dead-end jobs are making as much money as they may ever make: between school and marriage and living with Mum, many can afford up to half their wages on records and clothes.

For them, Carnaby Street sprang into existence, changing dismal warehouses into a double row of shops whose current selling price is around $A37,500, though it is doubtful if any owner would part with one.

London tailoring has dictated masculine dress for almost as long as Paris has persuaded women.

As with Paris, fashion in the past moved downward through the social strata, changing, perhaps becoming more colorful in its descent, yet still recognising the authority of a duke.

Not any more. King Edward left his bottom waistcoat button undone, and the world followed suit: now, even Pierre Cardin keeps a weather eye on the boutiques and it is just possible, in the rarefied air of Mayfair, that the present tendency toward long-waisted double-breasted jackets reflects, far off, a cockney mod of a few years ago.

Recognising defeat when they see it, many of the older shops have taken the odd course of producing more expensive versions of originally cheap hip clothes, both for boys and girls.

Harrods, for instance, outfitters to royalty, have for a century sold little more adventurous than twinsets. Like the food they sell, their clothes were rich, wholesome, and no-nonsense.

Jazzy

But this year they have opened the Way-In Shop — a deep, vibrant, blue heaven, lit by spotlights, shaken by wild discotheque music, and containing rails and rails of jazzy clothes, ties, shoes, jewellery, and cosmetics for both sexes.

There is even a milkshake counter, and though dowagers' sensibilities have been considered in giving this venture a separate entrance and lift, there is no doubt that Harrods have conceded victory to The Trend—except, by hook or by caftan, they're going to lead it.

It is certainly difficult to resist. Why should men's clothes be grim and dowdy? If women take the trouble to brighten the surroundings a bit, why shouldn't men? I'll admit that at first the idea takes a bit of swallowing, but many's the young Australian who, blenching at the first sight of a silver brocade coat, nevertheless stayed to argue heatedly the virtues of frilled shirts for evening wear.

I even know one who has opened his own boutique. ("There is no time, sir," said Jeeves, "at which ties do not matter.")

Gloomy social historians have pointed out that any society that pays too much attention to male fashion is on the skids—forgetting, perhaps, that while Beau Brummell took three hours to adjust his cravat, Nelson was annihilating the French fleet at Trafalgar.

None the less, gentlemen, watch the fashion skies! Preferably, of course, through a pair of doughnut-lensed sunglasses with orange rims.



BOWLERS and brollies in the Club cloakroom.

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Avon is Christmas-calling now...

WITH EXCITING GIFTS FOR ALL THE FAMILY

Elegant, original and appealing gifts you choose at home when Avon calls. For a lady there's Avon's very special magic . . . an exciting range of treasured fragrances and beauty aids in many wonderful new forms, such as the new candlestick cologne. For men, there's handsome grooming aids including a new after shave in a cannon decanter. For children, your Avon Representative brings appealing novelties like Perry the whistling Penguin, a cute little fellow who holds the soap as he floats in the bath. *Avon is Christmas calling now . . . calling on you in your home. Do welcome your Avon Representative when she calls.*

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Hairdos —what they're wearing



● Prettily feminine hairstyle for the Duchess of Kent, high plaits for Elizabeth Taylor at the "Dr. Faustus" premiere. Inset, the Duchess' ribbon-threaded hairdo.

● The hairdos they're wearing these days are rare and wonderful indeed—and not just fantasies from the coiffeur's fingers. This assortment is from Britain. As the pictures show, women haven't got the field all to themselves. Men continue to raise a glance with their long locks.



● Sculptured look for Princess Margaret. For months, Londoners had noted the Princess growing her hair.



● Long soft curls for model Celia Hammond, who accompanied long-haired Terence Stamp to the premiere of his film "Far From The Madding Crowd." Co-star is Julie Christie.



● Under this mop (above) is the face of actress Julie Christie. Julie was attending a film premiere in London.





● Simplest styling frames fine features of Jackie Faith (left), wife of singer Adam Faith.

● Richard Burton's long locks, grown specially for his part in the film "Dr. Faustus."

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Cruise of the Little Liz



LITTLE LIZ, the 36ft. trimaran built by the American family Rogers, under sail for the first time, in October, 1966, off Bowen, North Qld.

BELOW: They sailed her all the way to Darwin — Lloyd and Nellie Rogers, daughters (from left) Gail, Cheryl, and Marsha, and son Wayne.



A family set out for America in a trimaran and discovered instead an Australia not many people have known

By GRACE BARTRAM

WHEN the liner Australis sailed from Sydney in October, she had aboard six Americans with vivid memories of parts of Australia's northern coastline which few people know.

After five years in the North, the last spent mostly journeying by sailing boat and caravan, Lloyd and Nellie Rogers are returning to their former home in Florida with their four children, Gail, 16, Cheryl, 15, Marsha, 14, and Wayne, 13.

Still in their early thirties, Lloyd and Nellie loved their time in Australia, though she and the children have a few reservations about their sailing experiences.

A construction foreman engaged in bridge-building, Lloyd was lured to Australia by letters from close friends Gene and Sylvia Wilson, also formerly of Florida. The families joined up at Bowen, North Queensland, and the two men took over a service station.

In their holidays they all went on camping trips together, exploring the North.

For Nellie Rogers homesickness became a growing problem, and when her father died she felt she must get back to see her people. Lloyd was agreeable, but had a hankering to return in some unusual way — "something that might be a lot more fun," he explained.

So, in November, 1965, the family began building a triple-hull sailing boat, a 36ft. trimaran.

A Hedley Nicols design, the trimaran soon became a full-time family project. Among their friends and acquaintances a big controversy started. Though Lloyd and Nellie hadn't admitted they were thinking of sailing home, everyone had a shrewd idea about it.

Lloyd weighed all the possibilities and gradually decided to sail north up the coast in easy stages, round Cape York, and across to Darwin; then, if all seemed well, to go on across the Indian Ocean.

Even though he had very little sailing experience, Lloyd felt that in doing this he would not be exposing his family to any danger, and it would be a proving trip for both the trimaran and its occupants.

A small, pretty brunette, looking far too young to be the mother of four teenagers, Nellie was Lloyd's right-hand man throughout the building of the boat. The girls and Wayne hopped in and worked hard after school.

In October, 1966, the Little Liz was launched. She had six bunks and a gas stove, a tiny shower and toilet, plenty of cupboards, and a large refrigeration locker powered by the 7½-horsepower inboard engine.

With three tons of gear aboard, including bodies, the Little Liz drew only 2ft. 3in., ideal for sailing Barrier Reef waters. She carried a two-way radio.

After setting sail from Bowen in December, 1966, the Little Liz arrived at Townsville for Christmas, with a sadly disillusioned crew. Seasickness had struck everyone heavily.

It was the monsoon season, so as the Little Liz headed northward again Lloyd expected to spend some time sheltering from storms and heavy conditions in the lee of islands, and this did happen. The sky would blacken ominously all around, gusts of wind roar in, and heavy rain start to fall, but the Little Liz was always snugly hove-to in some sheltered anchorage.

Cairns, Port Douglas, Cooktown slipped away behind them. With the Little Liz's shallow draught they were able to sail right up into shallow water and land on beaches to picnic and explore the Barrier Reef.

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ON WESSEL ISLAND, at the western extremity of the Gulf of Carpentaria, far even from Aboriginal habitation, Gail and Marsha happily cool off.

Once Gail was badly frightened when a big manta ray came skimming toward her in shallow reef-water. Wayne suffered a painful outbreak of the tropical boils so common during the wet season. Apart from that their general health was excellent — but for the seasickness which persisted depressingly.

Glass net-marker fishing balls were common on the lonely beaches. They brought along a couple as mementoes, and learned later in Darwin they could have sold any amount at three dollars apiece.

At Stanley Island they found a fishermen's paradise, catching coral trout and coral cod. Here they sheltered in a gale.

Sometimes they had to tack against the wind all day, at other times they were kept busy changing sails as the wind chopped and swung. They were philosophical about it, knowing they were travelling at the wrong season for smooth progress.

Tidal rips slowed them at times, and at others sped them on their way. In the clear water, they were able to study all the beauties of the reef. Oysters were there in plenty for the gathering, the only cost aching backs and cut thumbs. The youngsters took turns at the tiller.

From Cooktown they used water sparingly, knowing that at Thursday Island the water shortage was desperate. But as the Little Liz came up to the island the drought in the area broke, and rain fell on and off for the whole two and a half months the family spent there.

They liked the life and the people. Wayne was immediately befriended by young islanders and spent his days fishing and swimming.

Lloyd rigged a canvas awning over the decks so Nellie could get the washing dry. They wore shorts and shirts all the time, so this was never really much of a problem.

An oil survey party chartered the Little Liz to sail to the island of Daru, a hundred miles away at the southern most tip of New Guinea. This was the roughest trip the family had made, and for the first time their bunks were wet. Again, to their intense disappointment, seasickness laid them low.

Back at Thursday Island they met Norm Mansbridge, from Atherton, who lives aboard his motor cruiser, the Suva. Norm suggested a trip to Albany Pass in both boats while they were waiting for the right winds to cross the Gulf of Carpentaria.

Game as ever, they set off with the motor cruiser, intending to stay in the waters of the Pass for only a couple of days. It was three weeks before they felt like returning.

Heading east from Thursday Island on the first day, Lloyd caught a 50lb. mackerel, and he and Norm speared enough crayfish to fill the Little Liz's refrigeration locker.

Food supplies were no problem; they simply lived off the sea. For a week they anchored at a creek where barramundi was abundant. Nellie served fish in many ways, from grilled to sweet-and-sour Chinese style.

They ran out of eggs, so Norm tracked down some turtle eggs, which were used in baking cakes.

When water ran low they put out a canvas and caught storm rainwater to replenish the tank.

It was on this trip that Nellie had the only real fright of the entire voyage. Norm, Lloyd, and Gail went ashore one day with the idea of varying the fish diet by shooting a wild pig, and became hopelessly lost in swamps.

Nightfall came and they were still lost and trying to get out. At midnight the clouds cleared and there was the welcome sight of the Southern Cross.

They were appalled to find they'd been travelling south instead of north for four hours. Wasp stings added to Gail's worries. They decided to wait for sunrise before moving any farther, and spent a miserable night.

It was such a gallant defeat

Next day, with the rising sun to give them their direction, they were able to make their way over ridges to a valley which brought them to the shore not far from where the Suva and the Little Liz lay at anchor, with an extremely alarmed party waiting aboard for them.

Once more back at Thursday Island, Lloyd fixed a self-steering rig in readiness for the long haul across the gulf.

Later he was glad he took this precaution. They met with adverse conditions but the self-steering rig kept the trimaran dead on course, and after two and a half days of sailing they anchored thankfully at midnight in the lee of Cape Wessel.

It was just about then that Lloyd and Nellie abandoned hope of sailing the Little Liz any farther than Darwin. The seasickness they all tried so doggedly to overcome had finally beaten them. On the gulf crossing, the girls and Wayne had really suffered.

It was a wise decision and a gallant defeat.

For the next week the family relaxed on Wessel Island, an unspoiled paradise they'll never forget.

They were surprised to find two Frenchmen, operating a radio station for a survey vessel. The men accompanied them as they explored the island. They led them through scrub and bush to a huge flat rock where long ago Aborigines had made rock sculptures.

By skilfully placing small rocks they had outlined the shape of a 50ft. crocodile, and filled it in with more rocks. They had used tiny pebbles to make the shape of fish. Nearby were the remains of old camping grounds. There are no Aborigines on the island today. Lloyd said the Frenchman had stumbled on the sculptures accidentally, and they were well hidden.

At a crystal-clear creek the family swam and had picnics. It was a memorable experience to carry home to America with them.

On the last leg to Darwin they called at Port Essington and saw many buffalo, wild bantang cattle, brumbies, dingoes, wallabies, and kangaroos in the game sanctuary, as well as prolific birdlife.

The family dropped anchor at Darwin at midnight on June 1 last. It was the end of the Little Liz's long journey, their first and last cruise in the vessel they'd built so soundly and had come to love for its reliable qualities.

Over the past year or so the trimaran as a class has come under suspicion as to its seaworthiness. After months of handling the Little Liz, Lloyd believes it to be a sound design. Sailed within her capabilities, the Little Liz was never anywhere near getting into trouble.

At Darwin the girls and Wayne were enrolled in school, to begin catching up on their formal education after the marvellous practical education and experience they had gained in their long trip up Australia's eastern tropical coastline.

Lloyd took a job as welder with a marine construction firm. They lived on the boat. Twenty-five-foot tides made life a bit difficult for Nellie. Lloyd had bought an outboard dinghy so she could ferry her family to and from work and school, and to allow her to go to the shops.

Sometimes she had to wait hours for the tide to set the dinghy afloat again. Lloyd picked up an old car for $180, and at last they sadly sold Little Liz.

Lloyd drew up plans on a writing pad for a roomy but simply constructed caravan, scouted around, and bought materials, and the old firm of Lloyd and Nellie was back in action, building a caravan — in one week flat.

Out of habit, no doubt, they used marine bondwood and boat glue in the construction, and there is an eerily seamanlike feel about the finished job. The van sleeps six and has a small refrigerator.

Passages had already been booked on the Australis from Sydney, so the family headed down through Katherine, across to Mt. Isa and Bowen, then down the coast.

Their future plans are not too clear yet. The main concern is to get on with the children's education, then—

"Waal," drawls Lloyd, looking at Nellie with a slight grin, "waal, we'll see."

I give them one year, maybe two, of settled, orderly existence, then I'm sure adventure will be calling them again. I hope it brings them back to Australia, and the North.

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

I AM looking forward to a day in the country on November 19 when the Camden Pre-School Kindergarten Association has arranged an art exhibition at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Barry Clinton at Narellan. There are quite a number of people driving up from Sydney for the day which sounds as if it will be fun. Paintings will be hung throughout the house and chicken and champagne will be served out in the garden.

★ ★ ★

ALREADY planning a second book, although their first is not yet on sale, are Jutta Malnic and Elizabeth Cavanough, whose children's book, "Sydney Holiday," will soon be out. It's a pictorial story of two children, Jutta's son, Julian, and Sir Hudson Fysh's granddaughter, Jenny, visiting places like Kurnell, Fort Denison, Barrenjoey Lighthouse, and Tempe Tip. Jutta did the photography, Elizabeth the writing.

★ ★ ★

I AM hearing every day of more and more people who will be in Melbourne for the Cup. Beth Churchill flies down on November 3 and will stay with the Ian Ramsays at Toorak. Beth's outfit for the Cup is a shocking-pink dress and matching coat worn with a floral silk pillbox.

★ ★ ★

LITTLE note this week in my mailbag told me of the "Snow" Swifts new address at North Sydney, where they've built a delightful Mediterranean house (with terraces, pillars, and pergolas) overlooking the harbor. Focal point of the garden is a head of Bacchus, which is really a fountain, and which Kerry Fitzgerald sent from Italy when he was there on his way to New York.

★ ★ ★

HEARD of quite a few Sydney people who will be spending the afternoon at Tudor House, Moss Vale, for the school's sports day on November 4. Among them are the Hugh Dixsons, David Kents, and James Furbers. Their sons, Hugh Dixson, David Kent, and Richard Furber, are all in the same class at school, so it will be a reunion for all the families at afternoon tea.

★ ★ ★

BELIEVE that Victoria Parsons enjoyed herself so much in Melbourne, when she went down with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parsons, for the Caulfield Cup, she decided to stay on for the ski ball—the Grenoble Gambol. When her parents left for home, Victoria moved from the Windsor Hotel to stay with Chloe Hamilton at South Yarra.

MEMBERS of the Peter Pan Committee are all frantically busy preparing for their annual Cup Day party at Mrs. Ron Coote's home at Bellevue Hill, which has become recognised as one of the brightest Cup Day parties. Tickets always go like wildfire and guests seem to thoroughly enjoy the smorgasbord luncheon served outdoors under brightly colored umbrellas. Many of them take the opportunity to do some early Christmas shopping at the boutique, which is stocked with handmade goodies.

★ ★ ★

AND another Cup party which sounds as if it should be bright is the Champagne Stakes dinner dance which the Rapsmuffin Committee has arranged for Cup Eve. The president, Francis Kofoed, will greet guests, who will have champagne cocktails before dinner. Proceeds will go to the Benevolent Society of New South Wales.

★ ★ ★

I AM sure that Mrs. Jack Radford will be glad when the Olympic Ski Ball is over — the spare room in her house at Rose Bay is stacked with hundreds of silver and gold pine cones which the decor committee, headed by Mrs. Robert Boekmann, has collected and painted. They'll be used to decorate the Trocadero for the ball on November 24 when the Federal Treasurer, Mr. W. McMahon, and Mrs. McMahon will be guests-of-honor. Money from the ball will go toward expenses for our Olympic team to go to the 10th Olympic Games at Grenoble.

★ ★ ★

LOVE the name—The Blithe Spirits—which a group of women have called themselves. Nearly all their husbands are members of the Beefsteak and Burgundy Club and the wives (who are all also interested in food and wine) decided to form their own group for interesting luncheons. They've already had one get-together and their next one is a luncheon at Mrs. Alan Benjamin's home at Clifton Gardens.

★ ★ ★

KERRY BLIGHT has certainly worked hard making the decorations for the 21st-birthday party which her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Blight, are giving for her at their Connells Point home on November 4. Large pink and mauve Mary Queen flowers will decorate the rumpus-room and in the garden there will be pink-and-white striped maypoles. It sounds like a gay evening for the 90 young guests, who'll have a smorgasbord supper around the illuminated swimming-pool.

JUST WED (below). Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mettam after their marriage at St. Alban's Church, Quirindi. The bride was Miss Patricia Roseby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Roseby, of "Redlands," Wallabadah. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Mettam, of "St. Helena," Blackville.

MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. John Latham following their marriage at All Saints' Church of England, Moree. The bride, who was the former Miss Julie Kirkby, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkby, of "Glen Prairie," Moree.





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AT LEFT: Committee members of the Woollahra Branch of the Save the Children Fund Mrs. Geoff Lee (left) and Mrs. John McArthur at the Summer Fiesta Luncheon which the committee held at Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lloyd's home at Bellevue Hill. Proceeds from the luncheon will go to SCF Pre-schools for Aboriginal Children and the Woolloomooloo Day Nursery.

ABOVE: Captain of the Admiral's Cup Team, Mr. Ronald Adair, and Mrs. Adair (left), with the Commodore of the Cruising Yacht Club, Mr. Norman Rydge, and Mrs. Rydge, at the Admiral's Cup Dinner held at the Wentworth Hotel.



ABOVE: Mrs. Armand Gandon, wife of the Consul-General of France (right), Mrs. Laurie Coy (centre), and Mrs. Louis Mauduit at a coffee party held at the Gandons' home in Point Piper. The morning was arranged by the Red Cross City Social Committee. The committee president, Mrs. Sydney Lennon, and Mrs. Gandon received guests.



ABOVE: Mrs. Sydney Ault (left) and Mrs. Max Burnham at a Spring Luncheon held by the Town and Country Committee at the Darling Point home of Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Dan. The luncheon, which was followed by a parade, will benefit the Smith Family.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. K. Hutcherson, Mrs. Arthur Gollan, and Mrs. Cedric Symonds (left to right) at an antique morning coffee party organised by the Pied Piper Committee at the Double Bay home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Needham. Proceeds will go to the Spastic Centre.



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Catch a show
Take in a hill climb
Buy a Begonia
Hang ten
Pop into a boutique

Catch a show to suit your mood — opera, play, intimate revue, musical comedy or a "new-sound" group. Melbourne's theatreland and theatre restaurants are where the big stars shine.

Watching hill climbs is a favourite weekend pastime of Melbourne's knowledgeable motor sportsmen. Join them, and their families and share a barbequed chop at suburban Doncaster or rural Rob Roy.

Buy a Begonia—better still, buy a whole bush. For people who prefer the pulchritudinous perfection of petals, Ballarat's Begonia Festival is an autumn must.

Hang ten while you shoot the curl of your choice at any of Victoria's "stoked" surf beaches — Apollo Bay, Lorne, Bell's Beach, Torquay, Barwon Heads, Point Lonsdale, Portsea, Woolamai, Cat Bay, Flynn's Reef, Point Leo, The Pines, Waratah Bay and Wilson's Promontory.

Pop into a Boutique tucked away in one of Melbourne's many arcades — a temptation that few fashion-conscious women could ever resist.

Take home an aspidistra or whatever tickles your fancy during a browse through Melbourne's fascinating variety of antique and junk shops.

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Snap up a snuff-box or whatever appeals to you during a visit to the Flea Market in Toorak Road, South Yarra, the "in" place to find that way-out gift or curio.

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QUEENSLAND ENTRY

Even judges couldn't improve on a recipe creating a new "Great Australian Dish."

● A Queensland woman has won the Grand Champion prize for "The Great Australian Dish" in our $9000 Butter-White Wings Bake-Off. The runner-up is a Victorian.

Grand Champion prize in Section 2, for any other dish, has been awarded to a Victorian entrant, and the runner-up to N.S.W. Junior Grand Champion is a 13-year-old Queensland schoolgirl.

DURING Bake-Off Week at Sydney's Roselands shopping centre, the three overseas judges, Lucien Chassignat, of France, Antonio Prantera, of Italy, and Miss Napua Stevens, of Hawaii, with Graham Kerr as chairman, judged and sampled the 18 dishes chosen as finalists for "The Great Australian Dish" prize.

Here are the main prize-winning recipes in this section with the judges' comments:

SECTION 1
"THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN DISH"

GRAND CHAMPION: ($1000 cash, plus a $300 Metters range and a $300 Metters dishwasher-dryer, and a kangaroo fur coat valued at $180): Mrs. R. Preston, 34 Archibald Street, West End, Qld.

BLACK EYED BEEF AND HUSK SALAD

2-2½lb. eye fillet of beef (in one piece)
½lb. butter
3 tablespoons White Wings plain flour
½lb. bacon
salt and pepper to taste
1 dozen prunes (seeded and chopped)
1 cup dry white wine
1lb. puff pastry
1 egg-yolk (for glazing)
1 beef stock cube

Set oven temperature at hot. Remove any fat on the fillet. Insert a long, thin carving knife in the centre of the fillet, making a tunnel from one end to the other (by twisting the knife round until it penetrates). Combine bacon and prunes and place into the tunnel of the meat. Combine flour, salt, and pepper and rub fillet well into this. Dot freely with lumps of butter.

Place in baking dish and cook in hot oven until the fillet has browned well all over (approx. 10 minutes). Add wine and cook a further five minutes.

Allow to cool. Save the pan juices.

When fillet has cooled sufficiently, encase in a sheet of puff pastry about ⅛in. thick, glaze with egg-yolk.

Place the fillet in a clean baking dish, and with a little butter cook in a moderate oven for approx. 30-35 minutes, until the pastry shell has turned light golden brown.

When cooked, place meat on serving dish, cut into 1in. slices, and coat freely with butter sauce.

BUTTER SAUCE

To the pan juices which have been reserved, add 1 cup beef stock (made from stock cube), cook, stirring constantly until sauce begins to thicken. Serve immediately.

Note: Each slice of fillet, encased in the golden pastry and with the bacon/prune centre and served with the tropical side salad, looks particularly gala.

This dinner serves four and would be further complemented if served with Australian burgundy and fine Australian cheese.

HUSK SALAD

2 pineapples (complete with crowns)
4oz. ham (cut into thin strips)
1 cup croutons (small bread cubes fried in butter until crisp)
1 tomato (cut into small wedges)
1 tablespoon grated cheese
1 small red pepper
salad dressing, salt and pepper to taste
1 lettuce

Cut pineapples in halves right through crown (lengthwise). Remove flesh, core, and cut into cubes. Save shells.

In mixing bowl, place lettuce, ham, grated cheese, tomato, and croutons. Gently add salad dressing; mix, add pineapple cubes.

Arrange into each pineapple shell and decorate with strips of red pepper.

Judges' comment: This is a very attractive dish and there are no recommendations or suggestions made for its improvement.

RUNNER-UP: ($100 in cash, plus a $300 Metters range and a kangaroo suede coat valued at $75): Mrs. R. Murray, Wongan, via Beaufort, Vic.

LAMB ROLLS BILLABONG

SERVES FOUR

12 lamb chops
6 rashers bacon
White Wings plain flour
1 egg
breadcrumbs
12 pineapple rings
melted butter
duchesse potatoes
butter
¼lb. carrot straws
mint

Remove meat from chops. Trim and shape each one into a round. Wrap ½ rasher bacon around each. Secure with toothpick. Dip each into flour, egg, and breadcrumbs. Brush with melted butter, place on oven tray, and bake in moderate oven for 15-20 minutes.

Allow 3 rolls per person. Serve each one on a ring of pineapple and garnish with parsley. Serve with green peas, duchesse potatoes, glazed carrots (straws), and Sauce Supreme.

SAUCE SUPREME

4oz. champignons
½ cup shallots
1 chicken cube
¼ can tomato soup
¼ cup dry white wine
black pepper
½ cup cream
1 tablespoon butter

Fry sliced champignons with chicken cube in butter about 5 minutes. Add shallots, soup, and wine and season with black pepper. Simmer 20 minutes. Add cream and serve.

Judges' comment: After rolling the boned chop and fixing the bacon, use 1 egg-yolk to 1 tablespoon oil as a fixative for the breadcrumbs, having used a light dusting of flour first.

It is better to shallow-fry this cut of meat for appearance and retention of juices.

Whenever possible it is preferable to use fresh pineapple.

Toothpicks must be removed before service.

Parsley should be chopped and added as a dusting over the top of the lamb rolls. Sauce should be served separately.

The term "Supreme" for the sauce is not correct. A Supreme is a white sauce. Better to use the term "Billabong Sauce."

Suggested that only 2 lamb rolls be served per person.

● All prizewinning recipes will be published later in our special Butter-White Wings Bake-Off Recipe Book.



BAKE-OFF judges Una Clarkson, Joan Winfield, Elizabeth Timms, Betty Dunleavy, and Ellen Sinclair judging Section 2 (cakes, desserts, biscuits).

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WINS MAIN BAKE-OFF PRIZE



BAKE-OFF chairman Mr. Graham Kerr and the Minister for Labor and Industry, Mr. E. A. Willis.





LEADING culinary experts, above, Antonio Prantera (Rome), Miss Napua Stevens (Honolulu), and Lucien Chassignat (Paris) sampling a recipe.

SYDNEY chef Richard Jones (left) demonstrating to onlookers at Roselands how he prepared a special salad for the "Great Australian Dish" section.

Prize list for all sections

HERE is the full prize list for Sections 1, 2, and 3.

SECTION 1
"THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN DISH"

GRAND CHAMPION: ($1000 cash, plus a $300 Metters range and a $300 Metters dishwasher-dryer, and a kangaroo fur coat valued at $180). Total value $1780.

Mrs. R. Preston, 34 Archibald Street, West End, Brisbane. (Blackeyed Beef and Husk Salad.)

RUNNER-UP: ($100 in cash, plus a $300 Metters range and a kangaroo suede coat valued at $75). Total value $475.

Mrs. R. Murray, Wongan, Via Beaufort, Vic. (Lambrolls Billabong.)

SPECIAL MERIT WINNERS: (Each $30 and a kangaroo suede coat valued at $75). Total value $105.

Mrs. E. Edwards, 9 Margaret Street, Adamstown Heights, N.S.W. (Breast of Chicken Crustacea.) Mrs. R. Mack, 23 Rupert Street, Windsor, Brisbane. (Australian Seafood and Avocado.) Miss Jill McMaster, 24 Marriott Street, Coorparoo, Brisbane (Australian Fillet.) Mrs. K. Stell, 186 Brook Street, Coogee, N.S.W. (Crookwell Shellfish Pottle.)

Mrs. P. J. Dean, 5 Gladys Grove, Croydon, Vic. (Tenderloin Australian.) Mrs. E. Edwards, 9 Margaret Street, Adamstown Heights, N.S.W. (Prawns Ballina.) Mrs. A. M. Davies, Lot 1, Lower N.E. Road, Dernancourt, S.A. (Spiced Pork and Fruit Sauce.)

SPECIAL MERIT WINNERS: ($30 each): Miss C. Peadon, Campbell Street, Moruya, N.S.W. (Gala Nested Chicken); Mrs. M. F. Smith, 48 Fairhalls Parade, Glen Waverley, Vic. (Roast Pork Capricornia); Mrs. K. A. Halton, 2 Blair Street, New Norfolk, Tas. (Australis Tuna Casserole); Mrs. W. J. Milne, Pedder Street, Campbelltown, Tas. (Tasmanian Hoppork); Mrs. L. J. Gangell, William Street, Brighton, Tas. (Baked Snapper Mullumbimby).

Mrs. V. L. Price, 556 Waterworks Road, Ashgrove, Bris. (Jumbuck Casserole); Mrs. D. P. Backwell, 35 Helena Street, Belmont, Vic. (Scallops Port Phillip); Mrs. H. Ellis, 10 York Avenue, Bentley, W.A. (Cold Curried Shell Fish Flan).

SECTION 2
ANY OTHER DISH

GRAND CHAMPION: ($1000 cash, plus a $300 Metters range and a $300 Metters dishwasher-dryer and a kangaroo fur coat valued at $180). Total value $1780.

Mrs. A. N. Currie, Sennitts Road, Monbulk, Vic. (Tipsy Dessert Cake.)

RUNNER-UP: ($100 cash, plus a $300 Metters range and a kangaroo suede coat valued at $75). Total value $475.

Mrs. B Britten, 81 Franklin Road, Cronulla, N.S.W. (Apricot Chocolate Cake.)

SPECIAL MERIT WINNERS: (Prizes of $30 each, a kangaroo suede coat valued at $75.)

Mrs. N. M. Johnson, 21 Dawn Street, Highett, Vic. (Apple and Nut Family Cake.) Mrs. L. Anstotz, 193 Shafston Avenue, Kangaroo Point, Brisbane. (Crab and Mushroom Quiche.)

Mrs. J. Ellis, 71 Railway Pde., Engadine, N.S.W. (Cheese and Apple Slices.) Mrs. B. P. Perry, Myall Street, Renmark, S.A. (Riverland Cheese Dessert.)

Miss S. Robins, 139 Steele Street, Devonport, Tas. (Cheese and Ham Fingers); Mrs. Dorothy Press, "Micabil," Condobolin, N.S.W. (Rum Jungle Jiffies); Miss L. Timms, 231 St. Vincents Road, Banyo, Qld. (Peach Roll-Up); Mrs. May Forrest, 141 Russell Avenue, Sans Souci, N.S.W. (Cherry Cheese Squares); Mrs. D. E. Connors, 28 Letitia Street, North Hobart, Tas. (Spicy Raisin Pie).

SPECIAL MERIT WINNERS: ($30 each).

Mrs. A. Baldwin, 15 Hammond Street, Mysterton, Townsville, Qld. (Burdekin Bars, Biscuits.) Mrs. V. Lister, 33 Margaret Street, Kingsgrove, N.S.W. (Royal Chocolate Cake.) Mrs. B. Gottsche, Harrington Park, Narellan, N.S.W. (Gentleman Farty Cake.)

Mrs. B. P. Perry, Myall Street, Renmark, S.A. (Glazed Orange Nut Ring.) Mrs. L. P. Weber, Eden Valley, S.A. (Lemon Hazelnut Roll.) Mrs. W. McRitchie, 28 Monash Ave., Balwyn, Vic. (Ginger Cream Cake.) Mrs. K. A. Halton, 2 Blair Street, New Norfolk, Tas. (Cheese Wonders.)

Miss A. Penfold, 25 Moon Street, Wingham, N.S.W. (Dreamy Coffee Crescents.) Mrs. L. Mander Jones, 1 Balissock Road, Torrens Park, S.A. (Balissock Ring.) Mrs. M. Burgemeister, 10 Strickland Street, Gilgandra, N.S.W. (Croquembouche.)

Mrs. Doris Day, 63 Buckley Street, Noble Park, Vic. (Asparagus Cheese Puffs.) Mrs. I. Littlejohn, 27 Gowrier Avenue, Glengowrie, S.A. (Grilled Hot Crab Sandwich with Cheese Sauce.) Mrs. E. Kent, 40 High Street, North Sydney. (Flottkuchen.)

Mr. T. V. Cleur, P.O., Balgowlah, Sydney Road, N.S.W. (Ham and Mushroom Bouchees.) Mrs. L. Gray, 201 Warnertown Road, Solomantown, S.A. (Apricot Almond Tart.) Miss Norma Tuckey, Box 52, P.O., Pinjarra, W.A. (Cherry Almond Cake.) Mrs. E. W. Alsop, 15 Rogers Street, Goodwood, S.A. (Banana and Wheatgerm Cookies.) Mrs. D. J. Ramanauskas, 5 Henry Street, North Blackburn, Vic. (Napoleon Torte.)

Mrs. A. N. Currie, Sennitts Road, Monbulk, Vic. (Favorite Ginger Bars.) Mrs. L. H. Kriekenbeek, 9 Parry Street, Bulimba, Qld. (Cheesy Fruit Horns.) Mrs. A. C. Wilson, 72 North Crescent, New Norfolk, Tas. (Coffee Nut Dessert.) Mrs. H. A. Dallas, 46 Raglan Street, Somerset, Tas. (Lemon Cream Dessert Cake.) Mrs. Margaret Justins, P.O. Box 177, Wagin, W.A. (Sultana Orange Liqueur Roll.)

Mrs. R. J. Browne, 71 Goulburn Street, Seymour, Vic. (Pineapple Ginger Dessert.) Mrs. G. Barraclough, 12 Eastwood Avenue, Eastwood, N.S.W. (Orange Chiffon Tart.) Mrs. W. Meredith, 53 Weaver Street, Coopers Plains, Qld. (Strawberry Creole.) Mrs. R. J. Tennant, Stowport, Tas. (Fruit and Cheese Short Cake.) Mrs. U. Smedley, 99 Nothling Street, Paloundia, Qld. (Banana Nut Bread.) Mrs. R. Ledger, 38 Daphne Street, Grange, Qld. (Chocolate Orange Marble Cake.)

Mrs. C. Isaac, 22 Anulka Street, Mowrah, Tas. (Fruity Peppermint Layer Cake.) Mrs. R. Bryant, 57 Lancaster Street, East Bentleigh, Vic. (Chocolate Spice Cake.) Mrs. J. W. Rogers, 21 Sturt Road, Bedford Park, S.A. (Apple Custard Slices.)

Mrs. E. C. Scott, 64 Centennial Avenue, Lane Cove, N.S.W. (Passionfruit Chiffon Cake.) Mrs. M. Morris, 49 Charlton Street, Mt. Waverley, Vic. (Banana Supreme Tart.)

Mrs. B. K. Larkings, "Glenrovan," Tottenham, N.S.W. (Lemon Caramel Tart.) Mrs. E. Robinson, 20 Dawn Drive, Seven Hills, N.S.W. (Apricot Cream Cake.) Mrs. P. Johns, 41 May Terrace, Brooklyn Park, S.A. (Spicy Old-Fashioned Blackberry Cake.) Mrs. D. Wilkinson, 15 Balmoral Avenue, North Brighton, S.A. (Almond Apple Fan.) Miss P. Edwards, 24 Talbot Avenue, Balaclava, Vic. (Apple and Nut Cheesecake.)

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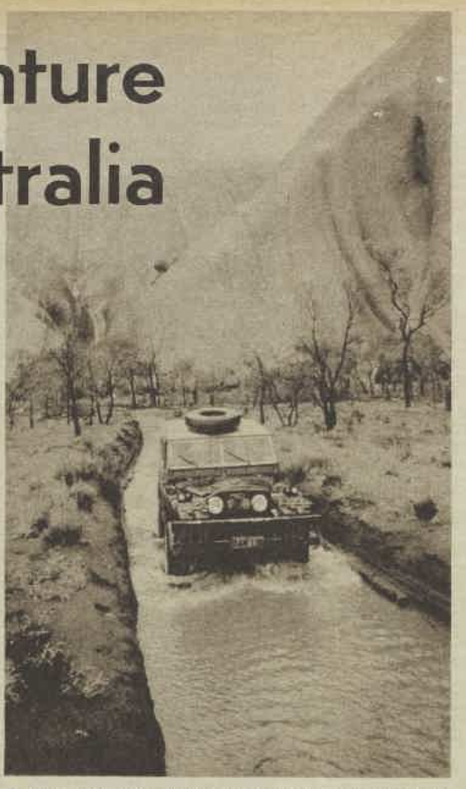
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Leylands' new adventure trip around Australia

• "Down the Darling," an Australian documentary that three years ago was one of the star documentaries of TCN9's Special Project Division, "Project '64," was the start of a success story that could well lead to world fame for two young Newcastle cameramen.

By NAN MUSGROVE

Television



• Mal and Mike Leyland arrived at Ayers Rock just as the eight-year-old drought broke. Their adventures in this area are among the highlights of their film "Wheels Across a Wilderness."

THE cameramen are Mike and Mal Leyland, now aged 26 and 23, who are born adventurers.

"Down the Darling" was the story of a boat trip they made down the Darling River from source to mouth. It was such a success when it was shown on TCN9 that the boys, 18 and 21 when they made the film, were asked by a publisher who saw it to write a book about it.

They did so. "Great Ugly River" was its name and it appeared 12 months after "Down the Darling" was first shown.

Next week, the Leylands' second book, "Where Dead Men Lie," will be launched by the same publisher, the same night their new film, "Wheels Across a Wilderness," opens its Sydney season at the Palace Theatre.

"Wheels Across a Wilderness" is the film of their 1966 adventure when they traversed Australia in four-wheel-drive vehicles from the continent's western extremity, Steep Point, near Shark Bay, Western Australia, to its eastern extremity, Cape Byron, N.S.W., crossing the Simpson Desert.

When the Leylands finished their trip, they made a film for TCN9, "Where Dead Men Lie" (to be shown next year in "Project '68"), wrote the book of the same name, then put together a color film of the whole trip.

They called it "Wheels Across a Wilderness" and it had its premiere at a charity showing for the Newcastle Apex Club.

It was enthusiastically received, and the Leylands, a bit short of cash, decided to show it commercially for three nights.

The season stretched night after night and ended after a two-and-a-half-week season, showing to capacity houses, with enthusiastic audiences clapping furiously at the end.

"We thought it was probably because we were well known in Newcastle," Mal said, "and we decided to give it the acid test and show it in Victoria, where we'd never been heard of."

In Victoria, at the Hawthorn Town Hall, where they started their season, Mike was projectionist for the film, Mal was advertising promoter and, with Mike's wife, Pat, sold programs they had written.

"After a week we had to turn people away night after night," Mal said. "It was very exciting and you have no idea how 'Down the Darling' helped. Most people had seen it and whenever it was mentioned we got an instant reaction.

"After two months in Hawthorn we took the Princess Theatre in Melbourne, and did two shows a day to capacity houses there for four weeks, six days a week.

"People in Melbourne told us we were doing better business than 'Dr. Zhivago'—it was showing just round the corner — and 'They're A Weird Mob,' across the road."

Next step was to bring the film to Sydney.

Genuine film

Another family film about a trip round Australia has just had a big commercial success and I asked the Leylands why they thought such films were so successful.

"I think most people want to go to Central Australia and see it," Mike said. "This is a genuine film, not anything set up, and people like that. It is about Australia, it is in color, and people tell us, too, it is the achievement of our trip that appeals to their sense of adventure."

"Where Dead Men Lie," the book the Leylands showed me, is a beauty with 28 color plates. If it is as good as "Great Ugly River" it is sure to be a success, for the Leylands, as well as being expert cameramen, are good with words.

Their adventurous spirit is now awakened again and they're off next year in a 16ft. aluminium boat to follow in the wake of Matthew Flinders from Darwin to Sydney.

It sounds like more good TV films and another book on the way.

"Perry Mason" in a new role

RAYMOND BURR, still one of my favorite TV sleuths as Perry Mason, has just produced a documentary, a 60-minute film called "Raymond Burr's Vietnam."

He made the documentary on his tenth visit to Vietnam, when he spent five weeks going from Saigon to the Mekong Delta and to a small village near Da Nang.

He interviewed American officers and enlisted men and a number of Viet Cong defectors.

TV experts who have seen it find it interesting because as one man said, "Burr is a man without an axe to grind.

"He's not a politician, he's not a military man. He's just a guy who happens to be an actor and feels keenly about certain subjects."

One Viet Cong defector he questioned told him he did not feel committed to either the South or the North but to the Vietnamese people, whom he wanted to help.

Burr also shows an orphanage of Vietnamese children, some of whom are now old enough to fight in the war that made them orphans.

Burr's documentary is expected to be seen in Australia soon. So is his new series, "Ironsides."

It will be good to have Burr back in a new series, although "Perry Mason," now showing on TCN9 at 7.30, Saturdays, is still good entertainment.

An interview worth repeating

SVETLANA ALLILUYEVA, 42-year-old daughter of Russia's ruthless dictator Josef Stalin, made a tremendous impression when she appeared in an ABC-TV "Impact" program.

The hour interview originated on America's National Education Television Network and was done by journalist Paul Niven, who in his own way was as impressive as Svetlana.

He was a lesson in the quiet approach to interviewing, a skilful and intelligent questioner.

Svetlana looked charming, much younger than her age when she sat with her eyes downcast. She is good-looking, serene, with a bright mind, a sense of humor, and great dignity.

Her outline and her hairline in silhouette reminded me of Queen Elizabeth's.

She speaks English beautifully, was very frank, didn't spare herself, her family, or the Russian regime. The only question she really evaded was when Niven asked her how she felt about her son's denunciation of her.

She obviously has deep love for her son. She took her mother's surname, "Alliluyeva," she said, because she didn't want her son to be "Josef Stalin."

The interview was engrossing. I hope it is repeated.

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the week

Momma once said: "I knew it had to happen — and they talk about women trying to stay young. They have discovered that men have been secretly dyeing their hair at home and using their wives' night creams, so they are opening beauty parlors for men. Now a man can go in and have a facial, a manicure, his hair dyed. I ask you, where will it all end?"

MOMMA'S MORAL: "I have no quarrel with a man who decides to dye his hair black. But if I were he I wouldn't try it out at the 35th class reunion."

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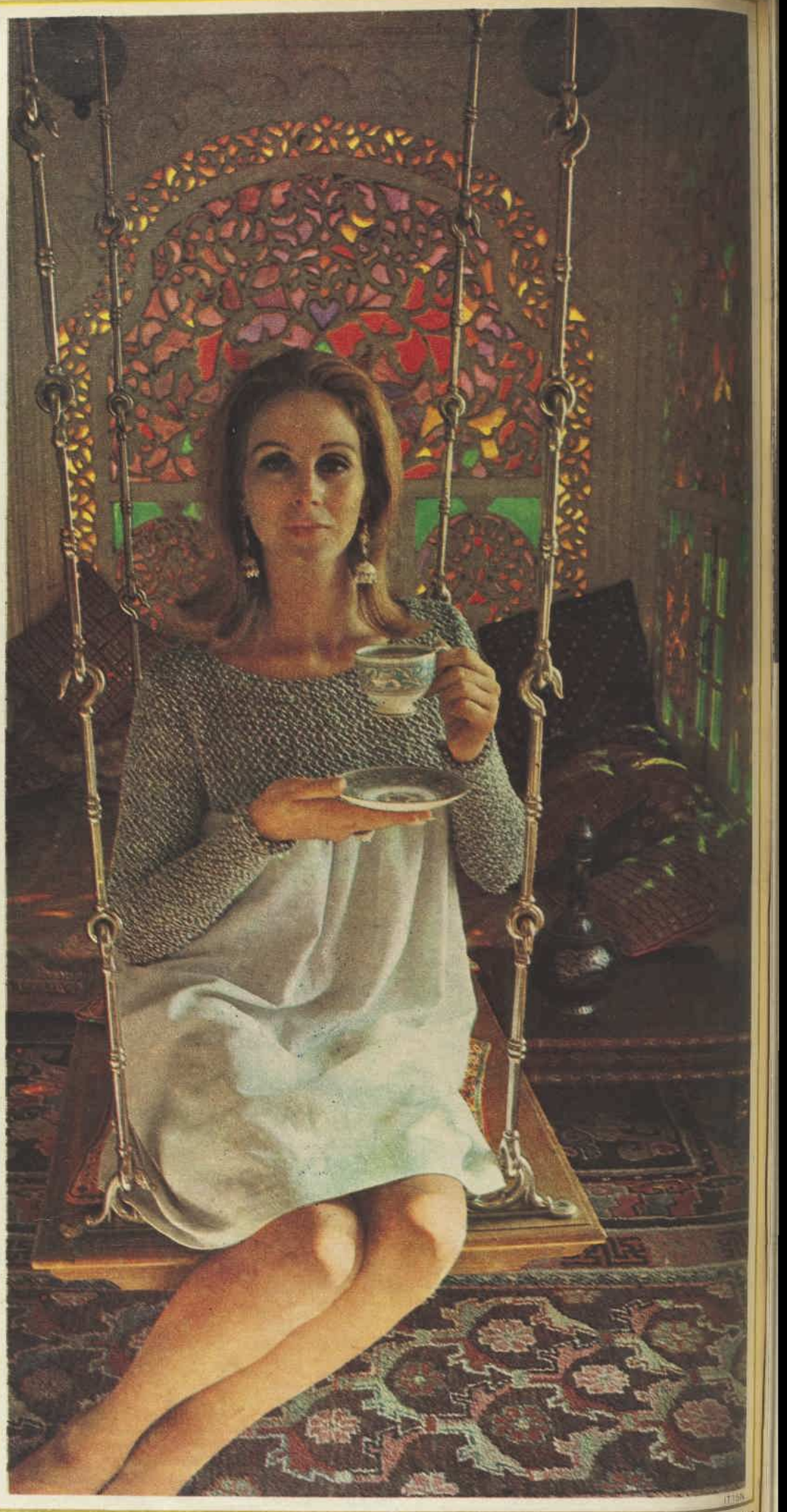
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● *John Drake (Patrick McGoohan), extreme right, of "Danger Man," lone-wolf trouble-shooter, talks with native diplomat and Alexandra Stewart.*

"DANGER MAN"

Television



● *Beautiful girls who pass through John Drake's life in "Danger Man" never do more than complicate it lightly. Above he is seen with Susan Hampshire.*

● *Grilling from Drake (right). "Danger Man" is seen in Sydney, TCN9, Saturday, 8.30 p.m.; Brisbane, QTQ9, and Adelaide, NWS9, Wednesdays, 8.30 p.m.*

● Patrick McGoohan, who plays John Drake in TV's exciting "Danger Man" series, finishes work on Fridays to carry bricks for the weekend — he is making a home movie.

THE film, on strictly professional lines, is an exercise for his teenage daughter, Catherine, who wants to be a film director.

"Catherine has had the ambition for a long time now," McGoohan said, "and there is no sign of its wearing off. So we are making this picture with a complete script, story break-downs, schedules, call-sheets, music cue-sheets, the lot."

All the family appears and Pat is starring as the villain. McGoohan loves making home movies, but only his closest friends ever see them. It would be interesting to see one back-to-back with "Danger Man," which is still the best show of its type on TV.

—NAN MUSGROVE



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● *Eiffel Tower*

MAURICE CHEVALIER TO TOUR AUSTRALIA



● *Now 79, Maurice Chevalier, who visits Australia next April, in his famous straw boater. He still charms audiences with songs old and new, and will do one-man shows here.*

AUSTRALIA is to share in the birthday celebrations of Maurice Chevalier, who will arrive next April for a series of one-man shows as part of the festivities which started in Paris when he entered his 80th year.

"I am so very happy," said the still ebullient and young-at-heart Maurice, "to be visiting Australia as part of the wonderful experience I have in growing to be 80 years old.

"But I feel 80 years younger.

"I promised myself, when I made my world tour in the year of my 75th birthday, that I would be coming again to see you.

"I love Australia and I would like to stay to see more of your country, stay even longer than on my last visit.

"But I have to be back in Paris for a very special occasion. It is the birthday of my little brother, the Eiffel Tower, who is nine months younger than I and whom we all love very dearly!"

Straw boater

Maurice Chevalier and the Eiffel Tower stand out as two great landmarks that have fixed themselves deeply in the affections of all who love Paris.

He is visiting Australia as part of a world tour.

He is still wearing his famous straw boater at a rakish angle, he is still smiling, and still charming his audiences with songs old and new.

He will be on-stage in Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane.

"But not for a month in each place like last time," he said.

This golden year for Maurice Chevalier was launched on a short-wave length of song, in which this generation paid tribute to him with a 19-hour radio program.

Mireille Mathieu, the Edith Piaf of today, sang in her throaty voice. Johnny Halliday, Petula Clarke, the pop stars, all sang as part of their tribute.

And television did flash-backs to early films like "Love Me Tonight" in which Maurice Chevalier, with his irresistible smile and songs, starred.

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Maurice Chevalier was born on September 12, 1888, in Mentilmontant, a poor quarter of Paris. His mother was a lace-maker, his father a house-painter.

His career, which soared to its peak with Mistinguette at the Folies Bergere, is being featured in France and all over the world.

From his early days of poverty, when hardship forced him out to work at ten as an apprentice to an engraver, he went to the Paris music halls, which were his passion, to the love affair with Mistinguette (at the height of her fame he became her leading man).

They quarrelled, parted. In 1922 he married French singer-dancer Yvonne Vallee.



● *In 1932, a youthful-looking Chevalier (right) surrounded by beautiful girls in a film version of "The Merry Widow." His co-star was the late Jeanette MacDonald.*

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—His visit is part of a year of festivities to mark the 80th year in the life of the "grand old man" of music hall

The marriage ended in divorce after 12 years.

He made Hollywood his home in the years he was starring in films, but he always returned to Paris in the summer.

In Paris now he is at work recording 12 new songs, some by French and others by American composers.

"He gets younger every day," said his manager.

Special program

During the year of his celebrations he will star on TV with some of the most famous of a generation who unstintingly acclaim him as the "grand old man" of music hall. Among them is Brigitte Bardot.

Maurice Chevalier's life story was filmed — the role was played by Danny Kaye.

In the 1950s he celebrated 55 years on the stage by giving 55 performances of one-man shows at the Theatre des Champs-Elysees in Paris.

At one time he was reported to be the world's highest-paid entertainer. He has given much money away and spent millions of francs on a home for aged artists. In 1952, he gave his Riviera villa as a home for old song-writers and composers.

His 80th year has sparked off another dimension in the entertainment world.

Color television in Paris has planned a special program, "C'est La Vie," dedicated to "Maurice of Paris."

"I need this year to say goodbye to all my friends around the world," he said.

"That is why I am going, leisurely and nostalgically, everywhere where I have been happy, both as an artist and as a man."

He returns from Australia to the Eiffel Tower's birthday celebrations in early June, when he, too, will be feted with illuminations and fireworks and by a galaxy of stars from every part of the world.

High above his beloved Paris, he and his "little brother" will be acclaimed by crowds expected to be the largest since the Liberation—the highest accolade of all.



● *Maurice Chevalier (right) on his 79th birthday last September at the beginning of a year of festivities to mark his "growing to be 80 years."*

● *Cutting his giant 79th birthday cake (below) at a party outside Paris. Now a legend in the entertainment world, he has been entertainer, comedian, actor, singer for 67 years.*



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• Nurse to tribes in Vietnam's highlands

Patients feared "bad spirits" —and Viet Cong

By RUTH O'HALLORAN

After completing her nursing training at Wagga Base Hospital, N.S.W., Ruth O'Halloran left on an extended world trip. Hitchhiking in India, she arrived in Katmandu, capital of Nepal, in the middle of a smallpox epidemic and stayed for eight months, helping with vaccinations and Tibetan refugee work.

Back in Australia, Ruth heard of the refugee work being done in Vietnam and decided to offer her services.

But in Saigon she found it impossible at that stage to find such work. Then she heard about the work being done for the Montagnard people at Minh Quy Hospital at Kontum, in the central highlands.

She spent eight months working among the Montagnards, whom she describes as "guileless and very sweet." She is now in Canada.

"DON'T be foolish; it's dangerous to go up into the central highlands and work among the savage tribal people, and there is a war on, you know."

This was the warning I received in Saigon from people who had never set foot out of the city.

I knew little of the tribal people — or Montagnards, as the French called them — but I did know they were of different racial background from the Vietnamese.

Montagnards are of Monkhmer (Cambodian) or Malayo - Polynesian ethnic groups. Approximately 48 separate tribes are scattered through the highlands and in some lowland areas of South Vietnam. One million Montagnards live in bamboo villages, each tribe practising its own customs and speaking its own language.

I flew by Air Vietnam to Kontum, 280 miles north of Saigon. Below, the jungle became a little more dense, and an abundance of thatch-roofed villages could be seen as we neared Kontum. Bumping down on the airstrip, I suddenly thought, "Well, just where are you now?"

Not expected

A Vietnamese policeman kindly drove me to the hospital. I arrived unheralded as I had been unable to put through a telephone call. Evidently, the townspeople had found that telephone wires make excellent clothes lines.

The hospital, set in a green field, was alive with people, who covered the verandas or squatted on the ground around fires, occasionally stirring a cooking pot with a stick. Mothers fed babies, while others slept on bamboo mats. Small children had smaller children on their backs. They were baby-sitting.

Dr. Patricia Smith and Joan Blonien, the founders of the hospital, were somewhat surprised to see me, a nurse, appear out of the blue.

Dr. Smith had been in Vietnam for eight years. She first started a small dispensary in Kontum. Joan, a fellow American and trained nurse, came to help her. Four years ago, with the help of another trained nurse, Jean Platz, and an Australian nurse, Minh Quy Hospital was started.

Minh and Quy were priests, one French and the other Vietnamese, killed by the Viet Cong.

A European Bishops' Fund supplied finance for the building of the 40-bed ward, a green-tiled operating theatre, a pharmacy, store rooms, a central supply, an out - patients' department, with examination rooms and a laboratory. The 40 beds were thought ample, but today 80 to 120 Montagnards are in hospital.

The Vietnamese cope with overcrowding by placing two patients in one bed.

Fortunately, in this culture, a child is happier in a shawl on mother's, father's, or little sister's back, and, unless the child is extremely ill, this is allowed.

Adult patients who aren't critically ill sleep on the verandas, while patients suffering from tuberculosis involving bones, meningitis, tetanus, pneumonia, severe liver conditions, cerebral malaria, fractured limbs, or on intravenous therapy, occupy the beds.

Dr. Smith, Joan, and Jean collect money for their hospital from their home church's Dollar - a - Month Clubs and from many friends and well-wishers. More is always needed. Catholic Relief helps pay some of the staff a living allowance.

As the hospital grew, so did the need for more staff. Millicent Rice came to do laboratory work for a short while. Five little Montagnard nuns came from the convent.

They were quite untrained, but to them work was prayer. Sister Francois adores children. Jean taught her to care for premature babies, even 2lb. babies.

I was given the job of supervising the ward. I had learnt the bare essentials of the language; the nuns spoke a little English. I have never worked so hard or loved my work so well.

A few days after my arrival, Dr. Smith asked me to keep a sharp check on the blood pressure of a patient with dysentery. She said he could go into shock. I didn't really believe anything as drastic as that could occur, but did as I was told.

Typical case

Imagine my horror when, in only half an hour, the blood pressure had dropped from 110 to below 60 systolic; the pulse was weak, hardly palpable.

This was a typical case of "cholerine," a disease peculiar to the area and called "cholerine" by the French. It's far worse than cholera and can claim lives in hours.

Montagnards who become ill at night and are afraid of Viet Cong attack if they leave home for Kontum while it's still dark often die before morning.

Never have I put up an intravenous in such haste. The only treatment is rapid rehydration by intravenous route as the patient is usually barely conscious. In two days the patient is ready for discharge. I was to see many of them and often found one barely breathing, with the faintest of pulses. All responded to intravenous therapy — and responded amazingly quickly.

Emergencies are the normal in Kontum. A little boy walks in with his hand all but blown off. A primitive litter bears a man with his buttock torn open — the wild pig he was hunting had turned on him. A Montagnard soldier, not proficient with a gun, accidentally shoots his friend.

Eong was an interesting patient. He had chronic liver damage. One day he "died." The doctor injected adrenalin into his heart and cardiac massage was given.

Simultaneously an American "medivac" helicopter arrived. The rotor blades whirled, dust blew, and the noise was intense as the patients were unloaded.

No pulse was felt on Eong, a heart-beat couldn't be heard above the noise.

After ten minutes we gave up, as no sign of life was detected. Five minutes later his wife, who had been crying and wailing, came up to us. "I think my husband is still breathing."

Continued overleaf



• *Paddle for two (left). Ruth O'Halloran, who wrote this article, and a Katu child at Thuong Duk, just west of Da Nang.*



• *Sisters Teresa (below, left) and Francois bringing fresh bread, baked at the convent, for the patients at Minh Quy Hospital.*



• *Minh Quy Hospital, some 280 miles north of Saigon, named after two priests, one French, one Vietnamese, killed by the Viet Cong.*

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Patients feared "bad spirits" — and Viet Cong

From page 21

Indeed, he was. We tube-fed him for a week as he slowly improved. Life to him became one huge joke. A month later, he walked home; he discharged himself, as he felt better and hospital life "bored" him.

The Montagnards are animists. They worship spirits. One man was expelled from his village as they claimed he "ate babies' souls." Many babies had died in the village and he, a strange fellow inclined to have "visions," was blamed.

I almost destroyed a "good spirit." A dirty lump of hair and mud lay on a child's forehead. As my scissors poised in mid-air, the horror-struck mother managed to stop me cutting off the "spirit."

Faith in modern medicine is increasing among these people as their fear of bad spirits declines.

The people show their love to the American women in many ways. To see hundreds of Montagnards streaming along the roads in their best clothes (long hand-woven black skirts and black blouses with colored borders for the women and embroidered vests and loin-cloths for the men) to pay their respects to Dr. Smith on her feast day was a thrill. Huge metal gongs ranging from 4ft. to 10in. in diameter were played. Pretty village girls formed a half circle and kept in time to the delightful rhythm with their feet.

Staff needed

Much work has still to be done at Minh Quy hospital. A theatre sister is needed, and general ward sisters. A well-trained laboratory technician would be of great assistance; also a "handyman" who could be electrician, plumber, carpenter, and mechanic.

Dr. Smith offers board and lodging plus the fare, paid both ways, and $U.S.50 a month to any trained personnel who would be willing to give a year of their life to help the Montagnards. The address: Dr. Patricia Smith, Special Tactical Zone 24, A.P.O., San Francisco, 96499, U.S.A.

My time in Vietnam was limited, but my interest in the Montagnards was growing. I had seen the Bahnar, Sedang, Rengae, Halang, Jarai, and Jen tribes around Kontum. Now an opportunity had come to go with a Wycliffe Bible translator to visit the Katu, a short distance outside Da Nang.

Nancy Costello, an Australian linguist, is one of a world-wide Protestant group who work with minority tribal groups throughout the world, bringing them literacy and eventually the Bible.

Nancy and I flew by military plane to Da Nang. A Caribou flew us the 12-minute flight to Thuong Duk just west of Da Nang over heavily infested Viet Cong areas. Thuong Duk is clogged with Vietnamese refugees.



● *Brou houses. The Brou are gentle, kindly people who adhere strictly to laws and moral codes.*

The refugees are in a sad plight. If they return home, the Viet Cong take most of their food and they are bombed for supporting the Viet Cong. Their coming into refugee towns in great numbers causes overcrowding and starvation. They prefer to stay, but life is hard.

My ultimate destination was Khe Sanh, a small Vietnamese town four miles from the Laotian border and eight miles from the 17th Parallel. Khe Sanh is surrounded by Montagnard villages and 8000 Brou have moved into the valley as refugees. Glossy-leafed coffee trees of vast plantations cover a good deal of the valley. French, who were born there, still operate some plantations, but times are difficult now.

I lived with Wycliffe translators in a bamboo house. The Miller family, Eugenia Johnson, and Patricia Bonnell made up our "family."

While bombs fell, the townsfolk and villagers continued work. Eugenia taught a group of young men to become teachers of their own language, using the new primers. The Millers worked on translation while Pat and I worked in the provincial dispensary.

Only then did I come to realise how far the Minh Quy Hospital had progressed since its beginning. In Khe Sanh almost all our patients were animists, had no trust in modern medicine, but would try anything, as they believed death would occur anyway.

After ten days of sacrificing animals to ward off evil spirits, the patient would come to the dispensary, almost dead. After only a few days of treatment he'd decide that modern medicine wasn't helpful and leave again, often to die.

One man of 35, I remember well. He was found on the floor of his bamboo house, almost dead. He'd become ill weeks ago, and, as Brou custom has it, he did not eat or drink.

An American medic and I had to carry him up a steep hill in midday heat. No one would help as they were afraid of his spirits.

At the dispensary, intravenous therapy was started.

He improved slightly, but still his temperature swung from 101 to 105 degrees F. After four days on medication, he begun to look better, but still refused to eat or drink. His temperature came up again as his dehydration recurred. He spat the water I offered him at me. One day in desperation, I hit him, a poor ill man with skin so loose one could pick it up in handfuls. This had excellent results — he began to eat and drink like a child.

Improvement was shown. At last just one glimmer of success. But, oh, no. He now felt a little better, was tired of hospital and the treatment, and had his friends carry him home to die in peace.

Too primitive

The dispensary was just too primitive. We didn't have a regular doctor and so badly needed a laboratory and technician. This is only one small area.

All the Montagnards live without modern medicine and accept death as inevitable, except around Kontum, where Minh Quy saves untold lives daily.

The Brou are gentle, kindly folk. They work hard in the fields, growing rice and making plantations of bananas, papaws, coconuts, pineapples (which they cook when green), tapioca, and sweet potato.

Each village has a chief elected by the people. He is an honorable man who cares for his people. Laws and moral codes are adhered to strictly. Cheating or stealing is dealt with severely.

When this war ends, medicine can be brought to these people, Christianity can supplant their evil spirits, and their delightful way of life may be left untarnished.

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INNOXA MAKES YOU FEEL BEAUTIFUL. PART VIII. CREAM POWDER

Everything you ever wanted from a make-up – in one unique Cream Powder called Spunsatin.

Few women are ready for a full-scale make-up at the start of the day. But no woman likes to be seen without it.

So she always finds the time at least for Cream Powder and Lipstick.

She relies on her Cream Powder to give her skin perfect coverage first thing in the morning.

And when she is wearing full make-up Cream Powder must act as the retoucher and reviver at any odd moment throughout the day.

Above all, her Cream Powder must never form a cakey layer or turn orangey or go streaky on her skin.

Innoxa knows this. This was the beginning of Spunsatin Cream Powder. It was created to give you everything you demand – complete coverage when you want it and perfect re-touching as often as you need it. And Innoxa promise that it will never crack or shine or grease-up.

The first time Spunsatin touches your skin you will notice its unique smoothness. And your mirror soon tells you that never again will your Cream Powder dry your skin or change colour or go streaky. Spunsatin is a combination of skin-pampering foundation cream and ultra-soft face powder. And those beautiful skintone matching shades are part of the Innoxa magic.

Spunsatin is the ultimate in make-up. It makes all others seem ordinary.

Hasn't the time come for you to carry Spunsatin in your housecoat pocket (a refill perhaps) and an elegant mirror-compact in your handbag?

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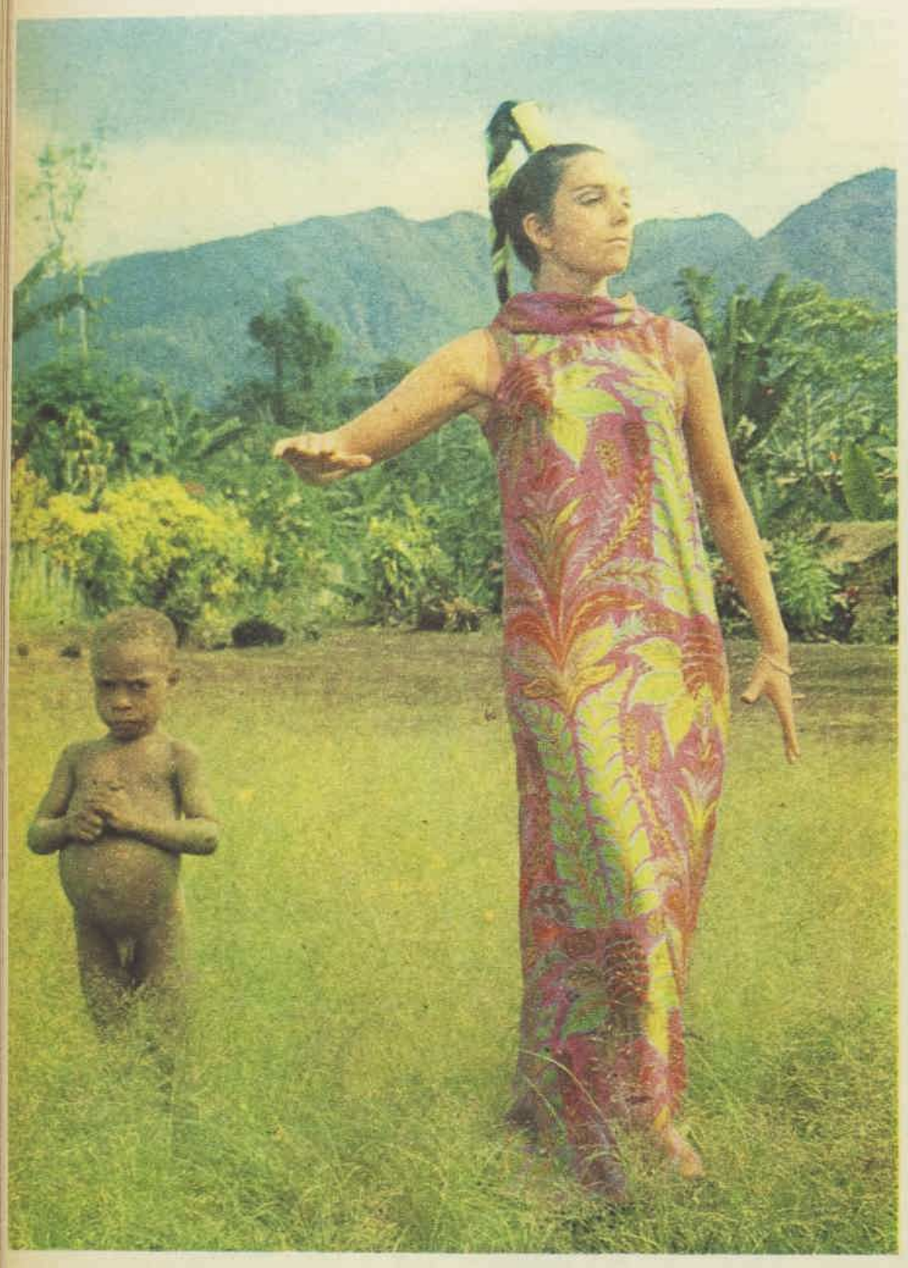
Matalon dressed the hair.

170 New Bond Street, London W1.

INN:P216

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FASHIONS FROM THE SHOPS





● *The sky's the limit in these color-keyed and co-ordinated separates. Wide-leg, go-around striped patio pants (about $14), plain silk midi-top (about $9). Violet straight-leg pants (about $14) are worn with a longish multi-striped shirt with violet tab collar and cuffs (about $22).*

● Fascinating locations of New Guinea are the background for these high-flying "Bird of Paradise" fashions in brilliant printed, striped, and plain silks. The range shows some of the latest trends in resort and holiday designing and is on sale at about the prices given in the leading stores and shops listed below.

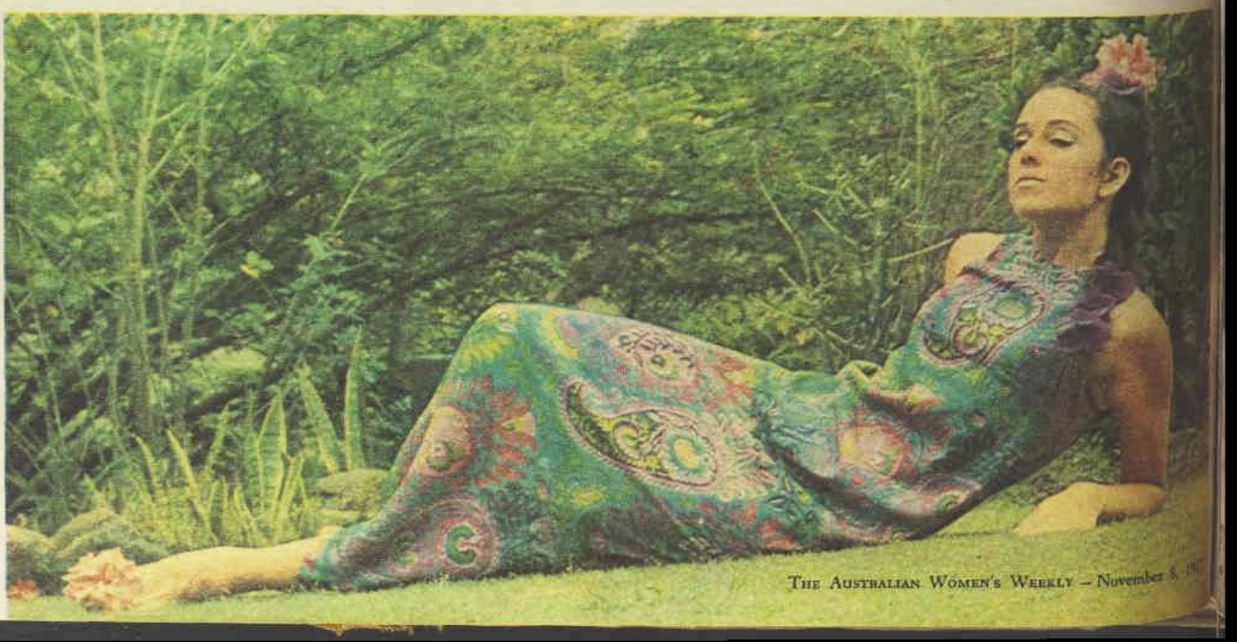
WHERE TO BUY

These new summer fashions in silk are available at Sportsgirl, Sydney and Melbourne, and in Sportscraft Shops at:

Sydney: Farmer & Co.
Melbourne: Myers.
Brisbane: Allan & Stark Ltd.

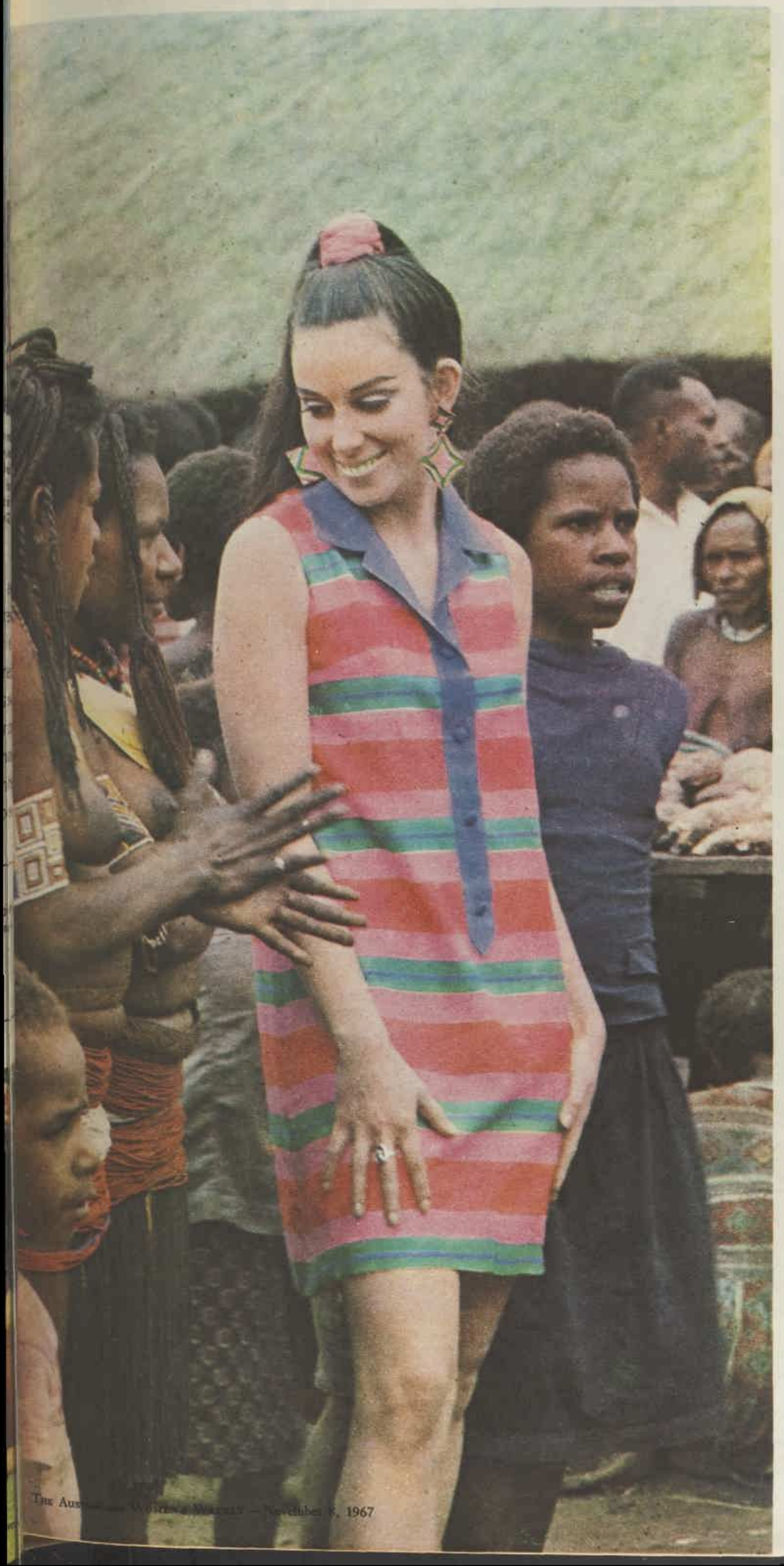
● *Skim-silhouette in a cool, patio dress with roll collar, printed in soft orchid tones. (About $32.) Location: Karimui, a one-man patrol post in New Guinea.*

● *Feather-print (right) in turquoise, blue, and violet silk patio dress with square armhole detail. (About $32.) Location: New Guinea coffee plantation.*



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BRILLIANCE IN SUMMER SILKS



● *Meeting the tribesmen (below) in stylish "Bird of Paradise" print shift with diagonal armholes and roll collar. There's a matching hairpiece. (About $22.) Location: Karimui.*





● *Co - ordinate shift (left) doubles as tunic, has contrast collar and buttons down the front. (About $24.) Location: The Market, Goroka.*

● *School collar gives emphasis to this short, flared shift (above) in color-blazed rainbow silk. (About $22.) Location: A friendly village.*

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an upright range you buy in 1980 will be a lot like this Simpson

(so why wait?)



This advertisement is not to try and sell you a Simpson electric range right here on this page. We think you actually have to see one in the showroom to believe how advanced it is. But we can whet your interest by mentioning just a few of Simpson's extremely advanced features.

• 'Miracle non-stick' griddleplate—wipes clean, gives fat-free cooking • Even-cooking rotisserie • Big picture oven window • 'Supa-fast' lift-out elements with infinitely variable heat control • Special oven 'browning' element • Automatic time-controlled oven and rotisserie, and so on . . .

Now—we've only mentioned 6 of Simpson's outstanding features. There are many more! Each an example of the type of years-ahead thinking you'll find built into each of the 5 Simpson ranges on display in your nearest electrical store. Go in and see them. Ask for a trade-in quote on your present old slow boiler. Why wait until 1980 when you can have it all today!

SIMPSON

Product of Simpson Pope

BUILT TO PERFORM BETTER—LONGER

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DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP



● This long-sleeved, one-piece tent dress is chosen for a young girl who is taking her holiday at the beach.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"I am seeking your help in choosing a style for a long-sleeved tent frock to be made in coin-spot cotton. I want the dress to wear at night during a holiday to the northern rivers of N.S.W. I take an SSW fitting."

Illustrated at right is the dress I have chosen in answer to your query. The design is gathered at the square neckline into a self-bias band; the long sleeves are gathered into buttoned cuffs. There are pockets in the side seams. The pattern also includes the design in ankle-length. If you wish to order the pattern, underneath the illustration are full details.

"I am going north on a five-day bus trip at Christmas. What are the best clothes to take?"

Light, crease - resisting fabrics would be the best choice for hot-weather bus travel. An easy-fit one-piece dress that bypasses the waistline is the most comfortable design for sitting long hours. An alternative idea would be an A-line skirt worn with easy-fit overblouses.

"Would you advise me on some fashion etiquette? I am being married for the second time and wish to know if a formal wedding gown is permissible."

You can only be a bride once. This excludes you from wearing the traditional wedding dress and bridal veil.

"A friend and I are going for a short cruise at Christmas. We have the usual slacks and shorts and separate tops. Could you suggest anything really new and with-it for our wardrobes?"

Yes, the new knee-length pants dress would be perfect for daytime cruise wear.

"I have a Chanel-type suit made in beige heavyweight rayon. Originally the jacket had a white braid trim, which I have removed. Have you any suggestions for giving the suit a new look?"

Trim the jacket with navy braid and wear the suit with a navy silk shirt. Add navy stockings and beige buckled shoes. Shorten the skirt to just above knee-level or higher, according to your proportions and taste.

4346.—One-piece in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4346. Price 70c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"I have a rather thick waistline and wondered what style of jacket would be best."

As you have not got a neat waistline, don't draw attention to it. I suggest a straight unfitted jacket with a side fastening.

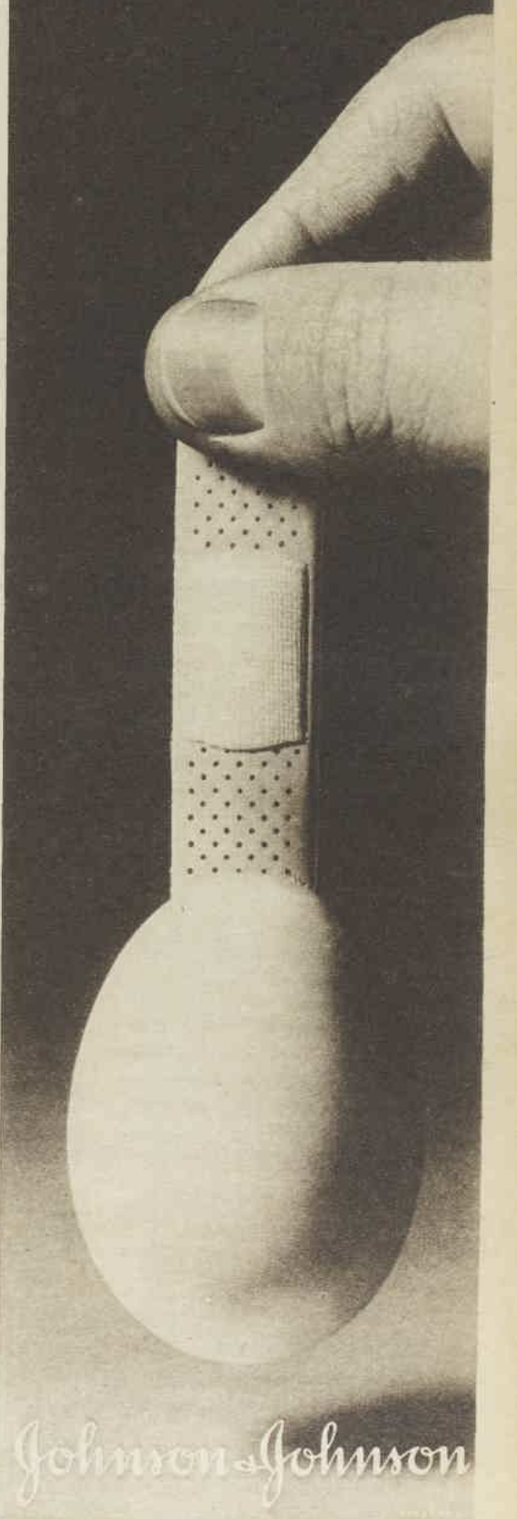
"Could your pattern department provide me with a design for boys' shorts to fit a 26in. waist?"

Our pattern department has an easy-to-make pattern for boys' shorts, which are tailored and have a drawstring waistline. The pattern is available in small (22, 23in.), medium (24, 25in), and large (26, 27in.) waist. To order, please quote Butterick Pattern 3960. Price 60c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Hold it! this is a stick-up

BAND-AID Brand Dressings stick at a touch—stay put even under water. Next time a hurt happens, cover it quick!

BAND-AID BRAND strips



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VALERIE'S NEW YORK WARDROBE

● As the first Australian to reach the finals of the New York Metropolitan Opera Quest, Sydney soprano Valerie Hanlon is a new and important ambassadress. For her final month of singing tuition in New York and the judging on November 5, the Australian Wool Board presented her with a wardrobe of Australian-designed wool outfits. These pictures show golden-haired Valerie modelling some of the outfits on the construction site of the Sydney Opera House before leaving for New York.



● *Sydney soprano Valerie Hanlon, in a knitted ensemble of white sheath dress and matching blue-and-white coat, photographed against a background of the Sydney Opera House construction and the Harbor Bridge.*
— Pictures by staff photographer RON BERG



● *Lightweight wool check dress and matching pill-box make a smart travel ensemble for Valerie's New York visit when teamed with a navy-blue coat.*





● *Dress in soft wool crepe (left) which Valerie will wear for the judging. Lamb's-wool coat (above) presented by Cornelius Pty. Ltd.*

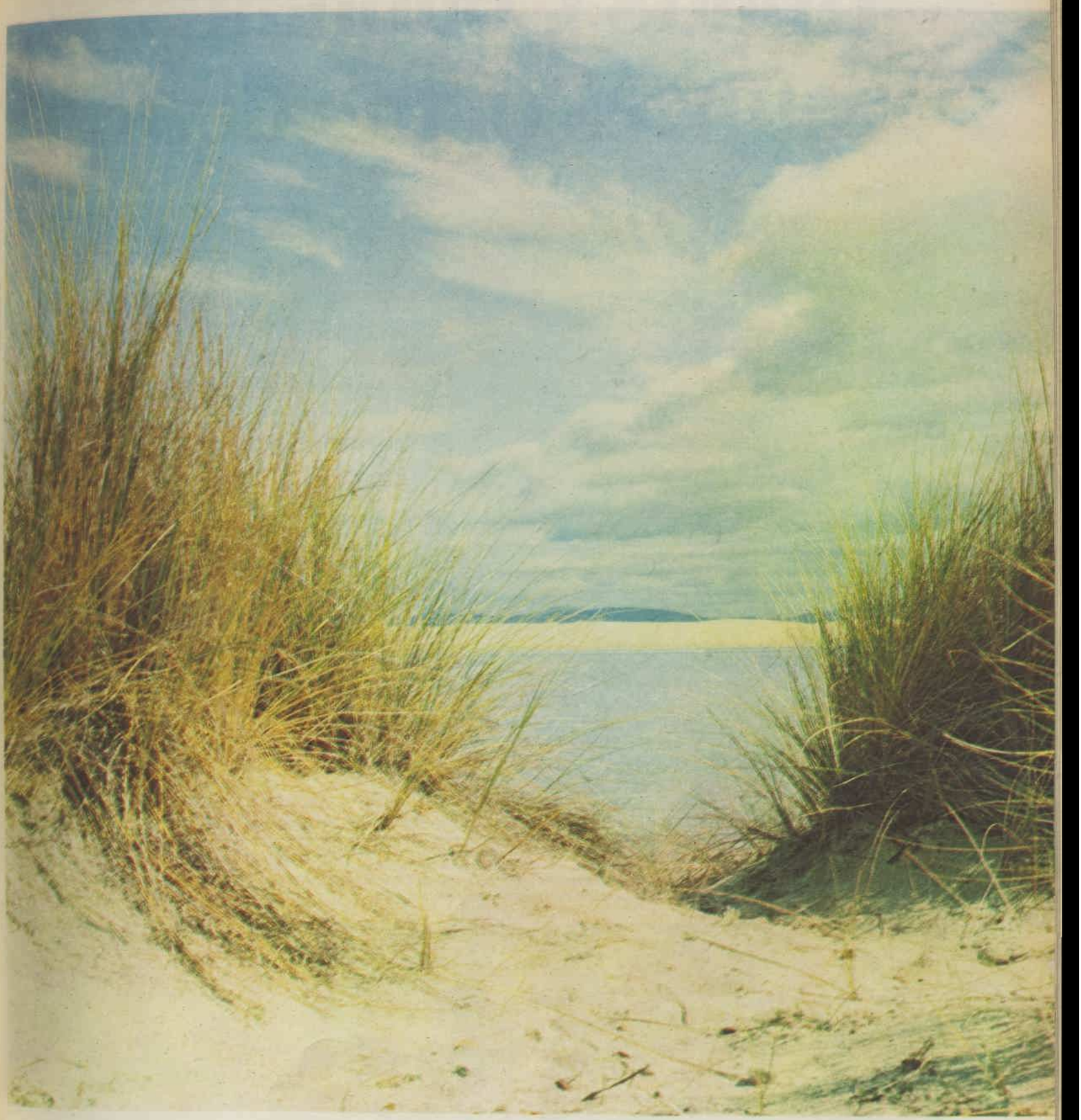
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SPRING comes to a derelict orchard in Lenah Valley, Tasmania, softening the harsh outlines of the old trees with blossom to make a frame for a burgeoning landscape . . . new leaves, yellow flowers in the spring grasses, and a cloud-tipped ridge with traces still of winter snow along its spine.

Spring in Tasmania . . .

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. . . merging into summer

SUMMER days beckon through the dunes, in a dreamy idyll of sand, sea, and sky that must evoke holiday memories of many an Australian childhood. This scene of cloud and dune-reeds, mountain, and sea was taken at Lewisham, Tas., by Miss Patricia Palmer, of Hobart, who also took the picture opposite.

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Bond's Cottontails: 2 ounces of freedom.



So light and white, so soft and sleek — you're fresh and free in "Cottontails". Two tiny ounces of absorbent cotton styled to fit smooth under today's fashions. And styled for freedom with 'action' gusset and 'nylo-rib' legbands that keep their place. Bond's quality cotton boils fresh and white. SSW-OS. Breezeweight **75**c. Interlock **79**c. Coral Island **89**c.



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AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

A weekly series by Bill Beatty

NOVEMBER 5

1829 Governor Darling's arrest of Ralph Entwhistle. Entwhistle was one of many men driven to outlawry by the harsh treatment and injustice of the times. Sent to New South Wales as a boy for a trivial offence, he was assigned as a servant to a Bathurst settler. Entwhistle was due to receive his ticket-of-leave within a couple of weeks, and was still a young man, stalwart, good-living, trusted by his master, and liked by everybody.

He had volunteered to take his master's team and wool to Sydney. It was a hot and dusty day, and Entwhistle and his mate unyoked the team and rested near a ford. The two men were so grimy and fatigued that they stripped off for a bath in the Macquarie River. They had no sooner plunged in when the Governor and his party, attended by a military escort, arrived at the ford crossing on the way to Bathurst.

Entwhistle and his mate were seen by the shocked vice-regal party, although they kept as much under water as possible. To appease the scandalised Governor, the two men were arrested, given 50 lashes each, and Entwhistle was made a convict again.

He nursed his resentment, as well he might, and one day made his escape. With some other discontented men he formed a band of outlaws and operated mostly in the Bathurst district. They raided usually for food, ammunition, and horses, and never committed violence. However, they were eventually rounded up and hanged.

1880 The Annie Brooks destroyed by natives. The Queensland schooner was pearl-fishing off Mewstone Island, south-east New Guinea, when she was attacked by natives. They killed six white members of the crew, looted the vessel, and set it on fire.

1904 Wreck of the Brier Holme. The iron barque, on a voyage from London to Hobart, was wrecked in the desolate area of Port Davey on the south-west coast of Tasmania. She had a crew of 20 men, and all but one were drowned. The survivor lived a Robinson Crusoe existence until he was found, three months later.

NOVEMBER 6

1810 Governor Macquarie signed unique contract to build a hospital. The contractors, Garnham Blaxcell and Alexander Riley (D'Arcy Wentworth later joined them), offered to build a hospital in Macquarie Street, Sydney, in exchange for a monopoly on rum sales in the colony and other valuable concessions. No money was paid, and the building became known as the "rum hospital." Two of the wings still stand—the northern wing is Parliament House, and the southern wing, later the mint building, is used as Government offices.

1884 Commodore Erskine proclaimed protectorate on the south coast of Papua.

1914 Nauru Island captured by Australian military forces. After the war, the League of Nations gave a mandate to the British Empire to administer the island, but because of the conflicting interests of Australia and New Zealand did not specify which government. This eventually was straightened out, and an administrator for Australia took over in June, 1921.

Although discovered by an English captain and named Pleasant Island, no action was taken to annex it until 1888, when a party from a German warship landed and proclaimed it German territory. The island suffered severely during World War II, when it was bombed and shelled.

1916 The P & O steamer Arabia torpedoed. The steamship, carrying 720 people, mostly passengers from Australia to London, was torpedoed in the Mediterranean. All the passengers were saved in boats, but 11 of the crew died.

NOVEMBER 7

1821 Governor Brisbane arrived in Sydney.

1861 The first Melbourne Cup race at Flemington. The famous course was named after an early settler, Bob Flemington, who was a butcher and innkeeper in the locality. Vested in trustees for the benefit of the people, the original lease of the Flemington Racecourse was for 99 years, with a yearly rental of three peppercorns. Both the first Melbourne Cup and the second, run the following year, were won by Archer.

A remarkable sequence of names of horses winning the Melbourne Cup occurred for three consecutive years. The horses not only had "titled" names but rose in sequence from the peerage to royalty—Lord Nolan (1908), Prince Foote (1909), Comedy King (1910).

NOVEMBER 8

1819 Death of Isaac Nicholls, Australia's first postmaster.

1824 Hamilton Hume sighted the Australian Alps.

1836 First census of Melbourne revealed population of 186 males, 38 females.

1878 Melbourne Bicycle Club formed. This was the first official club in Australia, and the penny-farthing bicycle was used. The Sydney Bicycle Club was founded in 1879, the Tasmanian Bicycle Club in 1880.

Nine years before the formation of the first club cycle races were held by the Boneshaker Club of Melbourne, with J. A. Clarke as captain. Heavy wooden machines with cast-iron bearings were used.

The Austral track race was started in Melbourne in 1886 as an amateur event with a grand piano as first prize, but four years later it became a cash race. The world's first women's race, a two-mile title event at Ashfield, Sydney, in 1888, was won by Miss Dot Morrell.

The great days of Australian professional cycle racing began in the 1890s. Attendances were so large that cash prizes were some of the highest in the world, and many overseas champions paid visits.

1892 The May Newton, a three-masted schooner, sailed from Strahan, Tasmania, for Queensland, and wasn't heard of again.

NOVEMBER 9

1804 Massacre of the crew of the Union. This was the second tragedy for the ill-fated vessel, which was under charter to Simeon Lord, a wealthy merchant, of Sydney. The first tragedy occurred after she left Kangaroo Island, South Australia, to obtain sandalwood in Tonga. There, on August 29, 1804, the captain and boat's crew were murdered. The Union was brought back to Sydney, and less than three months later sailed for Fiji. She was attacked at Koro Island by savages, who wrecked the vessel and massacred the crew.

1825 City of Brisbane named. In December, 1824, Chief Justice Forbes made an inspection of the site and approved Oxley's choice. He gave it the name of Edinglassie, but this was later rejected in favor of Brisbane, in honor of Sir Thomas Brisbane, Governor of New South Wales.

1914 HMAS Sydney defeated the German cruiser Emden at Cocos Island. On the morning of this day a party from the raider landed on Direction Island in the Group to wreck the cable and wireless installations. The Sydney arrived in response to an SOS from the island, and in the engagement that followed the Emden was set afire and forced to beach.

Continued on page 35



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"There's only one answer if you want both appearance and quality in a refrigerator"

(Says Mrs. Helen McDermott.)

"no-frost"



This is the G.E. 15 cu. ft. No-Frost Deluxe.

The most economical to operate 15 cu. ft. no frost refrigerator.

Beautiful styling.

Exclusive Adjusta Shelves.

Porcelain meat dish can be placed in any of 6 different positions.

Jet fast ice maker. Ice cubes in 90 minutes—50% faster than other brands.

Egg Bucket—stores 30 eggs.

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Full range of models from 9 cu. ft. to 15 cu. ft.

Model TBF-15 DC.

G.E. 16″ Adventurer II instant-picture portables:
Weighs 25 lbs.
"Ultra-Vision" screen optional for daylight viewing.



G.E. 12″ Adventurer I instant-picture portables:
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Fine-furniture television:
Double ended Wideboy 25″.



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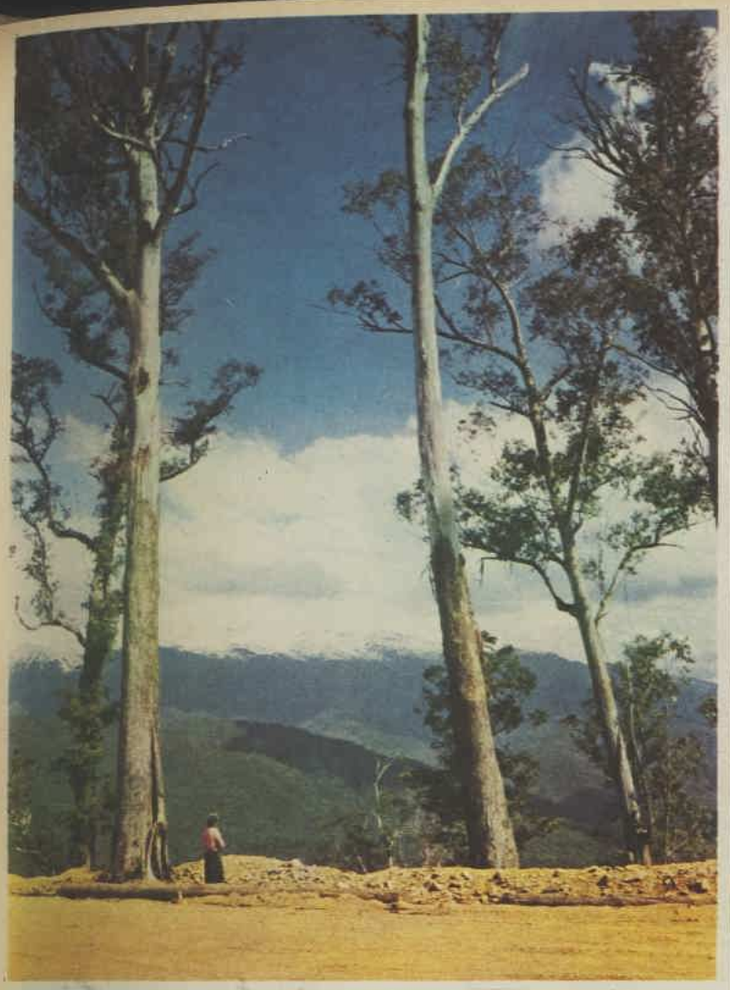
*Trademark of General Electric Co., U.S.A.

Hand-crafted furniture cabinets:
Hide and See, 25″, with double fold doors.



G.E. makes a TV size to fit anyone: 25″, 23″, 19″, 16″ and 12″ sets.

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● Magnificent Eucalyptus delegatensis, mountain ash, frame a snow-capped view of the Southern Alps. The Alps were first sighted in 1824, by the explorer Hamilton Hume. Picture by Mr. R. Ferris, of Cooma North, N.S.W.

Australian Almanac — from page 33

NOVEMBER 10

1815 Death of Ellis Bent, Judge-Advocate of New South Wales. Bent, the first practising barrister-at-law in the colony, accepted the appointment because of "family misfortunes of the severest nature." Macquarie provided a house and made him and his son large grants of land, which he promptly sold in defiance of the covenants.

His frequent ill health, financial difficulties, and personal worries seem to have unbalanced Bent's judgment. He quarrelled with officials about the nature of locally made laws, his own status, and the authority of the Governor to control his movements as a public servant and to order him to draft regulations. But, despite this, Macquarie, after Bent's death, praised his "meritorious" services and did everything possible to obtain a pension for his widow.

Bent's remains were buried in three graves —first in the old cemetery in the area where the Sydney Town Hall now stands, then on Garden Island, and finally in St. Thomas' Cemetery, North Sydney.

1867 The Clermont Gold Escort Murder. The dead bodies of two constables, John Power, 25, and Patrick Cahill, 27, who were in charge of a gold escort from Rockhampton to the Clermont goldfield, were found near the Mackenzie River, Queensland. The men had been carrying $8000 and were accompanied by the Gold-Commissioner, John Thomas Griffin. Griffin was arrested, tried for the murders, and hanged.

While he was an assistant gold-commissioner at Rockhampton there had been a public petition for his removal from office. He had misappropriated money entrusted to him by Chinese miners.

In prison awaiting execution, Griffin tried to bribe two warders to release him, promising to reveal the place where he had hidden the stolen money after the shooting.

NOVEMBER 11

1854 Ballarat Reform League formed at the meeting of miners at Bakery Hill, with Peter Lalor and Rafaello Carboni among the leaders, before the Eureka Stockade armed clash.

1880 Ned Kelly hanged. His mother's last words to her son were: "Mind you die like a Kelly, Ned." A halo of undeserved romance has often been drawn round the head of the notorious Ned Kelly, a Victorian stock-thief, bank-robber, murderer.

In 1870, while still in his teens, Ned was arrested as an accomplice of Harry Power, the bushranger, but escaped punishment by betraying him. Eight years later he became leader of his own gang. Three of a party of police which surrounded them in the Wombat Hills were shot by the Kelly gang, and, knowing themselves outlawed, they began a career of desperate crime.

Defiantly, and with a challenge on his lips, Ned told Sir Redmond Barry, the judge who sentenced him, that he would see him in the Great Beyond. Eleven days later, Sir Redmond died from pneumonia while being treated for a carbuncle.

1882 Sinking of the Austral in Sydney Harbor. When anchored in Neutral Bay, the steamship Austral suddenly sank before the astonished eyes of many Sydneyites. While coaling, someone had forgotten to close a porthole, and water poured into her. Five lives were lost. Four months later the Austral was refloated.

1885 First cable tram in Melbourne. Cable tramways were in general use until the 1920s, when they began to be superseded by electric traction. Electric trams were introduced into the suburbs in 1906.

C'est Elnett*



the finest hairspray you can buy

from L'ORÉAL at $1·55 it's worth it!

So fine that only your hair knows it's there.
No stiffness.
No stickiness.
No nonsense with 'ELNETT'
—it holds your hair firmly, professionally in place.
and it brushes out.

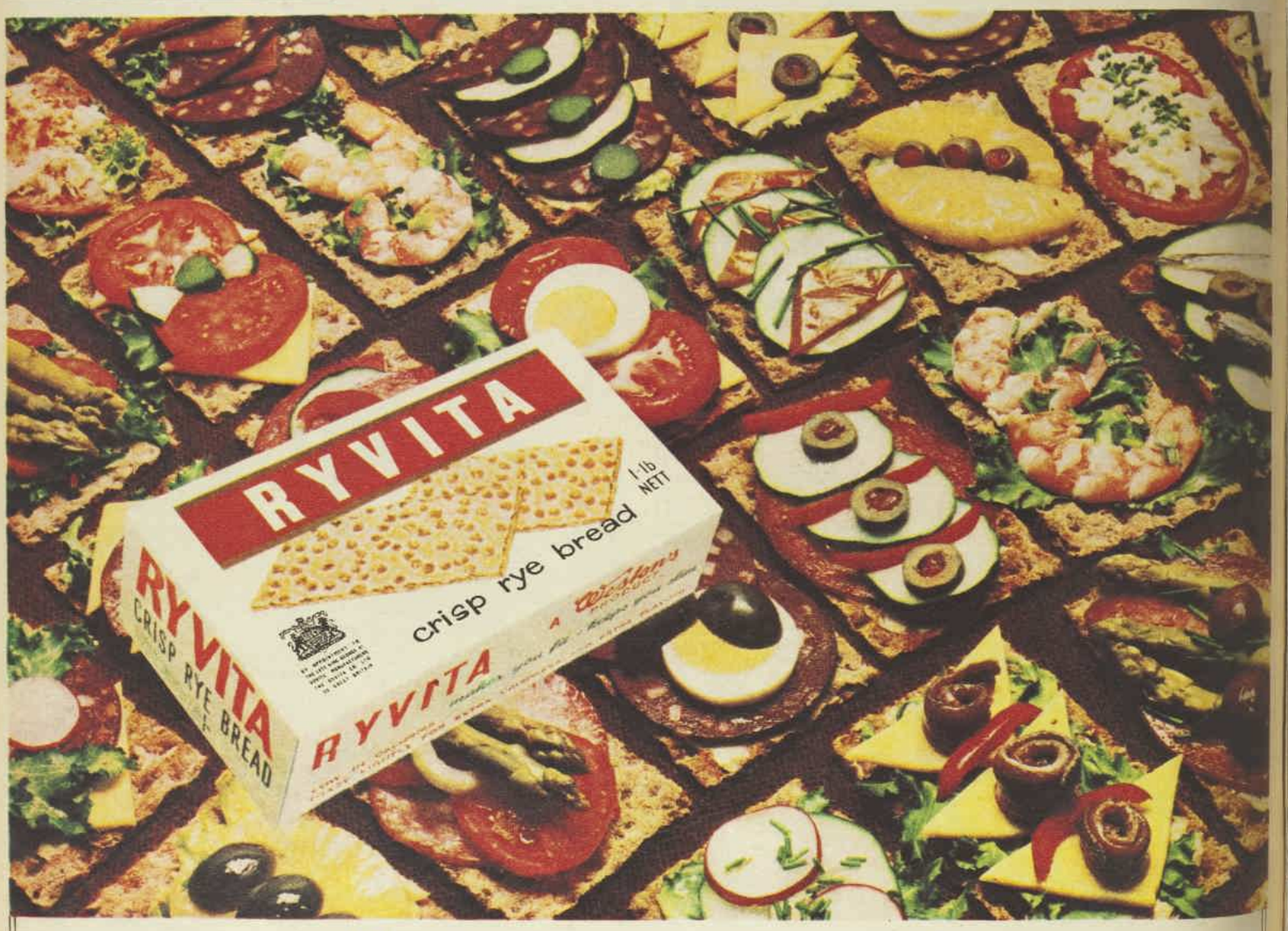
Pour Quoi?
Why is it so fine?
Because 'ELNETT's French Formula demands the most expensive ingredients . . . make it the most advanced hairspray today.

C'est Elnett*
'ELNETT' Satin Hairspray
Regular and Superhold.

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What a mouth-watering way to stay slim!

Forget about starvation diets! Stay slim this delicious way, with crisp, fresh Ryvita crispbread. Crunch! Eat hearty—there's lots more where this came from. Low on calories, high on nourishment and satisfaction. Crunch! Eat as much as you like, without waistline worries. Enjoy Ryvita crispbread with any of these stay-slim toppings, or maybe with just a dab of butter. It's so tasty! RYVITA CRISP RYE BREAD

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Traveller's tale

I HELPED TO BUILD A ROAD IN FINLAND

By Jacqueline Truelove

I HAD never heard of a place named Jumijarvi, and neither had the Finnish Government Tourist Office in London until someone found a tiny dot on a large-scale map of southern Finland.

Now I was bound for that spot, sitting in a bus with a crowd of young strangers from various countries, passing through lake-strewn Finnish scenery.

I had read in London about youth work-camps and applied to spend a month at Jumijarvi. Our task was to help convert an old farm into a holiday place for children.

The bus stopped in the middle of a forest, and we got out on instructions from the camp leader, Eric, fair and Swedish-looking.

There was no sign of life until a truck appeared with several people in it.

"That must be Gwen Gray from Australia," Erik said to me, pointing to the girl clutching a rucksack on the back of the truck. We introduced ourselves and struck up an instant friendship.

The truck, with everyone on board, bounded over a mile and a half or so of rough track, then the driver assured us that he'd never get it over the remaining mile with such a load.

The load obediently walked the remaining mile past two small farms, their paddocks quickly giving way to tall firs and silvery-trunked birch trees.

The campsite was an old red-leaded farmhouse and new dormitory building beside a tiny, perfect lake named Jumijarvi (*jarvi* is Finnish for lake). Gwen and I and the other girls installed ourselves in our dormitory, then set out on a tour of inspection.

This revealed a few minor flaws, but one couldn't expect a paradise with running water, electricity, and sewerage.

That evening, as Gwen and I sat in the gloom of the tiny farm kitchen buttering endless pieces of black bread for supper, a brown face appeared round the door and said in the accents of the Old South, "Good evening, ladies. I'm Ken from Atlanta, Georgia. Is that supper I see?" And so started the battle to keep Ken's 6ft. 4in. body and soul together.

The campers had all arrived by the next night and we finally numbered 23—three Swiss, three Americans, a Dane, three Germans, a West Indian, three Dutchmen, an Austrian, six Finns, and two Australians.

The camp prospectus from the organisers, the World Council of Churches, said we would work on the road and buildings at Jumijarvi. I had pictured myself doing some cooking, painting a few walls, and perhaps sewing curtains. However, two local girls, who were domestic-science students, were our cooks, and it seemed that Jonta, our work leader, had other plans for us.

The job to be done was rebuilding the track we'd travelled over; we girls were allocated the "light" job of shovelling gravel, while the boys dug ditches.

The first morning at the gravel-pit soon sorted out those who were fit from the others. I was one of the others. Petite Helga from Austria set the pace, her weekend mountaineering had been good training.

After two days at the gravel-pit we wanted a turn on the road work. It certainly proved easier, so we let the boys keep the gravel-pit, working it in shifts.

We all worked from 8 till 2.30, with ten minutes' rest in each hour. The road work was rather boring and slow, and Ken declared he'd dug so far he must be inside Russia. But the conversation was interesting; apart from trenchant comments on the

Long discussions in the long, long Finnish twilight

viciousness of Finnish mosquitoes, we talked of politics, religion, race relations, and a dozen other subjects while swinging our shovels.

Afternoons we had free for more discussion, swimming or rowing on the lake, or picking blueberries.

These berries are about the size of a pea and grow on ankle-high bushes all over the floor of the forest. The camp food fund, to which we all contributed, was not very affluent, so blueberries appeared on the menu almost every night.

I think I have eaten them every known way — stewed and raw, in pancakes, pies, and jellies, but they seemed most delicious when I was sitting on the bank of the lake on a hot afternoon, eating more than I was collecting for supper.

The focal point of our evening activities was a huge fireplace beside the lake; sitting round it, we talked and sang in the almost endless twilight. During the four weeks of the camp an evening was set aside for each national group to tell a little about their country.

The American Night featured lessons in Negro spirituals from Ken, accompanied by Brendon's guitar. Desmond's Trinidad Night was a great success: he taught everyone to play Trinidad's national game, cricket.

The less said about the Australian Night the better — except that there are now 21 people scattered round the world who can sing "Kookaburra Sits on an Old Gum Tree" out of tune.

A farm about a mile away offered to let us use their sauna on Friday nights. This was a little log cabin with a small change room and a larger steam room. The Finnish campers supervised the heating of the stove — it took all afternoon.

We girls had the first turn. Leaving our clothes in the change room and clutching soap and face-cloths, we ventured into the steam room — a blast of heat came out to meet us as the door opened.

In one corner was the stove, surrounded by heaps of round stones, with a drum of water boiling alongside. On the opposite wall were tiers of benches. Finnish Heidi explained that the heat rises, so the bottom bench was the coolest, and recommended that we all sit there first, with cool cloths over our faces. She handed down bunches of birch leaves hanging along the wall and said we should beat ourselves with them to improve circulation.

We were soon used to the heat, and were chatting gaily and swishing about with our bunches of leaves when Heidi said 20 minutes in the sauna was long enough for beginners; the next step was to throw ourselves into the snow!

Fortunately it was midsummer, so we had to make do with throwing buckets of cold water at each other — very bracing.

Round the fire after dinner all the talk was of the sauna. Desmond from Trinidad was convinced that he had faded!

We went in the truck on several excursions, travelling past what we knew by this time to be typical Finnish scenery — softly undulating country covered with dark forests, giving way to neat farmlands with crops almost ready for harvest, and everywhere gleaming lakes.

Finland has 60,000 lakes and it seems there is always one in sight.

A grey sky and drizzling rain matched our mood on the morning we climbed on the truck for the last time. The road we had worked on so hard was completed and our ride over it was really quite smooth.

We stayed overnight with friends scattered round Helsinki, and the next afternoon there were sad farewells at the station and the wharf.

Standing on the deck of the ferry which was to take some of us to Sweden, I stared at the receding Finnish coastline and thought of a month of work and fun, serious discussion and parties, shining lakes, twilight evenings round the fire . . . Finland.



● This is where the writer and 22 other young people stayed beside a Finnish lake named Jumijarvi.



● Writer, in centre, helps with the weekly wash. The clothes were rinsed from the stern of a rowing-boat.



● The sauna belonging to a nearby farm. Here everyone had the weekly steam and cold-water treatment.

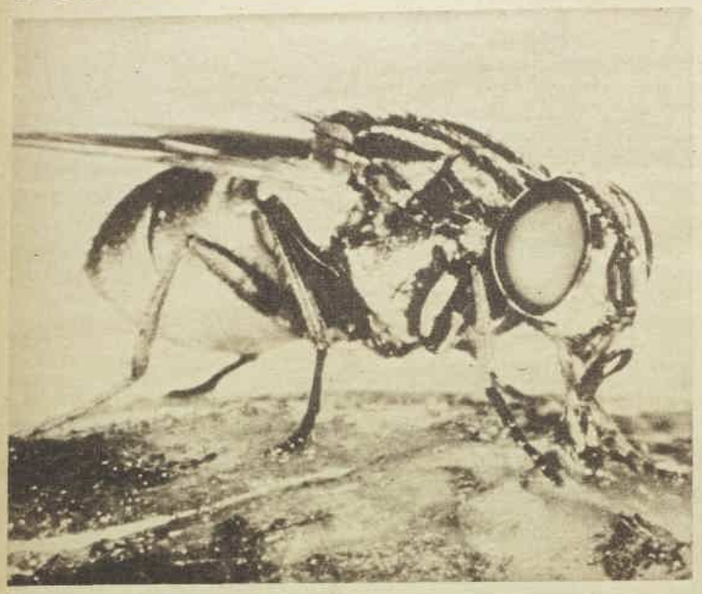


● Work on the road lasted from 8 a.m. to 2.30 p.m. daily. The campers had come from nine countries.

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(Advertisement)

PUBLIC ENEMY No. 1



The Housefly—

End this Threat to Your Family's Health!

SUMMER — to the Australian housewife — is a time when flies and other annoying insect pests enter the home presenting a very definite threat to the family's good health—especially in the kitchen. Flies are guilty of carrying all manner of germs that are dangerous to human beings—germs such as typhoid, dysentery, and a host of entero-virus diseases. One fly may carry more than 3½ million virulent bacteria.

One of the main problems confronting health authorities throughout the world is the apparent lack of awareness shown by modern housewives to the hazards introduced by flies in the home. Flies are considered by some merely as an irritating, integral part of the summer season.

In reality, the fly ingests all manner of filth from decaying garbage, refuse, and animal manure, always softening every meal beforehand by vomiting a fluid on to it, and comes into the home to feast and deposit germs and bacteria on food, babies, and children's toys — in fact on everything it contacts, leaving the way open to epidemics.

The first line of defence in fly control is the exercising of greater health measures in the home and surrounding areas, particularly in the control of breeding places. This will not always solve the problem, however, because even though the insect prefers to operate close to its birthplace, it is capable of travelling up to eighteen miles if necessary to seek more favorable conditions. Consequently few of today's households are immune to fly invasions merely by virtue of location in a highly developed suburb.

Now the discomforts and dangers of insect invasion can be eliminated with the discovery of powerful Pea-Beu aersol insecticide which kills flies and all insect pests faster because it is 50% stronger than any other insecticide in its concentration of Pyrethrins, the most effective insect killing substance known.

Pea-Beu has a unique "umbrella-spreading" action

A.N.I. Chemical Research have made astonishing advances in the field of pest control in their world-wide laboratories and have established that it is possible to destroy insect pests with greater certainty because of the fine, mist-like spray of the full concentrated strength of Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide. The high potency liquid spray quickly kills every type of insect in many respects on a pattern analogous to fumigation. The wide, "umbrella - spreading" action of the fine mist produced by the full strength insecticide tends to stay suspended in the air for prolonged periods to penetrate into cracks and crevices and to seek out and destroy even invisible and often unsuspected insect pests.

The size of an insecticide particle has a tremendous bearing on the effectiveness of an insecticide and A.N.I. Chemical Research have established that the fine, concentrated Pea-Beu mist spray gives greater killing power and more effective knock-down killing action than the coarser type sprays.

Pleasantly perfumed Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide can be confidently sprayed anywhere throughout the home to kill all insect pests. The penetrating fine lethal mist action of Pea-Beu ensures that no insect can escape death.

There is no stronger more powerful aerosol insecticide than Pea-Beu.

AT HOME.....

with Margaret Sydney

● In the days when it was not done to make up your face in public or preen in front of your hostess' mirrors, people's grandmothers used to say, "A *lady* sees to her dress in the privacy of her bedroom, and never gives her clothing a thought once she has left it."

YEAH, yeah, yeah. What once went for ladies goes triple for travellers. Time's too precious when there's so much to see in such a short space, and it's madness to take things that come out of your case crumpled, or anything you're not confident is "you" and so can be worn without worry.

Last week I got as far as listing one wool suit, two lightweight suits, and two dresses that are genuinely non-iron. And two raincoats, with the proviso that anyone who really feels the cold a lot would be wise to take one raincoat and one topcoat for a European May-June-July.

In addition, in a minimum wardrobe you need a woollen skirt, two blouses, a pair of stretch slacks if you're a slacks-wearer, a cocktail frock (something plain and elegant that matches one of your coats and that you won't get tired of wearing), a heavy sweater, a lighter cardigan, a lightweight, short-sleeved jumper, two pairs of shoes, two pairs of sandals.

The slacks you probably won't wear at all on the Continent, but you'll wear them motoring in England, you'll wear them in northern India if you want to go pony-trekking, and if you're slacks-addicted you'll wear them for lounging about in your room on those rare occasions when you're not haring off to look at one more cathedral or climb one more flight of spiral stairs.

Blouses gave me more shopping trouble than anything else, because I hate see-through materials, but if you hunt you can find non-transparent synthetic materials that will come out of a hotel washbasin looking like new.

Splurge on your woollen skirt, or else go for one with an easy cut and a mixture of wool and synthetic. The better the skirt is, the less you're going to hate it by the time you've worn it with everything in your case, slept in it on planes, sat in it on endless bus trips. A plain color is not a bad idea. You can wear it with everything, and you'll get less tired of it.

Everything you take has to go with everything else

SYNTHETICS are a good idea for jumpers and cardigans, too. They have to go with everything you've got — in fact, everything you take has to go with everything else. That's not as limiting as it sounds. With today's fashions most colors "go," but it does rule out the fussy dress that needs its own shoes and handbag.

You need one pair of superbly comfortable walking shoes, in a go-with-everything color, of the sort that will keep clean with an occasional bang and a brush; one pair of town shoes that will go with everything (luckily, comfortable squared toes and lowish heels are now in); one pair of heeled sandals or very light shoes for night wear; one pair of flat sandals for stockingless occasions.

All these should be thoroughly broken-in. There's nothing so jaundicing to your view of new places as aching feet or a toe that hasn't yet come to terms with the strap of a new sandal.

What else? Bathers, of course. A couple of very light, no-care frocks for India and the Mediterranean; a folding brolly (you might get that more cheaply at your first port of call); a couple of pairs of gloves, a couple of scarves (not necessary as head-coverings in any church I visited anywhere, but remember, when in Rome, no sleeveless dresses on church visits); all cosmetic and toilet things transferred to plastic containers.

You don't need a lot of underwear if you stick to nylon — say, two short nighties with one matching short dressing-gown (icebergs could substitute light wool or a wool-cotton mixture for the dressing-gown); six pairs of mesh stockings all the same shade; one slip, one half-slip; two brassieres, two girdles.

And for heaven's sake, if you wear an iron-maiden type for dress-up occasions, make sure the second is a tired old comfortable one that will let you go your own way or you'll die of discomfort on long plane journeys and bus trips.

Indian cotton frocks are attractive and cheap

A COUPLE of readers have asked particularly about clothes for India. I was there in July, and it was HOT. All the hotels are cooled, so your summer-weight suits and so on will be fine when you're in the hotel.

For sight-seeing, your two sleeveless no-care dresses, your no-care blouses, and a light no-care no-slip-necessary skirt are ideal. Sandals. Bare legs. Indian women look marvellous, and Western women, puffing around red in the face because they're wearing too many formal clothes, look absurd.

Don't wear way-out beach clothes or madly short skirts — they'll only make you feel clumsy and conspicuous. And don't, please don't, wear a sari! Buy one —you'd be mad not to. But wait till you leave India before you wear it.

Unless they've had lots of practice, Western women in saris look comically like children pinned into mum's best spare-room curtains, with the pins about to give way at any moment.

Indian cotton frocks are most attractive, and they're cheap. Buy them and post them home, or stash them away in all that empty space in your suitcases. Cottons need ironing — you'll do better to save those for home and depend on synthetic fibres while you're away.

Incidentally, hotels loathe people whose rooms are draped with bits of damp washing. If you buy wisely, and take things you've tried out and proved, what you wash at night will be dry by wake-up time, your room will be fit to live in, and everyone will stay happy.

You don't need to take masses of your pet cosmetics or patent medicines. You can buy these almost everywhere. Take any prescribed medicines, because a prescription would have to be represcribed by a local doctor before you had it made up. But if you wear glasses, take your optical prescription in case of accidents.

And, finally, take a large handbag that goes with everything for the daytime, and the smallest possible one or a fabric evening bag for restaurants and theatres.

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Be happy! Go lively in 'Bri-Nylon'

(Easy-care clothes you don't have to fuss over)*

CATALINA WOMEN'S STYLE GQ3, MEN'S STYLE BH9



The swim team. Green polka spots on deep navy. Crazy mixed-up, matched-up bathers from **CATALINA.**

This style is perfect. The fit, great. Now check the label. It says 'Bri-Nylon'. Go ahead—you're assured of the quality. 'Bri-Nylon' means easy-care clothes you don't have to fuss over. 'Bri-Nylon' means value for the price you pay. 'Bri-Nylon' puts the fun back into shopping for clothes. Be happy! go lively in 'Bri-Nylon .

BRI* NYLON

This label* looks after the quality

FIBREMAKERS LTD

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CORNS



THIS QUICK, CLEAN *WAY*

Quick . . . super-soft pad relieves shoe pressure instantly—soothes, cushions, protects. **Clean** . . . no mess or trouble, simply apply the self-adhesive pad. **Safe** . . . medicated disc hygienically loosens corn. Corn simply lifts out, easily, cleanly. Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads, praised the world over, and only 42c pkt.

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Remedies for every common foot trouble

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It is said that every time you wash your face you start a wrinkle, but now you can smooth and beautify the skin as you cleanse. No more taut dry skin when you use this cleansing milk that removes every trace of make-up with a dissolving action that leaves the complexion smoother, clearer, and free from wrinkle dryness. Ask your chemist for a bottle of Delph cleansing milk that gives the complexion a look of youthful beauty.

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If your back aches like sin and Rheumatism kills your work and fun, take New Improved CYSTEX to wash away the acids and pain. Feel young and fit again. Get Scientific, Laboratory-tested and Certified CYSTEX from your chemist for fast help. Only 65 cents.

CLEAR BAD SKIN

To clear your skin soft and smooth—free from pimples, itching, eczema, red blotches, blemishes and tints, use NIXODERM. Get NIXODERM from your chemist. Clears skin while you sleep.

WHISTLES AFTER NARROW SQUEAK

■ **Early last year we ran an appealing story about a Western Australian woman who became foster-mother to a baby canary orphaned after four days of life.**

The woman, Mrs. G. C. Kippin, of Melville, went to great pains to rear the bird, called Chicky.

People warned her that the task was impossible.

But "Mother" knew best.

She taught Chicky to eat by tapping it on the beak with a food-filled salt spoon and popping in the meal when the bird opened its beak to protest.

She overcame the problem of soft food for her "baby" by mixing rolled oats, baby cereal, egg-yolk, and warm water in a vitamiser.

At the time our story appeared Chicky was nearing the stage of leaving his unusual nest.

Recently, Mrs. Kippin told us the good news that her efforts have been rewarded and that Chicky has grown into a beautiful glossy "adult" male with a superb whistle.

● *TV fan*

"He's so sophisticated and discerning," said Mrs. Kippin.

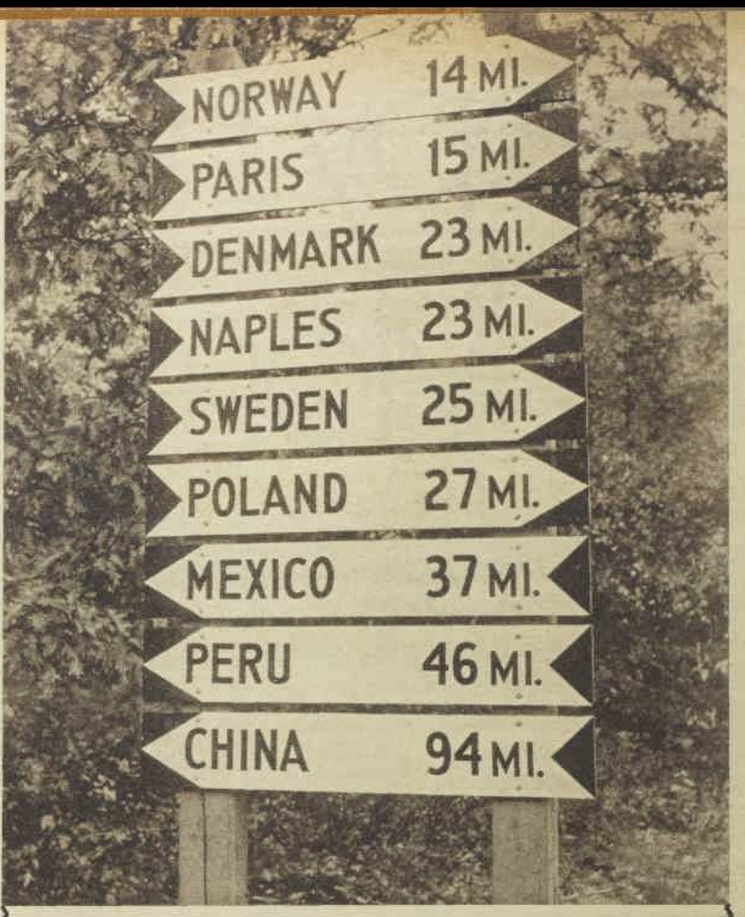
"For instance, he doesn't mind certain television programs, but he cannot bear the test pattern, and flies to the screen and pecks it as soon as the pattern shows.

"If he's in his cage and doesn't want to come out it's more than my finger is worth to lay it on the cage. He would nip me. In the morning, however, when he is ready to emerge he doesn't mind in the least.

"He's very interested in card games — when my daughter plays alphabet cards he seems to ask, in bird-language, whether he can join in, too.

"He knows his name, too, and likes it. Call him 'Chicky' and his feathers rise on the crown of his head, like a cockatoo.

"Girls? He hasn't the faintest notion that they exist. But since his voice 'broke' he's developed a lovely wolf whistle!"

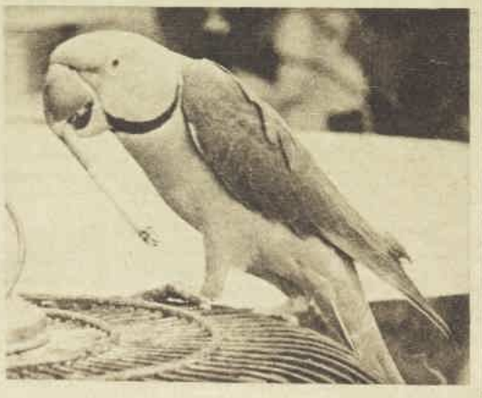


LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY?

★ ***Every day someone probably tells you "it's a small world," and this signpost makes it look almost microscopic. The post can be seen in the State of Maine, in the U.S.A., where civic fathers seem to like to name their communities after more famous ones.***

. . . Parrot or puffin?

THERE is one serious drawback—we couldn't resist that one—to the smoking habit of the Beirut, Lebanon, parrot pictured below. He regularly begs cigarettes from his master—but they have to be filter-tipped. Given a plain one he will chew it to shreds. Offer him a filter, however, and he happily sucks away.



COMPACT

ON METTLE—TO COIN PHRASES

● A professor of English at an American college recently asked his pupils to write original proverbs, maxims, witty sayings.

Some turned out very well indeed:

Procrastination will never become a lost art—too many people practise it.

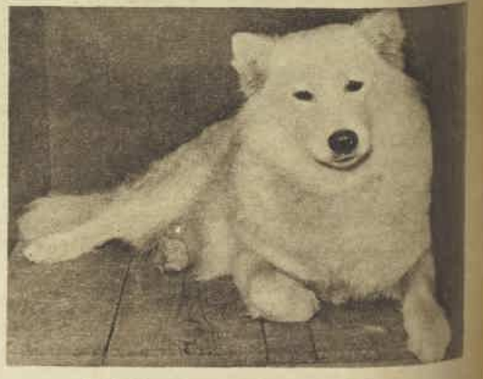
Many people enter the rat race without even knowing what the prize is.

My weight disputes the law of gravity — what goes up does not go down.

Birds of a feather get plucked together.

If everything else fails, follow directions.

Don't measure your success by other people's yard-sticks.



● ***Bridgette . . . long road home.***

New York high-school girl's note to teacher: "I didn't do well in my test because the glue on my false eyelashes melted and my eyes were stuck together."

What made 'sammy' walk

THIS year's Christmas cards produced and being sold by the N.S.W. Animal Welfare League Ladies' Auxiliary tells the touching story of a dog's love and loyalty.

The dog is Bridgette, a pedigree white samoyed, which was stolen from the Sydney home of Mr. George Barnet last January.

Several days later a friend of Mr. Barnet was driving north of Nyngan, N.S.W., when he saw a samoyed plodding along the road toward Sydney, about 370 miles away.

Nine days — and about 300 miles — later he saw the same dog at Penrith (34 miles from Sydney).

Thinking it was lost and would make his children a good pet he put it in his semi-trailer and took it home.

His wife recognised Bridgette, and the dog was immediately returned to Mr. Barnet — 13 days after its disappearance.

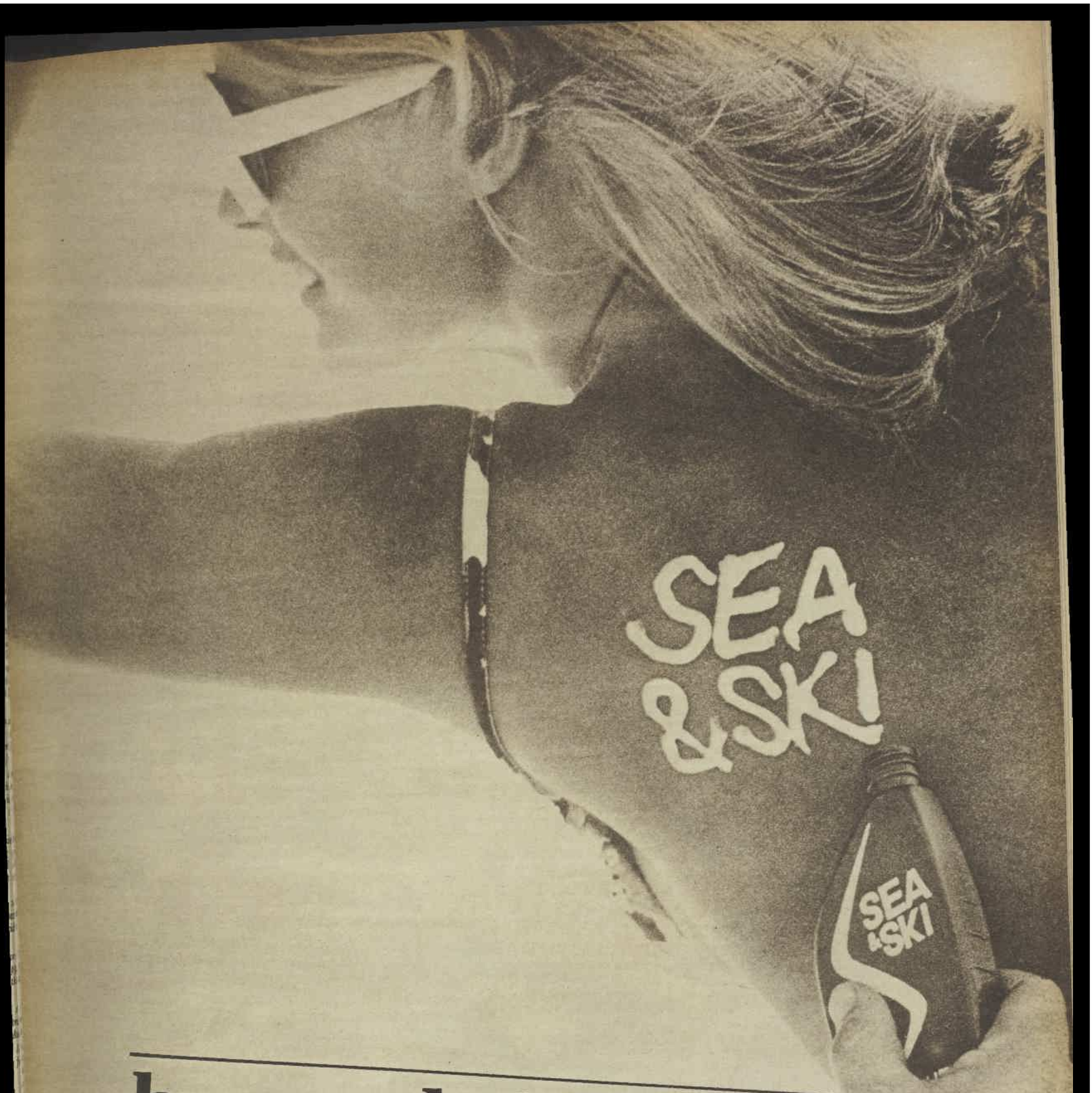
The "sammy" was exhausted and its paws were bleeding. Now Bridgette is fully recovered.

By the way, two of the faithful dog's puppies are guide dogs for the blind overseas.

Proceeds from sales of the League's Christmas cards go to the Ladies' Auxiliary.

The cards cost 10c each and are available from the N.S.W. Animal Welfare League's office, Anchor House, 234 George Street, Sydney (telephone 27-4495), or from the Ladies' Auxiliary president, Miss L. E. Hamilton Smith, 41-1060.

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browned off. all over.

Let your suntanned body show it. Glowing brown all over. From your head to your finger-tips — right down to your toes. That's SEA & SKI's promise to you. And SEA & SKI makes it so easy, whatever your skin type, with . . .

four agents to tame the sun.

Choose the one for your skin — and the tan you want. **Dark Tanning Lotion:** gives normal skin a fast, deep tan. **Suntan Lotion:** gives sensitive skins a glowing tan without sunburn. **Indoor/Outdoor:** gives a rich natural tan without the sun and protects outdoors as the indoor tan deepens. **Dark Tanning Oil:** gives skin that can take it a deep glossy tan. SEA & SKI in unbreakable bottles and tubes. Ask your chemist.



brown without burn—for a summer full of sun-days

'Sea & Ski' is a product of Menley & James Laboratories.

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The most exclusive cigarette of our time

The Courtleigh Gold Band Filter Cigarette. Courtleigh is the world's first gold band filter cigarette . . . a cigarette that is hand blended from selected Virginia tobaccos. You will find your greatest smoking pleasure will rest with Courtleigh, the most exclusive cigarette of our time.

The world's first gold band filter cigarette

Courtleigh 40 cents

HAND BLENDED

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LETTER BOX

● We pay $2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Scots Wha Hae

DESPITE the fact that I was five years old when I came here from Scotland 15 years ago, many people—in fact, most people—expect me to know every Scottish tradition, song, recipe, and practically every SCOT! I'm just wondering how much five-year-old Aussies know about traditions, songs, and recipes—also how many fellow-countrymen they met in their first five years. But perhaps all migrants have the same problem.

$2 to "The Inadequate Scot" (name supplied), Gwynneville, N.S.W.

Doing yourself a favor

HOW many people realise that by becoming a blood-donor, they not only give valuable service to the community, but also do themselves a favor? Two important examinations are made when a patient is called to give blood. One is blood pressure, the other a pathology test of the blood. These can reveal symptoms of a number of complaints, and a lot of serious conditions can be prevented if detected early enough. As a trained nurse, I can say that being a blood-donor is a wonderful way to help others, and have a three-monthly check-up at the same time.

$2 to Mrs. Gwen Jenkinson, Glen Waverley, Vic.

The in-between age

OBSERVING our daughter and her friends, we have come to this conclusion: the trouble with being 12 is that it is halfway between six and 18. Sometimes they are one, and sometimes the other, but most times they are a fantastic mixture of both ages.

$2 to Mrs. B. Roberts, Seaton, S.A.

Nice glass of germs

WAITING for breakfast in a hotel dining-room, we were watching a little old lady seated at another table. She gave her cutlery the once-over, then with a frown gathered it all up and plunged it into the jug of drinking water, then wiped it dry on her serviette. Presently a sedate elderly gentleman arrived and sat down opposite her. The first thing he did was to pour out a glass of water!

$2 to Mrs. A. Conde-Smith, Brisbane.

● *Dorothy Drain is on holidays. She will resume writing her verses on her return.*

SPOILING A DOG

COMPARED to those of my grandparents' collie, the living standards of "Spoilt Dog" are slipping. The collie eats from a bowl specially shaped to avoid ears in food, from a table specially made so that she doesn't have to stoop. Her teeth are cleaned daily with special paste, and she is daily brushed, combed, and powdered. She is never left alone in the house in case she pines. Her drinking vessel and rug have been added to the car accessories.

$2 to "Mrs. J." (name supplied), Heatherdale, Vic.

★ ★ ★

MY dog's kennel is painted white, measures 40 by 39 by 52in., with ceiling, raised floor, and a glass window. The walls are covered in a washable wallpaper. He has three pillows, one cot mattress, and two carpets.

$2 to "Dog House" (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

★ ★ ★

SPOILT dogs are pawns to satisfy their owners' whims or something to fill a gap caused by lack of satisfying human contact. Dogs are meant to be free and to run and jump or chase a cat for kicks (they rarely hurt them). They don't need luxuries to make them happy.

$2 to "Observer" (name supplied), Tumbarumba, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

MY two poodles are even more spoiled. They sleep on an electric blanket, have their own covers and pillows, and a wardrobe of hand-knit jumpers for cool weather. For their birthdays, they have a special dinner of steak and ice-cream, and we always share our cheese and after-dinner mints. Yes, we do have children, two sons, who love pets as much as we do.

$2 to "Mrs. F," Bullaburra, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

OUR Australian terrier is put to bed in winter with his own hot-water bottle, on his own blankets, on a feather pillow in a large dog basket. His meal is a small plate of the meat and vegetables we are eating, and he has either tea or coffee. Our two sons, aged 18 and 19, make as much fuss over Pip as my husband and I do.

$2 to "Puppy Love" (name supplied), Portland, Vic.

★ ★ ★

AN even more spoilt dog sleeps in a basket in the bedroom, with mattress, blankets, and pillow, and, in cold weather, with pyjamas and hot-water bottle. His supper is a warm milk drink. The rest of his meals are canned baby food, eaten from a spoon.

$2 to "Not Mine" (name supplied), Collaroy, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

IT'S not really kind to make a dog too dependent on humans. Think of the bewilderment and misery of such a spoilt dog if it were lost. My mother used to say, "A dog should be treated as a dog and a playmate, not as a member of the family. It's not only better for you, but for the dog, too."

$2 to Mrs. P. Fleming, Chermside, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

SUPPORT LOCAL TUCKER

YOU may have noticed a new kind of advertising used by restaurants.

They say: "Authentic Australian Cuisine."

In our cities it is easy now to obtain Italian and Greek and Chinese and other exotic meals. But old-fashioned Australian food is becoming a rarity.

I remember a time when things were different.

In those days, you did not have to go searching for a place where they served steak and two veg. There were hardly any other places.

I used to eat a lot at the Station Cafe, run by a Mrs. Dobson.

There would have been quite a stir if somebody had walked in and asked Mrs. Dobson: "Do you have an authentic Australian cuisine?"

She would probably have flown off the handle and said: "We serve good plain food. If you want to make insinuations, you can take your custom elsewhere."

Eating and drinking are far more cosmopolitan now.

I heard some sophisticated diners-out discussing their plans.



"Shall we go to the Aristotle tonight?"

"No—I'm tired of shishkebab."

"What about the Yokohama?"

"I'd rather not. Saki upsets my liver."

"The Gorgonzola then?"

"Uh-uh. Their ravioli is overrated."

"Let's try something different. I believe there's a little place near the railway called the Station Cafe that has genuine Australian food—pies and everything."

"Sounds fascinating!"

Before patronising such a restaurant, it is wise to make sure it is the real thing.

Some places that claim to serve Australian food have foreign cooks.

A friend of mine went to one and ordered a grilled steak. But there was a French chef in the kitchen, and what was served was really *filet mignon*. Naturally my friend was annoyed.

Some reliable cooks come from country hotels, where the authentic Australian cuisine is still widely found.

People who have enjoyed a meal at a genuine Australian restaurant would often like to cook some of the local dishes themselves.

Delicacies such as baked beans on toast, grilled chops, and shepherd's pie are well within the powers of the average person who is willing to spend a little time in practice.

I can supply Mrs. Dobson's secret recipe for sausages and mash, which she gave me as a special favor years ago.

Take 2lb. sausages. Unwrap from paper. Poke holes in sausages with fork.

Fry in pan with dripping. Add mashed potatoes to taste.

Will serve 4 adults or 3 teenagers.



Yet it's nice, sometimes, to have more than just five minutes to yourself — and the modern world *is* bringing more leisure time. Time to be individual — do the things a woman chooses. Where money is concerned women are cottoning on to this situation fast. They budget their house-keeping more shrewdly, and save and bank with a poise that matches their men-folk. To knit into this scheme of things, a bank such as the E.S. & A. provides a family of services — *up-to-the-minute and all under one roof.*

- Cheque accounts • Savings accounts
- Interest-bearing term deposits
- Loans: Overdrafts, Housing, Flexplan
- Esanda finance • Home savings accounts
- Travel service • Sending money overseas.

ESA

ESTABLISHED 1852

THE ENGLISH SCOTTISH & AUSTRALIAN BANK LTD.

SAVE FOR TOMORROW, TODAY... BANK E.S.&A.

If Julius Caesar had known about

TILT-A-DOR



he'd have installed several in the Colosseum

For your garage, insist on TILT-A-DOR overhead garage door fittings—they last longer, look better, tilt and lower as light as a feather. See your door specialist!

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Louise Hunter's HERE'S YOUR ANSWER



● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

'Does he like me?'

"I AM a 15-year-old schoolgirl and for three months I have been going out with a boy my own age. Recently he asked one of his friends to tell me that he didn't want a girlfriend, but that he still liked me. As we travel home on the same bus, we see each other, but he ignores me. Does he still like me? I want to know, because I love him more than any other boy I have ever gone out with before."

"Wondering."

● No boy who genuinely likes a girl gets his friend to give her the brush-off. Remember that! Obviously he isn't ready for romance. By the time he is I am sure you will have met at least half-a-dozen boys you "love" more than him.

Girl who isn't there

"I AM 14 and I am ignored by everyone. At school I don't exist to my friends and they never ask me out at the week-ends. At home my older sisters speak to me only when they need me to do something for them. I'm about the loneliest person in my home town. Could you please give me some advice that will help me to get a friend, as I can't take it any longer?"

"Lonesome."

● What you must ask yourself is WHY you don't exist to these people. Could the truth be that you are so self-centred you don't give them a chance to get close enough to you to be your friends? To obtain an identity you will have to "publicise" your existence. Begin by taking an interest in your schoolmates' lives outside the classroom. Ask their advice on a work problem — in fact, show them that THEY exist to you! Use the same treatment at home. Once people discover you really want to get to know them better, I'm sure they'll welcome you into their lives.

Too close for comfort

"WHEN new neighbors moved in next door a few years ago, I became friendly with their eldest son. We went out together for a few months until my parents told me that I must study and forget all boys. I felt that I loved him very much and couldn't forget him, as I would see him almost every day. After six months I felt he was no longer the highlight of my life. Then one night he kissed me a couple of times and became too demanding. I slapped his face, and we didn't speak for almost four months. Now he is trying to be friends again. I would like to, but am afraid of the consequences. Please help me as I can't work it out for myself. I am 16 and he is 17."

"Girl Next Door."

● Eventually you will have to work it out for yourself. While others can suggest a path to follow, only you can decide to follow it. If you really don't feel you can handle this friendship without becoming too involved — and the sensible 16-year-old enjoys being heart-free for as long as possible!—you shouldn't encourage him. Just keep the friendship limited to a smile—that doesn't commit you to anything more — and perhaps a casual hello.

women asked about a trough with a drainer – Mytton's made one...

Before you choose a trough, see the Mytton's range — even the standard ones are special!

In fact, Mytton's specialise in special troughs to fill your particular needs. All designed to prevent splashes — give an extra margin for overflows. You may prefer a compact trough . . . a double bowl trough . . . or a trough with a drainer for dripping clothes to save you mopping up a wet floor later. Choose the Mytton's trough that suits your laundry best.



MYTTON'S



WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE TO MYTTON'S LIMITED, BOX No. 1, P.O., SOUTH MELBOURNE, VIC., 3205

Beauty in brief:

WAKE UP YOUR SKIN

THE surest way to glow in warm weather is to give your face a quick but thorough cleansing once during the day and to apply a fresh make-up.

Do not use soap and water for this — it will not completely get rid of make-up — but cleanse with complexion milk or cleansing lotion.

Also good for face cleaning in a hurry are those little tissues soaked with a refreshing solution for a tidy clean-up job when you're away from your own bathroom.

For the best results, slide these little pads all over your skin with an upward, circular motion and discard as each one picks up a residue of old make-up.

Once a week add this ritual to your bath: Make a lot of creamy suds in a clean bowl and lather all over the back of your neck and all around the hairline with special attention to the spots where make-up clings.

On the make-up side you can look like summer ahead of time by adding the lightest of loose face powder to your usual foundation.

— Carolyn Earle

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For teenagers

NEW-WAVE BEACHWEAR

■ How to look good AFTER the swim? Overseas and local designers provide the answer with beachwear in colorful towelling. Beach jackets, playsuits, and patio dresses from Italy, America, and from local Australian manufacturers will take you fashionably — and comfortably — through a day out in the sun.

They are all from David Jones' Sydney store. Photographs by Keith Barlow.





● *Embossed pattern on velvet towelling makes a handsome beach jacket, $35. The Italian shift costs $22, hat $4. Towel with gay contrast bands, $26.*

● *Floral beach jacket has its own attached hood, $16. The young man's beach jacket in velvet towelling comes from America, $35. The playsuit costs $4.50.*



● *Italian caftan in towelling is trimmed with a contrasting color. The caftan, $30, is worn with a turban, $9, striped beach bag, $26, towel, $26.*

● *Vivid colors form a zig-zag pattern on this stretch towelling patio dress, $12. The pop printed towelling dress is from California and costs $25.*

● *American beach jackets are in terry towelling, $35. The one at right has bold stripe accents, while a brilliant pattern stands out on the other one.*





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WONDERFUL THINGS

LIKE SLIMMING . . . CONDITIONING . . . REJUVENATING

She's with fashion — the lissom, leggy look. And she keeps her legs and feet fit for fashion . . . with Scholl exercise sandals. The sandals that help slim legs and ankles. The sandals that make feet fit and full of go.

INGENIOUS TOE-GRIP

That's the secret. As you walk, your toes clench the exclusive, built-in toe-grip. Lazy muscles WORK. Simply, spontaneously, your legs and feet are being exercised in a special and beneficial way. This action has a slimming effect on legs and ankles, a rejuvenating effect on feet. Foot arches and muscles are strengthened, revitalized, and the feet conditioned against tendency to corns, callouses and bunions.

That's the promise of Scholl exercise sandals. The more you wear them, the better your legs look, the fitter your feet get. Start wearing them now, indoors and out . . . for comfort . . . for fitness . . . for beauty.

Scholl exercise sandals
every step—a step to beauty
Raised Heels $9; Flat Heels from $8.40.

FROM CHEMISTS, STORES, AND SCHOLL BRANCHES

THE MAGAZINE OF BRIGHTER READING 15c
Everybody's

Suffered 9 Years With 2 CORNS And a WART

"Now they are gone, thanks to DERMA-SOFT Rub Off Creme", writes a happy user.
Get rid of laming corns, callouses, warts with a wonder-working creme called DERMA-SOFT. This unique formula softens & dissolves hard to remove growths so they rub right off leaving skin smooth & soft. So don't suffer another minute. Get DERMA-SOFT at all chemists.

● Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. We pay $2 for each letter used.

Innocents abroad



● *To young people who want to leave home for various reasons — new jobs, travel, independence from family, or even peace from brothers and sisters—take it from me, the big world isn't as bright and glittering as you imagine. To be precise, when viewed from the outside (memories seem to bring out the best in everything) home is what you want most. You see, you can't put all the advantages of a home in one room. It can only make you appreciate a good, stable home.*
— "STAY-AT-HOME," Hobart.

How to succeed

I BELIEVE people are merely what they make themselves, and that if everybody sweated a little more instead of saying, "What's the use?", the world would be a much happier place. By trying harder, I was astounded to discover that I was able to do things I had thought impossible before, both at school — I shot from fifth to first position in exams — and at play. — *Robert Cardwell, Marion, S.A.*

Black-and-white

HAVING just finished reading a book about racial prejudice in America, I am deeply shocked. I have not personally encountered cases of such prejudice, but I understand that they do exist. Why? I am attending a school with quite a lot of colored students, and have found them wonderful to be with — in fact, they are often much nicer than the white students. — *"Janelle," Ipswich, Qld.*

Moral obligation

I AM a student at a co-educational high school where it is forbidden for girls to talk to boys while wearing school uniforms. I feel that this rule should be relaxed outside the school ground. Usually the period spent at school embraces the formative years in boy-girl relationships. Through these relationships we develop a level of morality. This is the period in which financial and study restrictions are most felt. What could be more wholesome than meeting boys after school? Secondary schools are supposed to prepare us for the outside world. Shouldn't they prepare us morally as well as educationally? — *"Pam," Enoggera, Qld.*

LETTERS

WHERE is our national identity? This troubles me greatly. Politically we are under American influence, and allow the U.S. to invest tremendous sums of money here, when we should be attending to these business affairs ourselves. With respect to our social behaviour, we seem to follow the trends from swinging London and flowering San Francisco—no matter what morals or beliefs they involve. Must we always follow other countries? We don't even have a truly Australian anthem. — "Australian," Turramurra, N.S.W.

★

GO-MANGO



ROUND ROBIN Adair



THE SOUND OF MAO MUSIC

A FASCINATING little item of news has come out of China.

It seems that scientists there have a very talented computer.

Basically, its job is to solve problems associated with rocketry, nuclear research, space flight, etc.

A Chinese newsagency says the scientists who built the computer were aided by the Thoughts of Mao Tse-tung.

So, before the computer starts work, it draws a picture of Chairman Mao and writes out, in a facsimile of his handwriting, the slogan, "Serve the People."

But the craziest part is that before going to work the computer also sings.

Apparently it gives out with a little ditty that goes, "The east shines red, the sun rises, there emerges a Mao Tse-tung."

I understand from people who keep an eye on China (I think they're called Chinese checkers) that the singing computer had a rather normal music training.

It started off playing "Chopsticks."

Then, to help it work out missile problems, it would sing the Fifth Dimension's "Up, Up, and Away," and Jackie Wilson's "Higher and Higher."

But this reactionary behaviour was soon denounced, and it moved on to safer songs.

One favorite of Chairman Mao that the computer warbles is "Tangs for the Memory."

Another is "Yangtze Doodle Dandy." Then there is "If You're Going to Sampan Frisco."

I must add that China-watchers believe that Chairman Mao is a bit worried that he may have created a monster by "thinking" up the versatile computer.

Apparently he is dreading the day when the machine turns against him and sings, "Mao is the hour . . ."



until now there was no cosmetic cream to beautify your smile . . .

today there is Binaca

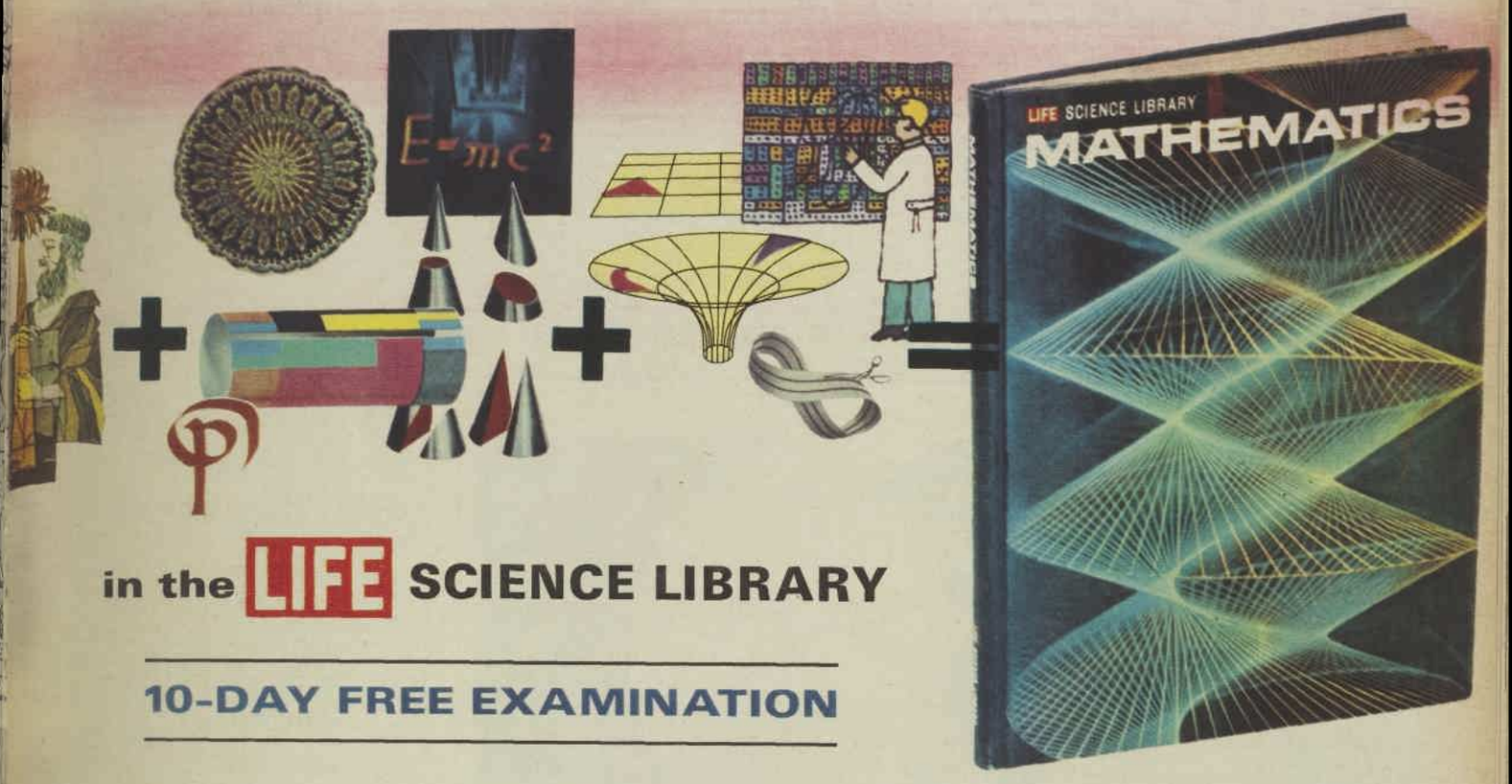
A beauty treatment for more perfect smiles? Of course, now **Binaca toothcream** from Switzerland, the only cream cosmetic specially formulated for personal oral beauty. Like your cold cream acts for your complexion, **Binaca toothcream** gently and softly penetrates deep between your teeth, right into the folds of your gums, lips, tongue, cleansing and beautifying as never before. **Binaca toothcream** is the new cosmetic conditioner for new oral beauty. It means new beauty for your smile, new sparkle for your teeth, new fragrance for your breath. Start your make-up with Binaca (you use it instead of toothpaste), it's as important as your powder-base. Try some . . . 75c, only at chemists.

$83

BINACA RANGE OF COSMETICS IS MADE BY CIBA OF SWITZERLAND

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In MATHEMATICS, David Bergamini has written a delightful account of the myth and magic of mathematics. You will follow a fascinating panorama from the ancient Egyptian Rhind Papyrus, that gave "directions for knowing all dark things," to the immutable laws of probability that work for a Las Vegas roulette wheel. The Editors of LIFE have followed David Bergamini's amusing and informative narrative with drawings, prints and photographs. With this unique combination of text and pictures you will explore the world of numbers; the geometric rules applied to art and nature, the mysteries of movement and change and the unbelievable world of topology: the mathematics of distortion where one object may change into another or even change into itself.

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AMOCO CONTEST

● Keep your entries coming for our Amoco-Davis Cup Contest — you could win a brand-new Ford Cortina.

SO far we have received hundreds of entries and we hope for hundreds more —from men, too—before the contest closes on November 6.

Readers have chosen a variety of situations concerning a woman driver — some humorous, others sad or dramatic.

If you have a story about a woman driver, write it in not more than 400 words and send it in.

The Grand Champion Prize winner will be given first-class return air tickets for two to Brisbane, as well as first-class accommodation in Brisbane for two and $100 spending money during the Davis Cup Challenge Round matches.

He or she will be personally presented with the main prize — the Ford Cortina — at a special ceremony during the Challenge Round matches between December 26, 27, and 28.

The best entry from each State will win a prize of an expenses-paid holiday for two to Brisbane for the Davis Cup, as well as $100 spending money. The runner-up and third-prize winners in each State will each receive $100 and $50 respectively.

If the first-prize State winner comes from Brisbane he or she may take a trip to any other capital instead at a later date.

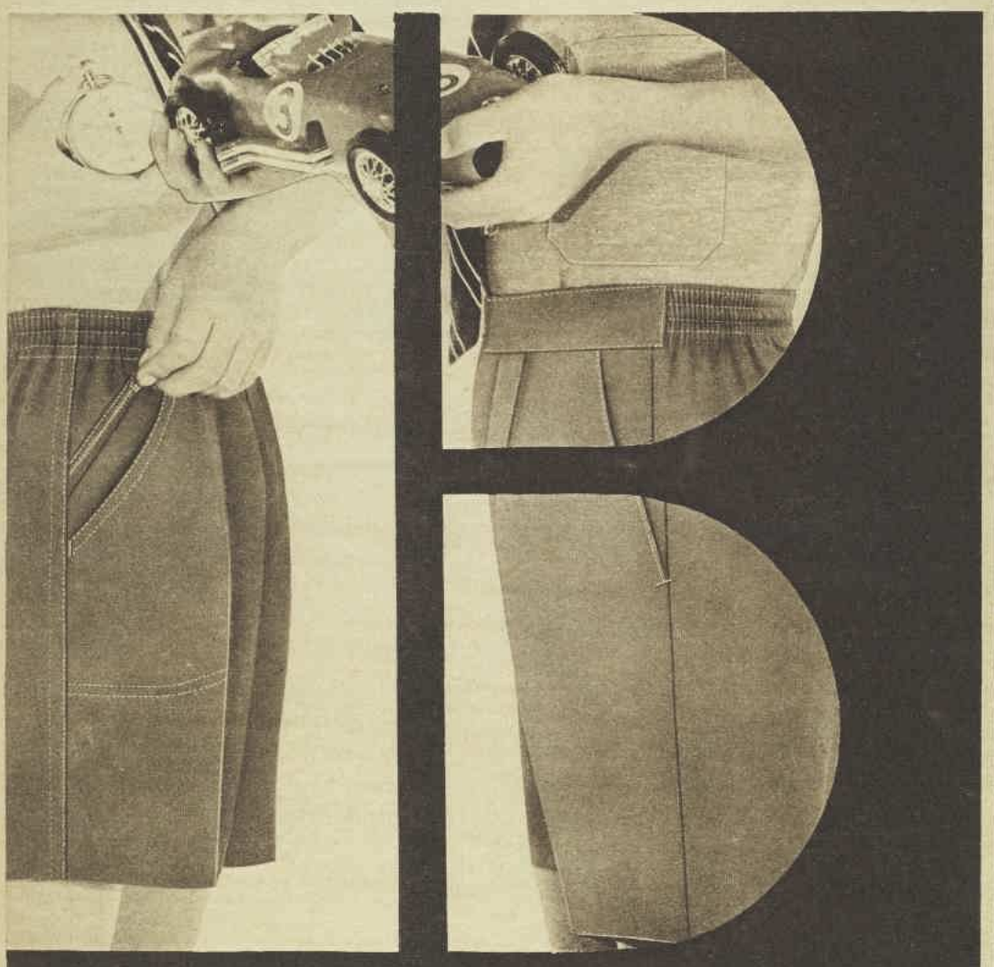
If the Grand Champion also comes from Brisbane, similarly, he or she may take the all-expenses-paid three-day trip to any other capital city at another time.

Send in your entries now, as we will give five weekly progress prizes of $20 or a pair of Davis Cup Challenge Round match tickets.

Closing date is November 6, and winners will be announced on December 13.

This contest is open to all except employees and their relatives of Amoco, The Australian Women's Weekly, and their associated publications and advertising agencies.

Address entries to "Amoco-Davis Cup" contest, c/o Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, New South Wales 2001. **FOR FULL DETAILS SEE PAGE 82.**



EFCO

Let's look at a schoolboy — starts the day off so neat
in the clothes that his mother tends week after week
Drip-dry is the answer, and fabric that's strong
And when tailored by Efco, you just can't go wrong!
The fabric they use for boys who play rough
BRADMILL BURLINGTON blend —
and it's wonderfully tough
But whether a brother, a sister or niece,
an aunt, or an uncle, a flighty young piece,
a breeder or horses, perhaps manage a bank,
a schoolboy who dreams of driving a tank
One thing is certain—common-ground where you meet
you'll use Bradmill fabric **sometime** this week

BRADMILL

BRADFORD COTTON MILLS LIMITED. AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST TEXTILE MANUFACTURERS BUC.3

★★★★★★★★ AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Nov. 1

ARIES
MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
Gambling colors, red, yellow.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Thurs.

★ Medieval star-gazers would shudder about Nov. 1 as no less than two "evil" planets at [illegible] — meaning adverse influences, particularly if born March 21—30. Stick to routine, don't gamble.

TAURUS
APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, pink, navy.
Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

★ There could be a surprise escalation in standing; possibly an ambition is achieved. Romance is under exciting stars. Try not to let bad judgement lead to lovers' quarrels, 1st.

GEMINI
MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
Gambling colors, orange, tan.
Lucky days, Thursday, Tues.

★ Thinking of orange blossoms? If you are, expect a fine but conventional wedded life. Prospects is bad for marriage, family life and friendship, 2nd is good day for gambles.

CANCER
JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
Gambling colors, blue, green.
Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday

★ The 1st is a nasty day when career, ambitions, and status could take a beating so tread warily wherever you go. But things improve, romance-wise, also in job conditions.

LEO
JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.

★ You could find yourself on a carousel of party-going — but it's not all the lighter side of life. There's scope to increase that bank deposit. The 1st is adverse — play safe.

VIRGO
AUG. 23—SEPT 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, green, red.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

★ You've got top billing — two planets in your sign, lucky two of the luckiest! There's plenty of scope to expand yourself, to break down fences. One casualty is romance, 1st.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
Gambling colors, lilac, red.
Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ An unexpected letter could bring good news — perhaps about finance. Discounting an adverse 1st., you could make surprise financial gains. Marital matters are inimically pressurised.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
Gambling colors, green, brown.
Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

★ You can big-note yourself — and get away with it, save caution on the 1st, that is. You have the "walk" sign, so go! Family affairs prosper and it's fine for real-estating 3rd, 7th.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23—DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, black, white.
Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

★ Sagittarians are good idea people — full of plans they readily pass on to the less inventive. This week is fine for them to make their ideas work for themselves for a change.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22—JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
Gambling colors, green, grey.
Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

★ There could be some setback in your life on the 1st. Otherwise the stars are mainly benign, perhaps with pleasant news of loved ones. Home matters prosper. Invest any lazy money.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
Gambling colors silver, red.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

★ The 1st is a dangerous day. It's a mixed week full of surprises. You could form a pleasant friendship, and the stars co-operate to benefit any new affair, especially 2nd, 3rd, 7th.

PISCES
FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
Gambling colors, silver, red.
Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

★ It's fine for a glamorous cruise. Many things could happen, career- and status-wise, so don't be a wall-flower and get out all the stops. Second 3rd and 7th, are good; 1st adverse.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrology diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



"ASTRID"—Sleeveless, double-breasted coat-dress is available in lilac, rose red, turquoise, and lemon terylene.

Ready To Wear Sizes 32 and 36in. bust, $13.75; 38in. bust, $14.95.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, $10.15; 36 and 38in. bust, $10.75. Postage and handling 60 cents extra.

● *NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 79. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on week days. They are not available for sale after publication. C.O.D. orders.*

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READER'S STORY

You must be ready with a quick-as-a-flash rejoinder if you're to escape the devastating onslaught of

Sales-talk by telephone

By LILIAN RIVERS

"AH — good morning, Mrs. Rivers." Her voice was a tonic, sizzling with bonhomie, the sort of uplift you pine for on a Monday morning when spirits are down to zero, the washing-machine full to the brim.

I clutched the receiver, simply wide open for uplift. *"Good morning."*

"And a very good one in every sense of the word, Mrs. Rivers. In fact, for you and your husband it couldn't be better."

"Really?" I became more wide open.

"Yes, indeed. For on this bright and cheery beginning of the week you two are certainly the luckiest people. And I know you are just bursting to ask me why!".

Actually I couldn't get my tongue unstuck, so she beat me to it.

"Here it is then, Mrs. Rivers. The news that will lift your family from the rut of mundane existence to the most exciting realms of off-beat living. The With-it Rhythm School of Dancing is both happy and proud in offering you . . ."

"The school of what?"

But she was well and truly launched, full swing into the most glowing details of courses in Old Time Ballroom, Scottish Reels, Latin-American — *"or if you're the modern . . ."*

"Oh, we're not. Well, that is . . . How . . ."

"I know. Don't tell me. You were about to ask how much? At this point they always do. And here is where you get the biggest surprise of all, Mrs. Rivers. The With-it Rhythmers are delighted to make you this outstanding offer absolutely FREE. No cost. No commitments. No strings. All you do is come along!"

Somehow I had to make a stand. *"We don't,"* I whispered, as if admitting some nasty family secret, *"We don't dance. At least, I did — but he doesn't."*

"Then it's all the more reason, Mrs. Rivers" — her voice became firm, almost authoritative — *"why you should."*

I made further feeble efforts to protest. She brought bigger guns to bear. There were warnings now about keeping my mind and body flexible, that only rhythm through dancing could achieve this state. In fact, I owed it to society, to my children, to myself to . . .

"I'll put you down for a modern run-through on Friday."

"Oh, no — not Friday," I burbled. *"That's his lodge night."*

She shuffled through papers, tut-tutted, and said, *"How about Tuesday, then?"*

"It's his legs!"

The washing-machine was making unmistakable running-over noises. Someone was knocking at the door. Her tones had reached sales crescendo persuasion. She was actually guaranteeing that after half an hour with the With-it Rhythmers my husband would be beating it up with the best of them.

I panicked. *"He won't. I can assure you, he won't. He couldn't if he wanted to — because of his legs."*

She was distinctly off balance, feeling for words.

"Veins!" I gushed on. *"The most ghastly varicose veins you ever saw."*

That fixed it. Click.

I rushed to the door — two youthful Americans dedicated to religion — mopped up the washing-machine overflow, made myself coffee. Then guilt began to take over. What right had I to make such defamatory statements about my husband's legs — which weren't bad at all, really. How would I like it if someone broadcast such things about me to a total stranger?

In fact, as the morning wore on the guilt increased to such proportions that when the Watertight Homemakers rang at 11.30 with a tentative suggestion of roof painting I looked on it as such a heaven-sent means of atonement that I had them booked to come on Wednesday almost before they'd made the offer.

Husband would be pleased. He'd been on about that roof ever since we moved in.

"Darling," I said at teatime. *"Surprise, surprise. By the end of the week you'll have the roof painted and it won't cost you a single cent!"*

I think he looked at me. His expression didn't actually register, because I was just getting into stride, extolling such sales gimmicks as "ours is the only house selected in the area," "jet-propelled workmen," etc.

Yes, he was looking, and not only looking. The things he said!

"Mumps," I yelled

There was five minutes of it. Sheer unadulterated, self-opinionated one-track ramblings about the female sex's weak-minded gullibility in being taken in.

Right. No more salesmanship for me. I'd be ready for them.

"A free set of color photographs taken in your own studios? You'd have to be joking. Why, the whole family's up to their eyebrows with plastic surgery!"

Weak-minded, indeed!

"The Carefree School of Motoring? No thanks, I ride a bike."

"Yes, I dare say you could trim the hedge, but we're starting a nudist colony."

For the door-knockers I devised an infallible visual deterrent. I scowled through the glass door panel wearing my home-made three-inch bandage chinstrap. *"Yes, mumps!"* I yelled at the vacuum salesman, who went down the steps so fast he left his demonstration dust bag behind on the porch.

Thursday, the phone went again.

"I don't care if you look like white ants. We only had the house sprayed and fumigated last week, thank you."

This was a lie. For if there was one thing that did want doing, it was war on those cockroaches.

As if to really ram home the point, one outsized type flaunted right across my feet, twitched an enormous antenna, zipped straight up the wall, and disappeared into the meat dish.

Husband was home to tea again. *"Incidentally,"* he was saying, as he peered at floorboards through a magnifying glass, *"when those pest-control people ring up, tell them to come as soon as possible. The place is being taken over by livestock."*

By Saturday, of course, I was in such a state of jitters I didn't dare answer the phone at all. That was the one day my Sydney friend was trying to get through to ask us out to dinner.

There's no doubt about it, something has to be done. We women are being got at. Subtly, but determinedly, there's a scheme afoot to so prey on our nerves, undermine our wills, so we'll give in — and buy.

But we won't. Never let it be said we were defeated by a collection of invisible smoothies with sales-catalogue minds. Just needs a little working on, that's all.

Excuse me a minute, it's ringing again. I must answer just in case . . .

That was my neighbor tipping me off that the new lay-by funeral service is ringing round the district. You see what I mean! There's THAT to look forward to! Well, have you thought of anything yet?

(Advertisement)

How to Achieve the Wonderful Bloom of Youth



Thinking of ways to look younger and lovelier — ways to keep those "growing-older" signs at bay?

DON'T allow facial expression lines too much liberty. Do something about the first hint of tiny crinkles forming around your eyes. Care diligently for your neck and pay attention to the slightest slackening of pores on your cheeks. Preserve your complexion clarity and keep that youthful, velvety bloom on your skin. Here are some suggestions to help you become younger and lovelier every day.

End Wrinkle-Dryness

Wrinkles are really "river-beds" of dry cells caused by the plasma colloids (the water carriers of the skin) drying out through the passage of time and the drying effect of exposure to wind and weather. To bring new life and loveliness to your skin and stop wrinkle-dryness smooth in a film of beautifying oil of Ulan before making-up. This will nourish your skin at depth and give your complexion a delightful dewy bloom.

Smooth those necklines

BANISH sallowness and "bracelet" lines that mar the young, graceful lines of your neck. For a lovelier skin texture, try this beautifying smoothing treatment. Mix together 1½ tablespoons of Delph cleansing milk, 1½ tablespoons of crushed oatmeal, and 1 teaspoon of lemon Delph freshener. Spread the paste over the neck and when dry gently crumble the mixture off with the fingertips. Soak a cotton pad in lemon Delph freshener and briskly pat both neck and throat in an upward and outward direction.



This whips up the circulation so that sluggish skin cells are reactivated, and any tendency to sallowness is corrected. Follow with a liberal massaging of moist oil of Ulan, using the same upward and outward movements.

Give your skin a milky bloom

CONTRIBUTE to the youthful beauty of your complexion by nourishing your skin every day with a tropical moist oil which will assist nature in maintaining the natural oil and moisture balance on the complexion surface and counteract the gradual loss suffered due to temperature extremes, sun, wind, and time itself. Stroke the moist oil of Ulan in an upward direction from the neck until the entire complexion is covered with a soft, dew-like film. Used as a powder-base, you will find that Ulan oil not only beautifies and protects the skin against drying, wrinkle-making effects of the weather, but ensures that your make-up smooths on evenly and has a remarkable finer finish.



Defeat that dry skin

PREVENT skin dryness and flakiness from adding years to your complexion. Bring a soft, velvety loveliness to the skin by using this excellent oil mask once a week. Cut a mask from a piece of ordinary cotton fabric, leaving holes for your eyes, mouth, and nostrils. Now soak the cotton in a little oil of Ulan and place it in position over your face. Relax on your bed for twenty minutes with feet propped higher than your head. Saturation of the complexion with this moist beauty fluid gives your complexion a youthful, fresh, satin-smooth beauty.



Beautify your eyes

REVEAL the full beauty of your eyes by blending a faint haze of eye shadow that matches the color of your eyes along the lids. Remember, though, that ideally the skin around your eyes should be as smooth as a child's, so before applying color, pat a film of oil of Ulan into the delicate tissues with your fingertips. This moist tropical oil will assist nature in keeping the skin smooth and free from wrinkle-dryness, and it will also enable you to blend eye-shadow colors more successfully, lending the lids a wonderfully dewy look.

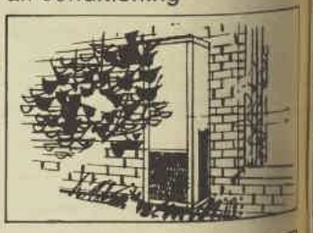
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Bunny, Blankie, and Baa

● Bunny, Blankie, and Baa are simply three objects of devotion in the lives of three little people — and most mothers reading this story by a Tasmanian reader, MRS. W. J. CAGNEY, will know just what she means.

SMALL children often attach themselves to some well-loved soft toy or animal.

I was the proud possessor of a dilapidated "Blankie" which had to accompany me everywhere.

I would settle down as long as I had it, but should it be left behind there'd be no end of trouble.

When expecting my first baby, with loving care I busied myself knitting a white rabbit, complete with pink ears and blue bow.

Baby Marion was encouraged to play with it from about the age of four months, and seemed to receive great solace from Bunny, especially when teething or visiting.

Then Marion, as a toddler, let Bunny No. 1 fall out of the car window, unknown to us, while we were away on holidays.

No other toys seemed to take Bunny's place, so I decided to do a "pressure-cooker" job and sewed an old white jumper for a body and knitted trimmings to make Bunny No. 2.

So began a new era. New Bunny was lovingly tucked into her doll's pram by day and into her cot at night.

He was frequently dragged by the ear, dangling behind her as she went her mischievous ways.

When it was absolutely necessary, I used to spirit him away to the washing-machine, and as he dried by the ears on the rotary line a mournful, tubby figure would accompany him round, from below.

When Marion was nearly two and a half I lost Bunny out of my basket. Feeling responsible, I hurriedly made Bunny No. 3, rougher and quicker than before. Marion helped stuff him. That he was different didn't seem to matter.

This Bunny, too, has been alternately blessed and cursed by us. We have even been known to retrace our tracks for 20 miles to retrieve him, much to Daddy's chagrin.

You may wonder where Baa comes into this story. Well, small cousin Peter was visiting us one evening, and when going home was lent a not-too-elegant blanket bound with satin.

It became so popular on the homeward journey that he commandeered it, called it Baa, and refused to give it up.

It was agreed that he could keep it, and as far as I know is fond of it still.

Last year we had another daughter, who has been given a rather engaging blue-and-white bunny creation from Disneyland.

Baby Joy is now five months old and already, bless my soul, will make quite a fuss at bedtime until that fumbling, chubby hand secures those fluffy rabbit ears, so I suppose, like Mr. McGregor with the Flopsie Bunnies, we'll have bunnies for a while yet.

How many miles of cardboard . . . ?

CARDBOARD and packing provide a crust for manufacturers, printers, designers, and packers. I hadn't given them a thought until my son was leaving for college. That meant new clothes — and that meant cardboard and plastic (stacks of it).

Good shirts come in gorgeous-looking boxes. Around each is a wrapper proclaiming its qualities. You take out one pearl-headed pin, one boomerang-shaped piece of plastic from the collar, six ordinary pins, and (you've guessed it) another sheet of cardboard.

Ordinary school shirts, thank goodness, don't have all these trimmings. Long socks are the hardest to extricate. You remove a tight-fitting plastic case, a band of paper (attractively printed), and lo—there are the socks on two beautifully shaped pieces of cardboard, 21½in. long, 3¼in. wide.

Plastic bags I don't mind. They do useful jobs around the home, and, with a little ingenuity, become beaut water-pistols for small fry. But what does one do with umpteen strips of cardboard? How many miles of it were used for all the socks now trotting round Australia?—**Mrs. E. M. Smith, Cooroy, Qld.**

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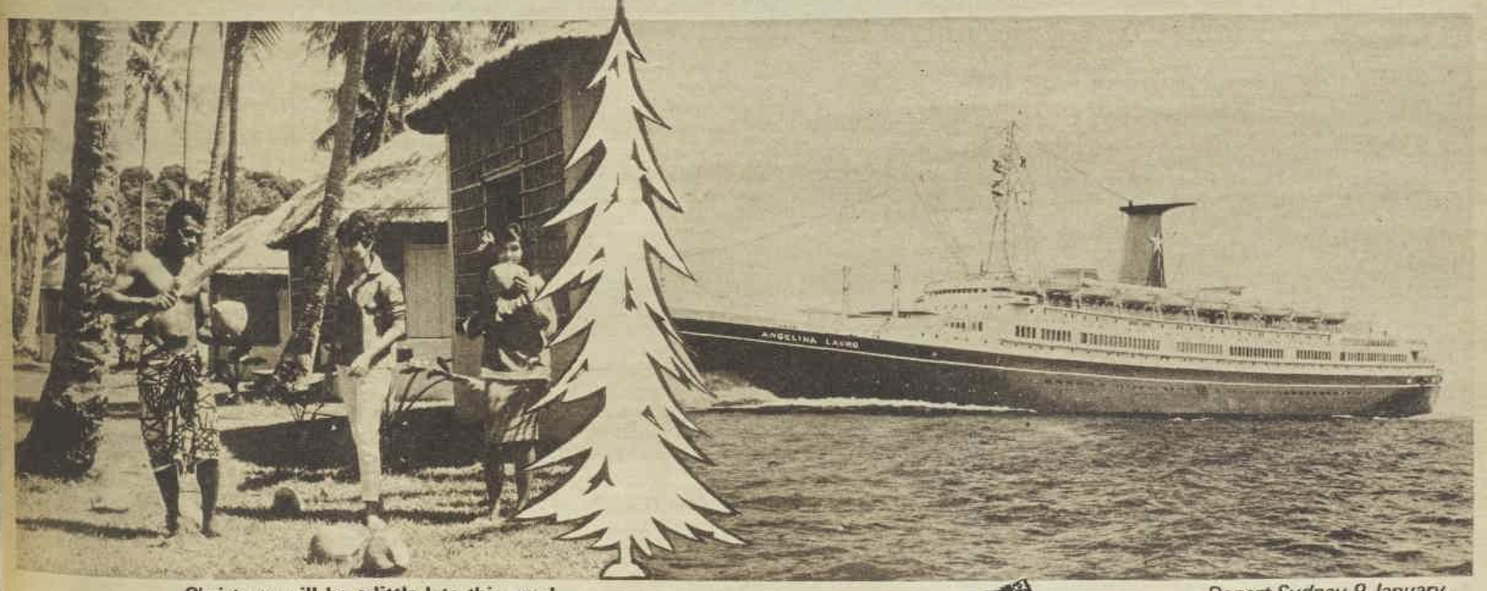
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Angelina's having her Christmas cruise...

...even if ☆ it is in January!



Christmas will be a little late this year!

(because the closing of the Suez Canal has delayed our celebration).

But the best present under the tree still is a ticket for "Angelina Lauro's" Christmas-in-January Cruise!

Spend December at home — and enjoy the excitement of shipboard Christmas and New Year's parties in January (the dates don't matter)!

Contact your travel agent for details.



Depart Sydney 9 January. 10 memorable days on board, with sightseeing and shopping stops at Auckland, Noumea and Brisbane. Return Sydney 19 January.

Fares from $160



FLOTTA LAURO

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OUR IRON-ON TRANSFER



● Dutch motifs make a pretty change for decorating household linens. They are from Iron-on Transfer No. 202. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. Price 15c plus 5c extra for postage.



HANDY HINTS FROM READERS

Try these useful tips to save time and trouble with household tasks. Each hint published wins a prize of $2.

KEEP on hand three spare birthday cards (for a man, woman, and child) in stamped envelopes and you won't be at a loss when an unexpected birthday turns up and the shops are closed. — Mrs. C. Pearce, 12 Cameron Rd., Croydon East, Vic. 3136.

★ ★ ★

Sew a piece of foam rubber folded to make four thicknesses across the bar at the front of baby's car seat in case he should fall forward despite his harness. —Mrs. L. Paterson, 13 Blenman Ave., Punchbowl, N.S.W. 2196.

★ ★ ★

Mix one tablespoon methylated spirit to approximately one gallon of water and use to clean painted tables, chairs, woodwork, and so on. For best results wipe over with a sponge.—Mrs. S. Shelton, 30 Connecticut Ave., Five Dock, N.S.W. 2046.

Keep an eye dropper specially for measuring out drops of flavoring essences and food colorings in cooking.—Mrs. G. Gapps, 285 Cooper Rd., Yagoona, N.S.W. 2199.

★ ★ ★

Clean combs in seconds by immersing in very hot water to which you have added a teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda.—Mrs. C. Morley, 187 Fowler Rd., Guildford West, N.S.W. 2161.

★ ★ ★

Eliminate fire risk from mosquito coils by placing them in an empty ice-cream can with holes punched in the lid. — Mrs. A. Frisley, 185 Baker St., Nth. Rockhampton, Qld. 4701.

★ ★ ★

To prevent "witless wandering" when doing the bedrooms, take the carpet sweeper and duster when you go to make the beds. After you have made the bed, sweep, then dust. This means one trip to each room instead of three.—Mrs. Dorothy Lockett, 51 Mortimore St., Moorabbin, Vic. 3189.

★ ★ ★

Use a wad of steel wool (not the soap-impregnated variety) instead of newspaper to block up a mouse hole. Mice can't chew through the steel wool. — Mrs. Margaret Hall, 190 George St., Bathurst, N.S.W. 2795.

★ ★ ★

Allow for growth in a child's pleated skirt by making two large tucks across skirt bodice and vertical tuck in centre. This saves letting the hem down each year and allows for increased width.—Mrs. R. J. Begg, 10 Rosslyn St., Largs Bay, S.A. 5016.

★ ★ ★

Make a handy cutlery tidy for picnics from two pieces of felt—one 12in. square, the other 12in. by 9in. Sew together down two sides and across base to form pouch, then sew two or three divisions in pouch to hold various cutlery sizes. Stitch a ribbon to top long enough to tie firmly when holder is rolled up.—Mrs. B. Alder, 5 Bridge St., Werribee, Vic. 3030.

★ ★ ★

Wear a rubber glove when next trying to unscrew a stubborn bottle or jar top. It will give much more leverage.—Miss M. Arnold, P.O. Box 76, Devonport, Tas. 7310.

★ ★ ★

A worn-out clock makes a good pill-timer when one of the family has to be given doses of medicine at regular intervals. Just turn the hands of the clock to the time for the next dose.—Mrs. Noelle Armstrong, "Glenvale," Braemar Rd., Woodend, Vic. 3442.

★ ★ ★

If bath or sink plugs are hard to remove, slip a curtain ring slightly bigger than your finger on to the top and the plug will be easy to pull out.—Joy Sharkey, "Little Bay," Peak Hill, N.S.W. 2869.

★ ★ ★

Burglar-proof a door with a wooden wedge slipped in at the bottom. It makes the door impossible to open except from the inside. — Mrs. A. Nicolson, 19 Kingsley Ave., West Croydon, S.A. 5008.

★ ★ ★

Flies will stay out of the kitchen if you put a few drops of citronella oil in a small dish near an open door or window.—Mrs. T. Taylor, 24 Upper Ellesborough St., Ipswich, Qld. 4305.



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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.



Seed-pearl jewellery

I WOULD appreciate any information you can give me about my seed-pearl jewellery. I enclose a photograph of it (left). It belonged to my great-grandmother before her marriage in 1837. The jewellery is threaded with white horsehair and mounted on mother-of-pearl.—Mrs. C. M. Gray, Blackburn North, Vic.

Seed-pearl jewellery was particularly fashionable during the early nineteenth century. It would appear that your exquisite examples were made in Paris during the second quarter of that period.



Victorian harmonium

THE old harmonium I have (top right) has no marks on it other than the numbers "75264." It has no stops, is 40in. long by 15in. wide, with two pedals closed in all round. It was bought second-hand for a sister of 13 years old, who died about 12 years ago aged 81. I am now 81 and have played the harmonium since I was six.—Mrs. L. Davies, Riverwood, N.S.W.

Your harmonium was made during the last quarter of the Victorian era about 1875 to 1885. The case has been treated to simulate Brazilian rosewood.

★ ★ ★

COULD you tell me something about a cake plate? It is believed to be approximately 100 years old and was brought from England in 1910 by my husband's grandmother. It has berries and leaves on a black background. On the back are the words "hand painted, Fanola, made in England, H K Tunstall 1431." — Mrs. D. Bone, Harrington, N.S.W.

Your cake plate was made at the Unicorn Pottery conducted by Hollinshead and Kirkham (Ltd.), Tunstall, Staffordshire, England. The factory at Tunstall was opened about 1876, but as your example is branded England I suggest that it must have been made after 1891.

★ ★ ★

WOULD you tell me whether my silver chatelaine purse has any antique value. I have been told that the chatelaine was usually worn by the mistress of the house, on a ring or belt, together with keys, and usually held small coins to be handed out as tips.

The purse, about 2¾in. by 1½in., is a silver case, lined with coarse silk, and has three compartments. It depends on a small chain attached to a small ring. On the front are some cherubs with the hall-marks a lion and a small letter "k."

On the back are more hall-marks, a French capital "T" by itself, then together are "HM," an anchor, a lion, and a small letter "k." — Mrs. M. Anderson, Elwood, Vic.

The silver purse is late Edwardian. It bears Birmingham assay marks represented by the anchor. The maker's marks are H.M. (his name is unrecorded in any references known to me). The date letter mark indicated by the small English "k" represents the years 1909/10. The chatelaine is the ornament of silver or some other metal used for supporting keys, watches, scissors, purses, etc., worn hanging from a belt. It was originally used by the mistress of the chateau; hence the name.



Libby McKay discovers 9 new ways to use Con-Tact.

Some practical. Some just fun.

Libby has used 21 Con-Tact patterns. Florals. Designs. Woodgrains. (There are still 62 she hasn't tried.)

She started in the usual places — lining kitchen drawers, the counter top, linen shelves, a bathroom wall.

(Con-Tact is a self-adhesive plastic. Just cut to size, peel off the backing and smooth in position. Steamproof, waterproof, dirtproof. Won't fade or shrink.)

It was so simple and inexpensive (just $7.20 for the 6' x 9' wall in the bathroom) that she went on and on. A laundry basket. The top of a coffee table. Two lamp shades.

Here are her 9 *new* ways to use Con-Tact:

1 Cover kitchen canisters with Con-Tact. (Use the same bright pattern for bench and table tops.)
2 Repair bindings on tattered books.
3 Refinish old furniture. Apply one of the beautiful Con-Tact woodgrains.
4 Cut out nursery rhyme characters, dancing figures, animals. Ideal for children's walls, cribs, dressers.
5 Use Con-Tact around light plate switches. Serves as an accent colour. Ends finger marks.
6 Create elegant boxes for jewellery, cosmetics. Cover cigar boxes, sturdy cardboard boxes.
7 Cover the head of a bed to add a splash of colour.
8 Make permanent place-mats for a high-chair or kitchen table. Just wipe with a cloth.
9 Put out the cheeriest dust bin on the street.

Have fun with Con-Tact (18" regular or 36" heavy-duty). Waterproof, steamproof, dirtproof. 83 patterns. Just 60c a yard in department, variety and hardware stores.

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Mrs. Chachich designed and laid out most of the attractive garden at the back of her Beaumaris, Vic., home. The centrepiece, a pool with four fountains, provides an ideal setting for the 35 different species of cactus. A sheltered terrace and a high wooden fence ensure complete privacy.

HOUSE SHOWS OFF THE GARDEN



MR. AND MRS. MATTHEW CHACHICH, who came to Australia from Yugoslavia ten years ago, are keen gardeners, so it was natural that their house in Beaumaris, a Melbourne suburb, should be designed to complement the garden they had planned. And it is not a garden in the ordinary sense . . . it is a cactus garden.

There is a small lawn at the front of the house, but the back, which was designed and laid out by Mrs. Chachich, helped by her husband, is entirely covered with white quartz and bluestone gravel. This, together with an attractive pool complete with four fountains, makes an ideal setting for the 35 different species of cactus.

The house was designed by architect Miles Jakl, and is small yet compact, a fine example of a moderately priced home for two people. The total cost of house and garden was $17,000.

The house is built of cement brick. Ceiling-to-floor windows in the dining and living area look out on to a sheltered terrace and over the cactus garden. The back and sides of the house are surrounded by a high wooden fence, ensuring complete privacy.

Two of the interior walls are attractively panelled in wood. One wall in the spacious hall is of silver ash and one of the dining-room walls is of zebrano, an African timber.

Floors are all concrete-based with tallow wood parquet throughout, with the exception of the laundry and bathroom, which are vinyl tiled.

Furniture is modern, with off-white, brown, and green the main colors in the living- and dining-rooms. The green and off-white are continued through into the kitchen.

Bedroom furniture has been kept to a minimum, and both rooms can be used as sitting-rooms during the day. Blankets and sheets are stowed away each day in a big square box, and the beds, with their fake fur mattress covers, immediately become comfortable couches. "This is a Yugoslavian idea," said Mrs. Chachich, "I had them designed and made for me in Melbourne, but instead of having the box and bed surrounds in white, as they do at home, I used black plane wood."

The kitchen, looking through into the dining-room, with a view of the terrace and unusual garden in the background. Floors are of mosaic parquet, ceiling and walls are insulated. Workbenches, cupboards, and the panel behind the stove are of plastic laminate.

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Hard to believe, but this is a bedroom. When Mr. and Mrs. Chachich entertain, however, it is used as an additional living-room. The bed is covered in brilliant red fake fur and is built on a stand of black plane wood, with a bedside table attached and also a matching occasional table.

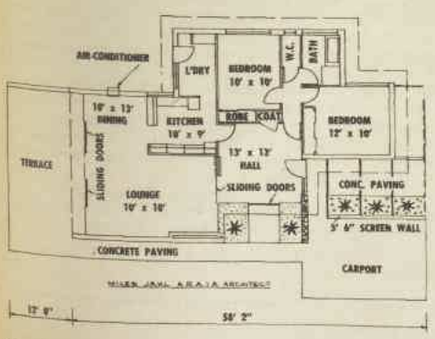


A profusion of indoor plants and an attractive small indoor garden, designed and made by Mrs. Chachich, decorate the living-room. This is the larger part of the living area, and is completely insulated and air-conditioned.

HOUSE of the WEEK

Story by Jane Nugent
Photographs by Les Gorrie





To ensure their privacy, Mr. and Mrs. Chachich decided not to have any windows in the front of the house. This is most effective. Neat lawns are surrounded by concrete-slab paths, and gravel beds are filled with a wide variety of cactus plants.

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Who's going to win them?

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HOW TO ENTER: Any child 15 years and under can enter. All they have to do is colour in the KRAFT Cheddar Cheese packet on the entry form, correctly, and complete the unfinished sentence. Then fill in their name and address clearly and *be sure to state their age*. Entries will be divided into age groups (4-6 years, 7-9 years, 10-12 years and 13-15 years) and 25 prizes awarded in each age group. Post your children's entry, together with a KRAFT Cheddar packet top*, to the contest box number.

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Complete the sentence below using not more than **15** words of your own, and colour in the KRAFT Cheddar Cheese pack. Then fill in your name, **age**, address and post to: **Kraft Foods Limited, P.O. Box 222, Crows Nest, N.S.W., 2065.**

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KRAFT* PROCESSED CHEDDAR CHEESE

*TRADE MARK

CONDITIONS: The KRAFT Cheddar Playgym Contest closes on Saturday, November 25, and entries must be postmarked on or before this date. All entries will be opened and individually judged. Prizes will be awarded to the 25 best entries in each age group, and neatness will be taken into account. The judges' decision is final and no further correspondence will be entered into. Winners will be notified and their names will appear in the public notices section of the following newspapers on Monday, December 11; Melbourne – Sun News Pictorial, Sydney – Sydney Morning Herald, Adelaide – Adelaide Advertiser, Brisbane – Courier Mail, Perth – West Australian, Hobart – Mercury.

Employees (and their families) of Kraft Foods Limited, Hills Industries Ltd., Australian Women's Weekly, Woman's Day, and their associated advertising agencies are ineligible.

*Reg'd. Trade Mark

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HOME MADE SWEETS

● There's something irresistible about a tempting assortment of home-made sweets. Who cares about calories when you can bite into creamy coconut ice, crunchy honeycomb, an almond coated with butterscotch, or any of the other sweets in this feature.



DELICIOUS SWEETS, from back row, are Coconut Ice, Turkish Delight, Buttered Almond and Brazil Nuts, Almond and Cherry Nougat, Mock Bulgarian Rock and Honeycomb — they're all easy to make.

IF you have some cooking to do for a school or church fete, you'll find the sweets made from these recipes are always ready sellers at the sweets stall.

A sweets thermometer is a good investment if you plan to make a large quantity of sweets; it helps to take the guesswork and uncertainty out of cooking times and temperatures. Some of the recipes in this feature use a sweets thermometer; below are directions for its correct use and care.

But if you have not got a thermometer, use the following temperature table and the cold-water test as guides:

Soft ball: 236-240 degrees Fahrenheit. A small quantity of syrup dropped into cold water moulds easily with the fingers into a soft ball.

Firm or hard ball: 250-260 degrees F. Test as for soft ball. The syrup should mould into firm ball.

Small crack: 265-290 degrees F. Syrup is clear, but when dropped into cold water cracks and breaks if crushed with fingers.

Hard crack: 295-315 degrees F. Syrup is golden in color, snaps and crackles when a little is dropped into cold water.

The cold water test: Spoon a little syrup into cold water and mould with fingers; shallow bowl makes it easier to see and manipulate syrup; if desired consistency is not reached, cook further and test again. Use fresh cold water for each test, because as water becomes warm the test is less accurate.

Use and care of sweets thermometer: Do not place cold thermometer in boiling syrup. First immerse in cold water and bring to the boil, then check the reading on the thermometer for accuracy (water boils at 212 degrees F., use this reading to check accuracy). If thermometer is not the type that clings to side of pan, return to hot water after each test. When immersing in syrup, cover bulb completely and gently change position of thermometer occasionally in syrup. With thermometer upright, take reading as near eye-level as possible.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the following recipes:

COOKED FONDANT

1lb. sugar
2 dessertspoons liquid glucose
¾ cup water (5oz.)
flavoring
coloring

Place sugar, glucose, and water in saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar has thoroughly dissolved; remove spoon, increase heat, bring to the boil, and, using sweets thermometer, boil to 240 degrees F. Remove immediately from heat, allow bubbles to settle, then pour into basin, allow to cool.

When syrup is cool, beat with wooden spoon until thick, then knead with hands until firm enough to handle. If required, use a little sifted icing sugar when kneading. Color and flavor and use as desired.

Fondant forms the foundation of many sweets:—

Licorice Allsorts: Color and flavor small portions of fondant, roll each into long oblong shapes and place in alternate layers with licorice straps, using sugar syrup glaze to attach. Press layers firmly together, then cut into shapes with sharp knife.

Sugar syrup glaze: Place 1 cup sugar and ¼ cup water in saucepan, stir until sugar dissolves, bring to the boil, boil until thick like syrup; cool.

Peppermint Creams: Color fondant green, flavor with peppermint, roll into balls, and flatten slightly.

Prune or Date Creams: Remove stone from fruit, press into canoe-shape, fill recess with colored and flavored fondant.

CARAMELS

1 can sweetened condensed milk
8oz. sugar
4oz. butter
4 tablespoons golden syrup

Place all ingredients into saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar has thoroughly dissolved. Bring to boil, stirring constantly; continue stirring until desired color—the darker the color the harder the caramel.

When desired color, remove from heat, stop stirring, allow bubbles to settle; pour into oiled and lined tin (8in. square tin or 7in. sandwich tin). Do not scrape pan (put scrapings into another tin, as this may "candy"). When cold, cut into sections with oiled knife.

TURKISH DELIGHT

2 tablespoons gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup sugar
grated rind 1 orange
grated rind 1 lemon
½ cup hot water
1-3rd cup orange juice
3 tablespoons lemon juice
coloring

Soften gelatine in cold water. Make syrup from sugar, rinds, and hot water; when boiling add softened gelatine, boil gently 20 minutes. Remove from heat, add fruit juices, strain mixture. Color with desired food coloring, pour into wetted tin, and allow to set. When firm cut into squares, using knife dipped in hot water. Roll in sifted icing sugar mixed with little cornflour.

BASIC TOFFEE

1lb. sugar
¾ cup water
2 tablespoons vinegar

Place sugar, water, and vinegar in saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar has thoroughly dissolved; increase heat, bring to boil and boil briskly, without stirring, until syrup is golden brown ("hard crack" when tested in cold water). Remove immediately from heat, allow bubbles to settle.

Small Toffees: Pour syrup into small paper-cake containers, sprinkle tops with nuts, coconut, hundreds and thousands, etc.

Toffee Apples: Color syrup, before cooking, a bright red with burgundy food coloring; wash and dry (do not polish) 6 to 8 small red apples, place wooden meat skewer through centre core of each apple, dip apples in toffee, drain off excess, stand on greased surface to cool.

COCONUT ICE

1lb. sifted icing sugar
½lb. desiccated coconut
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 egg-whites
4oz. white vegetable shortening
pink or green coloring

Put icing sugar, coconut, vanilla, and slightly beaten egg-whites into large basin. Melt shortening over gentle heat. Allow to cool slightly, pour on to ingredients in basin. Combine thoroughly. Press half the mixture into greased bar tin lined with greased greaseproof paper. Add pink or green coloring to remaining mixture. Press firmly on top of white mixture. Refrigerate until firm.

Note: If a third layer is desired, divide mixture into 3 parts. Add 1 dessertspoon sifted cocoa, blended to smooth paste with milk, to 1 part; blend well, press on top of pink or green layer in tin.

PEANUT BRITTLE

1½lb. sugar
4oz. liquid glucose
¾ cup (5oz.) water
2oz. butter
6oz. raw peanuts
2 teaspoons bicarb. soda

Place sugar, glucose, and water in saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar has thoroughly dissolved; remove spoon, increase heat, bring to boil, and, using sweets thermometer, boil to 320 degrees F. (a little further than hard-crack stage).

Remove immediately from heat, add butter and peanuts, then, when butter has almost melted, add bicarbonate of soda, stirring gently. Pour on to oiled marble slab or into large oiled slab tin and pull out thinly, using 2 forks to separate peanuts.

When cold, break into pieces.

Continued overleaf

● **RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN**

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HOME-MADE SWEETS . . . continued

MARSHMALLOWS

2 cups sugar
1¼ cups water
2 tablespoons gelatine
4 tablespoons liquid glucose
flavoring, coloring

Place sugar, glucose, water, and gelatine in large saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar has dissolved, bring to boil, and allow to boil 1 minute. Remove from heat, pour into large bowl, allow to cool. When cool, beat until mixture becomes thick and white; color and flavor, continue beating until mixture forms thick figure 8 when poured from beater. Pour into wetted tin (approximately 10in. x 10in.), leave to set. When set, cut in 1in. squares with wet knife and toss in coconut.

TRUFFLES

3oz. grated dark chocolate
1 egg-yolk
1 dessertspoon butter or substitute
1 dessertspoon rum
1 dessertspoon sweetened condensed milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
chocolate nonpareils

Melt chocolate and butter or substitute gently over warm water, beat in egg-yolk and milk. Flavor with vanilla and rum; chill several hours, or overnight, until firm enough to handle. Shape small teaspoonfuls into balls, roll in chocolate nonpareils.

BUTTERSCOTCH

1lb. sugar
¼ cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons glucose
¾ cup (5oz.) water
2oz. butter
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar

Place in saucepan the sugars, glucose, butter, and cream of tartar dissolved in the water; stir over low heat until sugar has thoroughly dissolved. Remove spoon, increase heat, bring to the boil, and, using sweets thermometer, boil to 290deg. F. Remove immediately from heat, allow bubbles to settle, then pour into greased tin (8in. square approximately) or on to oiled slab. Mark into squares with oiled knife before it becomes cold.

Buttered Almonds or Brazil Nuts: Place blanched almonds or brazil nuts a few inches apart on waxed paper or oiled slab, carefully spoon a small spoonful of butterscotch over individual nuts.

ALMOND AND CHERRY NOUGAT

8 tablespoons liquid glucose
¼ cup water
1 egg-white
3oz. halved unblanched almonds
2oz. chopped glace cherries
15oz. (not quite 2 cups) sugar
1 teaspoon almond essence

Place sugar, water, and glucose in saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar has thoroughly dissolved; remove spoon, increase heat, and bring to the boil. Using a sweets thermometer, boil to 262deg. F. Remove immediately from heat, allow bubbles to settle, then pour into heatproof basin to cool slightly.

When slightly cooled, using wooden spoon, beat until white and thick, adding stiffly beaten egg-white a little at a time while beating. When quite thick, add chopped cherries, almond essence, and almond halves; beat a little longer. Place into oiled and lined tin (approximately 8in. square) or on to oiled marble slab. While cooling, mark into sections with oiled knife and when cold cut. Or break into pieces when cold.

HONEYCOMB

1½ cups sugar
¼ teaspoon instant coffee
2 tablespoons liquid glucose
¼ cup hot water
1 tablespoon bicarb. soda

Place sugar, coffee, glucose, and water in saucepan, stir until dissolved. Bring to the boil, boil to 295deg. F. (hard crack). Remove from heat, blend in sifted bicarb. soda, stir vigorously until mixture blends and pulls away from sides of pan. Then quickly pour foamy mixture into ungreased shallow 9in. x 9in. tin. Do not spread, leave to cool, then break into pieces.

FRUIT AND NUT FUDGE

1lb. brown sugar
2oz. butter
¾ cup milk
2oz. dark chocolate
2oz. chopped nuts
2oz. chopped raisins
pinch cream of tartar

Place all ingredients except fruit and nuts in medium-size saucepan, stir over gentle heat until sugar has thoroughly dissolved, then boil steadily, stirring frequently, until registering 238deg. F. on a sweets thermometer. Remove immediately from heat, cool slightly; then, using wooden spoon, beat until mixture begins to thicken. Add fruit and nuts and, when well blended, turn into greased pan (approximately 8in. square). Mark into sections with oiled knife when not quite cold.

Continued opposite



7 different delicious ways to make any salad scrumptious



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Savory veal dish makes fine baked dinner

● Inexpensive veal breast, filled with a savory stuffing, makes an unusual and delicious baked dinner. The recipe wins $10 in our weekly recipe contest. Consolation prizes of $2 each are awarded for a health drink and for delicious biscuits.

STUFFED VEAL BREAST

¼ cup warm milk
4 slices stale white bread
3oz. butter or substitute
½ cup chopped onion
2oz. sliced mushrooms
2oz. each minced veal and pork
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon powdered sage
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 egg
1 rasher bacon (chopped)
2½ to 3lb. boned breast of veal
salt, paprika
¾ cup chicken stock

Note: Ask butcher to slit the veal to give a large pocket.

Pour milk over bread and let it stand until ready for use. Melt half the butter or substitute in pan, add onion and cook until soft and golden (about 10 minutes). Remove, drain, then add mushrooms and cook until soft.

In large bowl combine onion and mushrooms with minced meats, salt, sage, nutmeg, pepper, beaten egg, chopped bacon, and softened bread; mix well.

Fill pocket in veal breast with the stuffing, fasten meat securely with small skewers or sew with cotton to hold stuffing inside. Rub outside of meat with some of the remaining butter or substitute, melt remainder in baking dish, then brown meat quickly on all sides. Sprinkle meat with salt and paprika, pour in stock, cover and bake in moderate oven approximately 2 to 2½ hours or until meat is tender; baste occasionally with liquid in pan.

Use pan juices to make gravy.

First prize of $10 to Mrs. T. C. Walshe, C/- 59 Amerherst St., South Fremantle, W.A. 6162.

ENERGY HEALTH DRINK

12oz. can pineapple juice
2 teaspoons malted milk powder
1-3rd banana
1 tablespoon honey
1 dessertspoon marzipan meal

Place all ingredients in electric blender, beat one minute. Chill before serving.

Consolation prize of $2 to F. A. Schinclitscheck, 19 Park Ave., Gordon, N.S.W. 2072.

BUTTER COCONUT CRISPS

4oz. butter or substitute
5oz. self-raising flour
1 cup sugar
1 egg
coconut

Melt butter or substitute. Sift flour and sugar into bowl, add beaten egg and melted butter or substitute, mix thoroughly. Form into small balls, roll in coconut, place on greased oven trays, leaving room for biscuits to spread. Bake in moderate oven approximately 10 to 15 minutes. Loosen on tray, leave until cold.

Makes approximately 2 dozen.

Consolation prize of $2 to Mrs. L. Raymond, c/- Mrs. F. Hougham, Yunderup North, W.A. 6208.

HOME-MADE SWEETS

. . . concluded

MOCK BULGARIAN ROCK

2 cups sugar
1 cup liquid glucose
½ cup honey
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup water
2 egg-whites
2 teaspoons vanilla
½ cup softened butter
8oz. blanched almonds

Combine sugar, glucose, honey, salt, and water in saucepan. Place over low heat, stir until sugar dissolves. Continue cooking, without stirring, until 252deg. F., or hard ball. Beat egg-whites; pour approximately 6oz. of hot syrup on to egg-whites, beat 3 to 5 minutes until thick. Transfer to larger basin. Continue cooking remaining syrup until 315deg. F. Pour into egg-white mixture; beat well, scraping sides and base of bowl well. Stir in almonds, butter, and vanilla, pour into greased 9in. x 9in. tin. Allow to cool, then store in refrigerator. Cut into pieces.

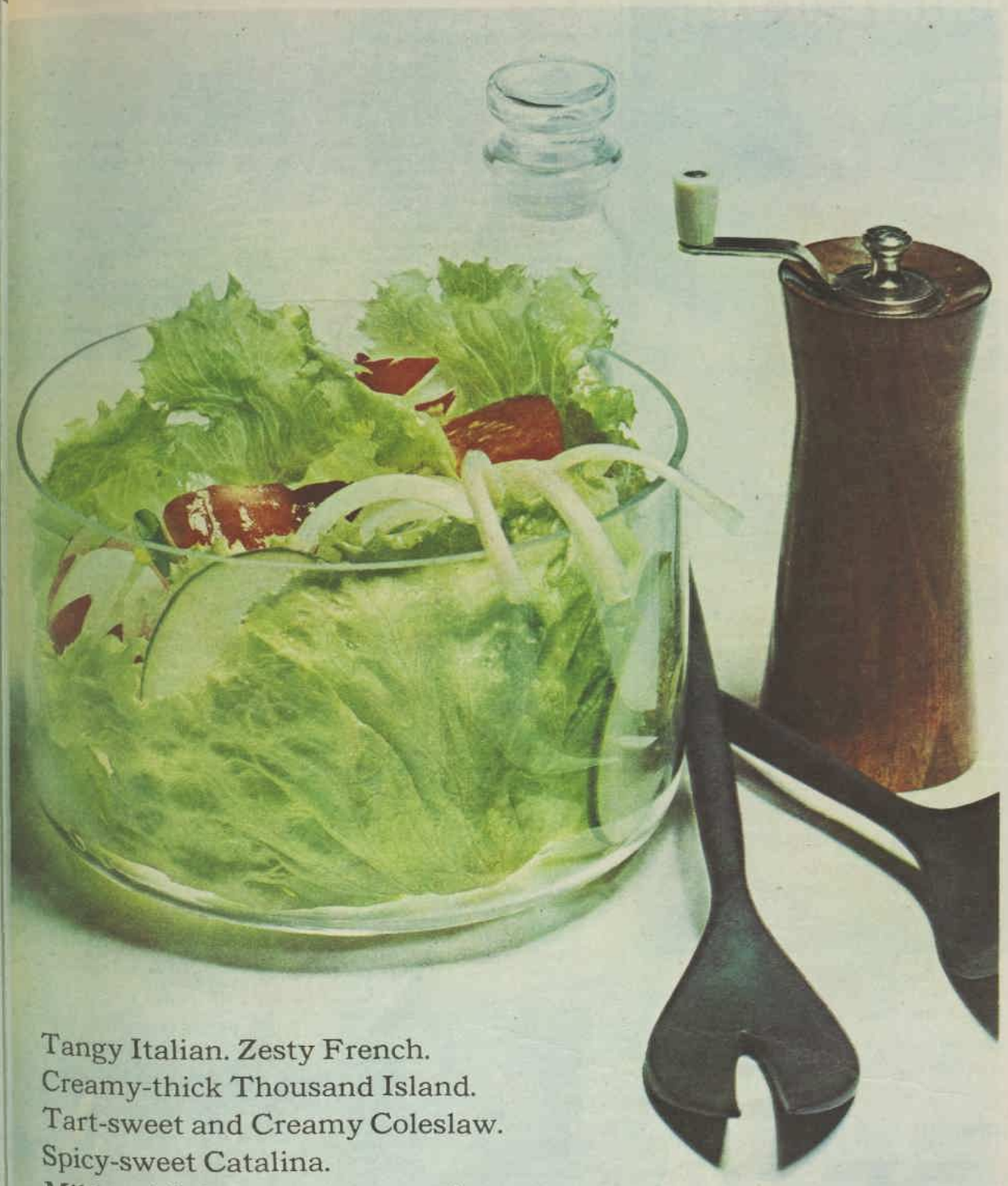
Note: The real Bulgarian Rock can be made successfully only by commercial process, with intricate commercial machines; it is not possible to duplicate it in home kitchens. The recipe given above makes a very similar confection, but it does soften in the air and should be kept refrigerated to retain its rock-like consistency.

ALMOND ROCK

1¼lb. sugar
½ cup (5oz.) water
pinch cream of tartar
2 dessertspoons liquid glucose
4oz. blanched almonds

Place sugar, glucose, and water in saucepan, stir with wooden spoon over low heat until sugar has thoroughly dissolved. Remove spoon, increase heat, and bring to boil; add cream of tartar and, using sweets thermometer, boil to 310deg. F.

Remove immediately from heat, add dry, halved almonds, do not stir. Return to heat, boil again to 310deg. F. (syrup will be light golden brown, and almonds lightly colored). Remove from heat, allow bubbles to settle then pour into greased slab tin or on to oiled marble slab. Break into pieces when cold.



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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Around the garden in NOVEMBER

By ALLAN SEALE

CHRYSANTHEMUMS perform best when planted out by early November. Divide old clumps without delay. Left to their own devices, they will flower, but stems become floppy and blooms are generally below standard.

Chrysanthemums prefer a well-drained soil and sunny position and some wind protection. They are better if the soil is not over-rich, but a dressing of complete fertiliser at planting-out time will help them to establish. Use about a quarter cup to the square yard.

Lift old clumps and select the sturdiest suckers for replanting. These are usually the ones farthest from the centre of the clumps. Cut away excessive underground stems or stolon, leaving the cluster of new roots at the base of the sucker only.

Many growers prefer to take shoots about 4in. long and strike them as cuttings, but this needs to be done with some protection and under seed-bed conditions, and transplanting once the plants are established.

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CHRYSANTHEMUMS grow happily in pots. This one is Evelyn Everhard.

Carefully replanting the suckers with some root system already established shortcuts the process.

Plant out the suckers in their new position about an inch deeper than they were previously growing. Water well, and shade for a few days with twigs or something similar.

The larger-growing chrysanthemums are usually spaced about 3ft. apart, but pleasant effects can be created by grouping three or four plants about 18in. apart, with 5ft. to 6ft. between each group.

The surrounding space can be planted with such as blue salvia, celosia, asters, or petunias, provided they are not allowed to crowd the chrysanthemums.

Stopping. "Stopping" chrysanthemums means pinching out the tip growths to encourage the plant to branch and form a number of flower stems.

The first stopping is made when the plants are about 8in. tall, then repeated when the side shoots are 5in. or 6in. long. Stop them for the third or even a fourth time, then from mid-December on let them run up to flower bud.

Commercial growers sometimes cut their plants back as late as February, but this suits only certain varieties.

Don't stop "Cushion mums." These are best left undisturbed for at least two years, and don't need stopping. For a quicker effect, replant sections of the old clumps rather than individual suckers.

VEGETABLES

November is the best month to sow vine crops such as cucumbers, squash, marrows, pumpkins, water- and rock-melons. During continuous warmth they make rapid growth, and often pass earlier plantings checked by cool changes.

Most of these vines no longer need the large amount of space of earlier varieties. For example, **Butternut pumpkin** rarely wanders more than a few feet. The small, pear-shaped pumpkins have a pleasant, nutty flavor.

Early Golden Bush or **White Bush squash** are non-running, as their name implies, and it is the same with long white or green marrows. These vegetables are returning to popularity, as they are cooked whole when very young and at their most appetising.

Cucumbers are inclined to roam, but are neater when grown over a low trellis or similar support.

Pumpkins, squash, cucumbers prefer a fairly open, sunny position, good drainage, and a dressing of complete fertiliser before the seeds are sown.

No need to grow them on hills now, but raise the beds slightly in heavy soil areas if drainage is suspect. Give a reasonable amount of water, especially in the early stages, but try to avoid foliage watering, as this tends to encourage mildew.

Beans grow rapidly when sown now. Before sowing, add up to a cup of lime to the square yard, except in naturally limy areas, and about 1-3rd of a cup of complete plant food. Sow 1in. deep, 3in. to 4in. apart. **Brown Beauty, Windsor,** and other brown rather than red-seeded types are best for sowing now, as they set beans more readily during hot, dry conditions.

Unlike vine crops, beans benefit from frequent foliage watering in hot weather. It helps the flowers to set, and deters red spider attack. The symptom of red spider is a dull yellowing of the foliage. Close examination in strong sunlight will reveal hosts of tiny mites on the underside of the leaves. Even the largest are less than quarter the size of a pin's head.

CREPE MYRTLES

Watch for powdery mildew on crepe myrtles from now on — blotches of powdery grey fungus over the foliage. Unchecked, it deforms shoots and flower buds or causes them to die off.

Spray with bordeaux, copper oxychloride, karathane, or a complete rose spray, which should contain karathane.

SPRUCE UP FOR CHRISTMAS

There is still time to make the garden gay for the Christmas period. Choose quick-flowering annuals such as dwarf phlox and dwarf petite marigolds. These combine attractively, and are an excellent choice to replace pansies and other low growers now finishing. Sow coleus now to give color to partly shaded areas. With warmth and plenty of moisture, they romp ahead.

Lawns can be quickly transformed into luxurious, rich green swards by an even sprinkling of lawn food.

To avoid burning, spread this when the lawn is dry, then water it in thoroughly.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 191

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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LEFT:
Magna Carta

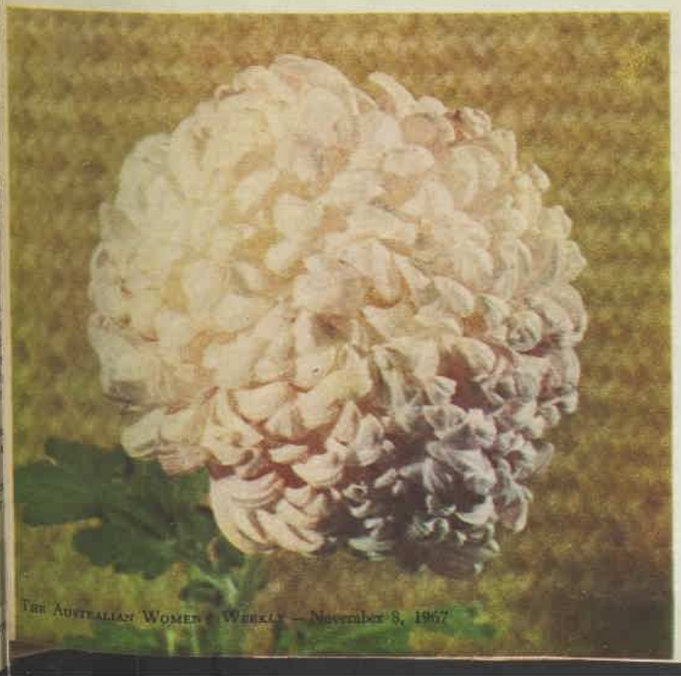
RIGHT:
Dr. Stevens



Chrysanthemums for the year ahead

● These glorious blooms are a promise of beauty to come in the flower-sparse days of winter — but November is the month to replant suckers from old clumps, getting the chrysanthemum plants off to a good start.





ABOVE:
Patricia Barnett

LEFT:
Thomas Atterson

RIGHT:
Louisa Pockett



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MOTHER, they said



Sometimes as Joan busily attended to her chores she wondered where were her youthful dreams of an exciting, glamorous career

By MARY LANGE JONES

THAT day, I got a birthday card from Maizie Withers, my room-mate when last I was at college, and on it she wrote: "All the best for another year, Joan. We had fun when we were young, didn't we? What happened to all that leisure and those dreamy lives we were going to have? I don't know about your life, but mine is absolutely frustrating."

Well, that was Maizie, dramatising and exaggerating things, and still forgetful—my birthday was last month—but she made it sound like a couple of years since we were young. Until now I hadn't thought of it that way. Actually, while I knew by the grapevine that Maizie's life was disappointing — her husband wasn't very successful, she was an editorial assistant instead of a writer and their only child had asthma — I'd never compared my life with hers.

If I looked objectively at my life, what I'd see was me, 12 years out of college, one husband, three children, a house with a small kitchen and a big mortgage, an automatic washer, but, as yet, no dryer.

But, suddenly, reading Maizie's message, I felt old and drab and it occurred to me that maybe Maizie had something. What had happened to all our leisure, and good times, and all those dreams?

A loud wail broke into my thoughts. From a standing start, my heart was off to a fast get-away. I ran to the door. Buster was four, the other two were at school, but when it came to getting into things, Buster was equal to any dozen others. My husband, Ben, says every family should have a Buster. The Busters of the world add unpredictability, adventure, and spice.

At the door I could hear him yelling blue murder, but I knew from the good, strong, healthy sound that he was still on his feet and coming closer. That was reassuring.

"Buster," I said when he was in sight, "oh, what happened?"

Today was sunny, but for the past week it had rained. I'd had to let Buster play outside or neither of us would go nutty. The sun hadn't dried the mud. In developments like ours there's always mud somewhere. Count on Buster to find it.

He was mud from head to foot. Except for a place on his chin where there was blood.

I stripped him of the muddy snow suit and the muddy mittens and the muddy galoshes. Then I washed his face and saw that it was just a little cut on his lip. His sobs were drying up.

I picked him up and hugged him. "You're all right," I said as I patted his back. "You're all right, Buster."

He patted my back. That's one of the little ways he has that makes it awfully hard to get mad and stay mad about a little mud. He patted my back. "It's all right, Mo-ther," he said. He's very articulate and picks up whatever the older two say. Lately they have been calling me Mother instead of Mummy.

After lunch he watched television for a while and then fell asleep in the chair. I covered him with a blanket and finished the housework.

While I was running the vacuum I thought about Maizie again and what she had written. In college I had dreamed of so many things — an exciting career, being married to a diplomat and playing hostess to important people in exciting foreign capitals.

That was the dream, what was the fact? Well, when I finished



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METTERS — FIRST WITH THE FEATURES WOMEN WANT MOST

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vacuuming, I would make a meat loaf for supper. It was near the end of the month, and so was our grocery budget.

Then Martha and Peter would be home from school, Buster would waken, and in view of Buster's morning experience, it was too muddy for outdoor play. So what would happen? Any mother of three children in the muddy season could forecast. Housebound, Martha and Peter and Buster would play — and they would fight.

The school bus dropped Martha and Peter just as I finished getting the meat loaf ready for the oven.

The first thing Martha said when she got in the door was: "Guess what, Mother, I'm going to be a princess in the spring pageant. I have to have a costume. And guess what, Mother, I'm going to wear a crown!".

I am not good at sewing. A costume is as easy for me as setting traps, catching fur-bearing animals, skinning, curing, and ending up with a fur coat made with my two hands and a blunt needle.

"You don't mind making a costume, do you, Mother?" Martha asked, her face turned up to mine. "Some kids said their mothers don't have time to make costumes, but I said my mother . . ."

"You'll have a costume," I told her. "Don't you worry, I'll make your costume."

In some of that leisure time I don't have.

Then Peter said, "Can I go out for Little League, can I, huh? They're signing up and I have to know tomorrow."

"It's up to your father," I said, "but it's OK with me. Your father knows about baseball and he'll take you to practice."

"Oh, boy," Peter said. He banged one fist into his open palm, gesture of baseball smacking baseball glove. "Oh, boy . . ."

Well, then, of course, Buster woke and the quarrels began. You know it's not real fighting, and they have to get it out of their systems, and above all you don't want to play favorites. Still, it grates on your nerves. But I notice that if the children are left to themselves nobody wins all the time. It evens up. And, of course, it's mostly mouth fighting and harmless slaps. And two minutes later they're friends again.

Sometimes, at the moment when Ben comes home, everything's roses. This was not one of those times. Buster had just grabbed Martha's doll and Martha was chasing him.

Under other circumstances Peter might have sided with his brother, but a moment before Buster had called Peter a fathead, so Peter was on Martha's side.

Everybody was yelling, and on top of that I turned on the garbage disposer and pushed the trimmings from the salad vegetables into it.

That was when Ben came home.

The children stopped yelling and forgot they were all mad at each other. "Daddy's home," three voices shouted. "Hi, Daddy."

The disposer stopped shrieking, too, but not to say, "Hi, Daddy." It stopped because a spoon was stuck in it.

"Hi, everybody," Ben said.

"Daddy, I'm going to be in the spring pageant and Mother's going to make my costume." That was Martha.

"Hey, Dad, can I sign up for Little League? Mother said I could." That was Peter.

"Hi, Dad." That was Buster. He had no news to report.

"Aren't you glad I'm going to be a princess in the pageant?"

"Can I be in Little League, can I? Mother said . . .

"That's great about the pageant, Martha," Ben said, "and if it's OK with your mother, Peter, about baseball, it's OK with me, too."

He came into the kitchen. I stood helplessly over the disposer and pointed at it.

He sighed and then he got an old baseball bat out of the hall cupboard, where we keep it handy, and pried a spoon out of the disposer.

I said, "Thanks, Ben. I'm sorry."

And he said, "Hi, Joan. It's OK." Then he kissed me hello. He always does.

Mother, mother, mother, that's all I'd heard all day. Mother this, and mother that. But Ben had told Peter, "If it's OK with your mother." He hadn't said, "If it's OK with mother," the way some men do, so it sounds as if their wives are their mothers, too.

He didn't kiss me like I was his mother, either. Who minds being a mother, if you're first and foremost a wife.

So then, still in his arms, I decided what I would write Maizie if I ever found the time to write, which I wouldn't — luckily having no leisure.

But anyway I thought it, and it was just as good as putting it down on paper.

I don't know about you, Maizie, I would say, whether you got where you wanted to go or not. But where I am is where I must have wanted to be all the time, and it's OK. It's nice. I like it.

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ROMANCE FOR THREE

By JOHN LENNON

When a bright-eyed Irish colleen like Mollie O'Shay appeared in their midst, it was no wonder all the male hearts were a'flutter

THE only man ever I knew to smile in the face of death was Tod Clancy, and he was an undertaker. A little creature, Tod; a death-watch beetle of a man who'd been dressed in black since the day he cut his first tooth. Indeed, he'd been planting the old and the unlucky in the village Downderry from the time he was old enough to hold a tape-measure. He had a great hooked nose, a big black hat that strained his ears, and a suit with a better shine to it than Mulligan's counter.

We were in Mulligan's beer-shop when he came in. "Ha—you're there, then, Postie," he said, twittering around the room. "Will you take a drop with me, then?"

I should've known something was on the boil. The only time Clancy said, "Drink up, boys," was in his chapel of rest, where the poor devils were hard of hearing. But I took it, not being one to fly in the face of Providence. Clancy was no hypocrite, though; he wished nobody good health. Instead he'd just stand there sipping his stout like it was hot tea and thinking to himself, Five-foot-ten, mebbe, about twelve stone, do the whole job for thirty pound. No wonder he never got married.

I've no doubt he would have given his bride a quotation on her wedding night.

"Well now," said Clancy, "how's things with the best postman we ever had?"

"Great," I said, "great. In fact, if things was any better I couldn't stand it."

"And your family?"

"Flourishing," I said, "and eating me out of house and home."

"Listen to that, now," said Clancy thoughtfully.

"And yourself," I asked, "still in the land of the living, are you?"

"Never better," he said, "and that busy the day isn't long enough."

"You look a wee bit tired to me," I said, getting my blow in first.

"Ah," I said, with the stout warming me over the counter, "that's sitting up half the night praying for a cold snap."

"No need for me to do that," said Clancy, without turning a hair. "Though it's true enough a bit of frost knocks the old ones over that hard you can hear the noise in Dublin. Will not you come over by the fire?"—to me.

I knew Clancy wouldn't care if I died of frostbite, he was only for getting me away from Mulligan's ears. Terrible big ears Mulligan had. As big as cabbage-leaves and with as many stalks. When Mulligan got mad his two ears would stick out like an elephant's, and many's the time I've heard him trumpet, too.

Clancy edged me over to the grate, being careful to leave a clear line of aim for Mulligan. Mulligan could spit in the fire that fierce he never needed a poker.

"I was reading one of them magazines the other day—" started Clancy.

"Ah," I said, with the stout warming me up, "that'll be the 'Undertakers' Annual,' no doubt?"

"No, it was one of them American books that tells you all the latest carrying-on. When you're in business, y'know," he said, dabbing his great beak with a small tablecloth, "you have to keep up with everything."

"That's true," I said, taking a good swig.

"The latest idea is having a party—"

"A party?"

I would've choked, but I hate waste.

To page 66

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"Doctor, about those reducing pills!!!"

"Well, a sort of trade party. Y'see, when they want to sell things like . . . well, like the paint and powder for women, they have a little gathering with all the stuff spread out and a pot of coffee and the like."

"Ah," I said, "now I have you. Cosmetic parties and chinaware and that?"

"Right enough," said Clancy. "I put it to you now as a man of great intelligence, why in the world shouldn't I do the same thing?"

"You mean, throw a few coffins around the place and have a bit of a sale?"

I thought he was joking, but not at all.

"Certainly," he said, "and why not?"

"A sort of earthen-wear party?" I suggested gently.

ROMANCE FOR THREE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

"You could call it that," said Clancy, who wouldn't see a joke if it jumped down his throat.

"And why not?" I asked, with nothing to lose. "It's a great idea you have there. Why, many a man could have a quiet look round at the different models and choose to his heart's content."

"And put a deposit on anything he liked," said Clancy craftily.

A sudden, terrible thought struck me.

"Now, listen, Clancy," I said, "I never felt better in me life, so don't—"

"Not at all, Postie, I never thought of such a thing. Besides, you're well down my list. No, the truth of the matter is I'm getting a few leaflets printed, and I thought you could slip them round with the mail; y' know what I mean, casual-like, so to speak."

So that was it. Free postage. I looked hard and severely at my glass. "That would be a chronic offence," I said.

He grabbed my arm. "Drink up that," he said quickly, "and have another. I know well how hard you work."

Mulligan poured the drinks with a look at Clancy that would have stiffened another man. "If it's all the same," he said to him, "you've no call in a pub with your working-clothes on. That hat alone is enough to take the head off a man's beer."

Had the tact of a bum-bailiff did Mulligan.

Believe you me there was no love lost between those two. And all over a little woman they both had their eye on. Mollie O'Shay was as sweet as an apple-dumpling and near enough the same shape. Had brown hair, rosy cheeks, and eyes as bright as black buttons.

She'd been looking after her old father for many a year and Clancy called on her every week with the regularity of washday. Some said he was after burying the old man and some said he was after marrying Mollie.

Myself, I thought he had a foot in both camps and I was right. When the old fella died, Clancy had him down six feet before you could say Dig. Then he started courting Mollie.

Mulligan, on the other hand, was never thought to be a marrying man. A strange, powerful character you couldn't read. He was chopped out of solid stone and moody with it. He'd been looking sideways at Mollie ever since he came back from sea and took over the pub.

True to her sex, Mollie was playing the two of them like a duet. One day she'd marvel at Mulligan's muscles, the next she'd crow over Clancy's cunning.

ANYWAY, I said I'd deliver the leaflets for Clancy.

He'd picked a day for the job when there was nothing doing and his old hearse was having a rest in the shed. Great old wagon that was, too, only it wouldn't go more than eight miles an hour for anybody, dead or alive—I mind a time when the priest, being a jaunty young fellow, walked that fast he lost the dear departed altogether. Well, I was surprised at the turnout Clancy got, seeing that he offered nothing more than weak tea and oatcakes.

Two dozen or more shuffled round his wee shop, trying to look as if they'd come in by mistake. There were coffins upright, coffins lying down, and one or two standing on their heads.

There was pine and oak, silk and shrouds, and a cash register the size of a tea-chest.

While Clancy was drifting round wheedling a few deposits, I watched the people. One or two, having sunk their tea and cakes, were trying to walk backward out the door. Then I saw Mollie in one corner, smiling like a hostess with her bright eyes and round arms. In the other corner stood Mulligan, brooking like a bull. He must've realized that when his day came he'd have to have a box made special. He knew they'd never get his ears inside a standard model.

Then he let fly. "Clancy!" He bawled that loud two coffins fell over. "Clancy — you son of the devil! There ought to be a law against this!"

The whole room was struck dumb. Clancy pulled his head down another inch and walked over to Mulligan as large as life.

"And what are you trying to do? Desecrate the spiritual air of me parlor?"

Mulligan's ears went out like sails.

"What am I trying to do? Ask yourself that should be answering the same question. You're running a Christmas Club for death!"

"Mulligan," said Clancy, "you're a coward. And I'll tell you why. You're afraid of death. You're frightened to admit that we all have to go one day."

"And the sooner the better for some," said Mulligan. "But I'll tell you this: no man should be slobbering over coffins and the like while he's in the best of health. You won't get me running half way to the grave, Clancy."

"Mick Mulligan," said Clancy, "as big as you are I'll be able to put you down, so don't be causing trouble for a man that's just earning his living."

"You bury me? You scrawny old vulture!" roared Mulligan. "You're a-dyin' on your feet!"

And may I never move again if the two of them made a wager

To page 68

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● *Puccini Chandos Tiki-Tara (Puccini for short), owned by Miss Patricia Cunliffe, of Northwood, N.S.W., at play. Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.*

Cats' Whiskas Picture Contest

HERE'S a contest for cat-lovers — and it doesn't matter what kind of cat is your favorite.

Blue-ribboned aristocrats have no special advantages over alley-style ruffians. Prizes are for the best cat *pictures*, not necessarily the best *cat*.

Photographs may be black-and-white, color prints, or color transparencies. All stand an equal chance.

The best entry received from each State will win a cash prize of $100. The national winner, chosen from the State finalists, will be awarded an additional $750, making a total of $850.

State finalists can also choose $30 worth of film and the national winner an additional $70 worth of film.

There are also 300 consolation prizes of a month's supply of Jellymeat Whiskas — a case containing 36 tins.

Pose your cat, or creep up on it unawares, according to what sort of picture you are after: A cat candid, or a more serious study.

There are certain to be amusing cat pictures as well as beautiful ones. Yours may show your cat at its most snooty, appealing, disobedient, or adorable.

Send the picture to "Cats' Whiskas Contest," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. 2001.

Judges will be noted Australian photographer Laurence Le Guay and the Art Directors of The Australian Women's Weekly and of George Patterson Pty. Ltd.

The judges' decisions will be final, and no correspondence can be entered into.

The contest closes on November 24, and results will be announced in the issue of The Australian Women's Weekly dated December 27.

Entries will be returned after the contest only if accompanied by a fully stamped, self-addressed envelope.

This contest is not open to employees of Australian Consolidated Press, Uncle Ben's Inc., and their advertising agencies, or to the families of employees.

For further details, see page 75.



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there and then. The first one to go would leave his entire business and worldly wealth to the other. I never heard the like of it. In two minutes flat the whole crowd was having side bets and the place was more like a bookie's than an undertaker's.

I laughed all the way home, till I suddenly remembered Mollie. Now there was a dilemma for any woman—and what a pair of horns those two made.

If she backed the wrong horse she'd end up with nothing, but if she did the right thing she'd double her stakes.

Every man, woman, and child in Downderry soon got to know the desperate state of things, and with spring fetching the old men out-of-doors we knew Mollie would have to make her choice pretty quick . . .

ROMANCE FOR THREE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

When she started going to the doctor's that near caused a riot.

One old biddy in the village said what everyone was thinking: "Meself," she said, chawing on her stinking old pipe, "I think little Mollie's not going to be so little, come a few months."

She seemed right. Mollie began to look like a little round flower-bud, all ready to blossom with the help of a few weeks' sunshine. Nobody knew what to make of it and that's a fact, but there was high drama abroad, all right. The whole village was watching Mulligan and Clancy like hawks, but not a hint or a sign did either one of them give that he was the cause of it.

Mulligan kept pouring out, Clancy kept laying out, and Mollie kept growing out.

I'd just finished the last of my deliveries one morning and was standing in Mulligan's bar when Clancy came in.

Mulligan's ears flapped. "You'll get no drink here, Clancy," he said.

"I want no beer," said Clancy, just as sour. "I came to point out the shame of you—"

"Me?" Mulligan croaked. "Me? You coffin-carrying old toad! It's yourself that's traded on the feelin' of a poor lonely woman!"

"I never was no hypocrite," said Clancy. "Why can't you own up like a man that you had your wicked way with poor Mollie?"

"You must be mad," said Mulligan a lot quieter, "and if I thought you really meant that I would put me fist up your snout."

"Then what the devil's happening?"

"You mean you never—?"

"Not within arm's length—and heaven knows that's not near enough," said Clancy.

There was stone silence as the pair of them digested this. Mulligan's ears twitched as his poor brain got into bottom gear, and Clancy's great nose quivered like a pointer's.

"Mulligan," said Clancy, "there must be—"

"You're right there," agreed Mulligan, "but who?"

"If you ask me," I said, could well imagine just who it is

"Ah," said Mulligan, betchid "for a glass of stout you'd imagin yourself a one-legged fiddler."

"I wouldn't say no," I as gratefully, "but I could make bit of a guess who's at the bottom of all this."

"Tell me this an' tell me more," said Clancy. "Is he in t village?"

"He is," I said, "and it wou knock your eyes out if I told you

"Give him another drink," s Clancy.

BUT I never got to drink. Just then the head a shoulders of Mollie herself cam by the window.

"She'll never come in here," sa Mulligan, though he said it lo frightened. He'd hardly shut h mouth when the door opened.

Mollie stood in the doorwa and the sunlight dusted her chee and glowed red in her dark ha

"Well?" she said, the way policeman says it.

"Mollie!" said Clancy, lookin her in the eye, "you've brightene the day, but I'm ashamed of you we're all ashamed of you."

"And just as I thought," sa Mollie, calmly, with more mu in her voice than a golden ha

"I couldn't," mumbled Mul gan, "I — it's not in me to ta on another youngster."

Mollie just nodded. "And yo Tod Clancy?"

"Ah, now listen, Mollie, wh d'you expect of a mortal ma

Mollie nodded again. "We now, I've got me answer, haven I?" And she stepped into t bar.

Mulligan saw it first and h eyes popped near on to th counter. Mollie was her usu cuddling shape and no more. "I the name of—?"

FROM THE BIBLE

● *God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.*

— Psalm 46; 1.

"What's worrying you, Mr Mulligan?" asked Mollie in quiet voice that drew blood wit every word. "Did you think 'e cause I wore an extra woolly t two that something was wrong Did you now?"

Mulligan's face had more colou than a painter's palette. "Mollie Dear Mollie—"

"And you, Tod Clancy? Did you count the number of times went to the doctor's? Did you now? And me only going for bottle of tonic."

"Ah, Mollie, you've got it all wrong," sang Clancy, hoppin from one foot to another. "I never give you up—"

"Shut up the pair of you Mollie's black eyes snapped in sunlight. "I thought I'd find on the kindest one of you. Ah, any one can be grand when things are grand. But get a man in a crisis and that's when you've got his worth. And the whole three of you wouldn't make a decent man!" She was gone, leaving only the faint smell of clean petticoats and eau-de-cologne. Well, that was that.

.

Neither of them got over it for months. Mulligan hit the bottle till he didn't know what day it was, and Clancy once or twice nearly threw himself into the nearest grave. Things got a little better when Mollie sold her cottage and moved to Dublin. Mulligan eased off to eighteen pints a day and Clancy started touting for business again.

Me? I enjoyed it all from the moment when Mollie stepped into the bar, but not before that. She may have given the other two a jab in their pride, but to tell you the truth, for those first two months she nearly frightened the life out of me.

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A KILLER IN THE STREET

Dramatic conclusion of our three-part serial

By HELEN NIELSEN



Apparently unconcerned, Van listened intently as Jameson questioned Dee.

QUITE by chance KYLE WALKER had been a witness to a syndicate murder in the basement of his apartment building in New York. A week later he was only too glad to leave his job and join an old friend of his, VAN BRYSON, who was going to Arizona to work for SAM STEVENS, a well-liked business tycoon. Five years later Kyle is doing most of the administration work for the aging Sam, with the help of his secretary, CHARLENE EVANS.

Driving in the street one day Kyle catches a glimpse of a man he recognises as the murderer. He is convinced the man is looking for him. This happens to be so, as the murderer, RICK DRASCO, and his superiors are worried because his partner in the crime, JAKE BERENDO, has been arrested and they are afraid Kyle will be drawn in as a police witness.

Drasco has booked into the Apache Inn motel as a salesman under the name of R. R. DONALDSON, but because he has broken his glasses is unable to proceed with his plans until he gets a new pair. Kyle, seeing him leave a hotel restaurant, has been able to trace Drasco's car to a car-wash and given the number to CAPTAIN JAMESON of the police, pretending he wants to trace an old friend. He tells his wife, DEE, to take their four-year-old son, MIKE, to Sam's mountain cabin and that he will join them later. Worried when he does not arrive, Dee comes back to report to Jameson that Kyle is missing.

Jameson, who has already told Kyle his "friend" is at the Inn, takes Dee and Bryson there while he makes further inquiries, but, unknown to them, Drasco sees them and hurriedly leaves the Inn.

However, he is unable to elude VERONICA MOORE, a young girl whom he has asked to have dinner with him. As he drives off she panics when she sees he has a gun and later cries out for help when she sees a policeman, but Drasco grabs her by the throat and strangles her. NOW READ ON:

THE lights burned all night in Captain Jimmy Jameson's office. Geary came back with four cartons of coffee and a bag of hamburgers, and it was as cosy as it could be under the circumstances when all concerned were bone weary and at nerve ends about something that became more illusive the longer they talked about it. The question Jameson had asked Dee Walker remained unanswered. She had talked too much. She could offer no reason why Kyle's desire to leave the Cecil Arms coincided with the Bernie Chapman murder.

"Were you questioned by the police after the body was found?" Jameson asked.

"Yes, we were. All of the occupants of the building were questioned, naturally. But Kyle couldn't help the police. He had a class at the university and he had to drive across town, so he left early."

"Wait a minute," Jameson said. "I want to get a clear picture. I believe that newspaper story said that Chapman was the attendant in the hotel garage. And Kyle kept his car in that garage?"

"Yes. But Bernie wasn't always on duty. If he wanted coffee or a sandwich he had to go out for it. Kyle heard his radio playing and thought he'd stepped out for a few minutes."

"Is that what you heard Kyle tell the police?" Jimmy asked.

"No," she said. "That's what he told me that he told the police. What are you asking all these questions for, Jimmy? Bernie Chapman was mixed up in the rackets — that's what everybody said after his death and that's what it seems to say in the newspaper you found in Donaldson's room. Why do you keep asking me about Kyle? He was just one of the tenants at the Cecil Arms!"

"That's right," Jameson admitted, "but the only one who made a special trip to my office this morning to send me off on a wild-goose chase after a non-existent buddy. Dr. Bryson, you served with Kyle in Korea. Did you know a special friend of his named Charles Dover?"

"No," he admitted, "I didn't. But that doesn't prove there was no such person."

"Do you have any idea why Kyle was so interested in that beige Chrysler with the stolen plates?"

"None whatsoever."

"Do you have any idea why he was so anxious to leave New York City five years ago?"

"I think so. I think it was the idea of adventure — a new life. Kyle got his job with Sam on his merits and he's been soaring on his merits ever since. You can't take that away from him."

"I'm not trying to take anything away from him," Jameson said. "I'm trying to find out what kind of mess he's in. This" — Jameson angrily tapped the newspaper — "is the sort of thing I don't want in this city! We have our vices and our problems like any other community, but we don't want the syndicate moving in!"

Dee looked shocked. "Are you insinuating that Kyle knows anything about a syndicate killing? Do you think he was ever mixed up in anything like that?"

"I don't get paid to think," he said. "I get paid to assemble facts and act on them. Fact number one is that a man who calls himself R. R. Donaldson came to the city this morning and registered at the Apache Inn. Fact number two is that Kyle saw him driving on the street and trumped up a story so I would find out where he was staying. Fact three is that he sent you and Mike up to Sam Stevens' cabin in the mountains immediately after seeing Donaldson, and fact four is that Kyle is now missing and, as you so properly brought to my attention, so is the gun from his desk. What do you say, Dr. Bryson? Have I stated the case?"

"Incompletely," Van said. "You omitted the fact that Donaldson is driving a car with stolen licence plates. I'm not a criminologist, but I believe that's a common practice in the murder-by-contract field."

"It is," Jameson admitted.

"And so it follows that, had Kyle any unsavory episodes in his background, he would have realised that and avoided bringing it to the attention of the law."

"Are you sure you aren't a lawyer, Dr. Bryson?" Jameson asked. "You're doing a fine job of defending Kyle and he hasn't been accused of anything worse than leaving New York in a hurry." He stood up and walked across the room to where a large map of the city and environs covered most of one wall. He pretended to study the map for several seconds and then turned back to Dee Walker.

"I think you said it was raining the night Bernie Chapman was killed."

"It rained all night, I think. Why? I came here to ask you to find my husband. Why aren't you doing it instead of asking all these strange questions?"

"We are looking for him," Jameson said. "Geary notified all patrols as soon as we returned from the Apache Inn. There's a search on for Donaldson, too."

"But I still don't understand why you asked me about the rain. What has that to do with where Kyle is now?"

"That depends on how hard it was raining. Would you choose such a night to leave your post and walk out for a cup of coffee?"

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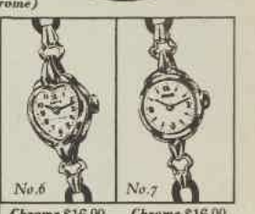
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A KILLER IN THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

"But Bernie must have gone out!" Dee insisted. "He wasn't on duty when Kyle returned. What else would explain—?"

Dee's voice died away in a silence broken only by the stodgy ticking of the wall clock and the crackling of the paper Van was folding into small aeroplanes. Nobody tried to complete her question or answer it, because each of them knew exactly what would explain Bernie's dereliction. A chill crept into the room. The chill that comes of seeing for the first time a horrible possibility that has been staring you in the face for five years.

In a small voice Dee said, "But Kyle would have told me if he had seen anything, or if he knew anything."

Jameson stepped to the door. "Geary!" he yelled down the hall. "Have you got an answer on that New York call yet?"

Detective Geary sprang into the hall as if the coil that wound him up had snapped. "It's Morrison —" he began.

"Never mind that! What did you get out of New York?"

Geary hesitated. Jameson nodded that it was all right to speak freely now.

"The New York police are interested," he said, "but they're not about to give away their case. They simply verified the newspaper story. I had the impression they were upset because it broke so soon."

"Then somebody had enough courage to break it," Jameson reflected. "Let's see how much further he'll go. Call the editor of this paper we found in Donaldson's room. When you get him let me do the talking."

"And what do I do about Morrison?" Geary asked. "The manager of the Apache Inn. He's waiting to see you about a pair of binoculars he found in room 228. That's directly across from room 227."

"Send him in!" Jameson said.

Albert Morrison walked into Jameson's office bearing a pair of high-powered binoculars, carefully wrapped in a cellulose paper bag to prevent damaging the fingerprints. It was wasted precaution. At the sight of the case Dee Walker gave a start of recognition.

"Those are Kyle's!" she cried. "Open the case and look inside. There's a silver identification plate engraved with his name and address."

Jameson ripped open the bag and unfastened the case. Dee was right. The plate was inside.

"How did you find these?" he asked Morrison.

"One of the maids found the key to 228 in the door when she went to turn down the bed. She knocked and nobody answered, so she brought the key to the desk and we checked the registration cards. The room had been taken by a Kenneth Wayne, of Springerville, just a few hours earlier. We paged Mr. Wayne in the bar, the dining-room and then realised that room 228 is [illegible] exactly opposite room 227, where another guest was missing. I had the parking lot checked and there was no car in the place reserved for 228. Under the circumstances there seemed no alternative but to enter the room.

"I saw at once that it had been used as a lookout post. The bed hadn't been used — not even a towel had been touched. But a lounge chair was drawn up before the window and the drapes were open. An ashtray on a table near the chair was filled with half-smoked cigarettes. I have the butts in an envelope," and he handed them over before being shown out by Jameson.

"Not only did Kyle lie to me," Jameson muttered. "He used me. Why, Mrs. Walker? He's your husband. You must have some idea why he's doing this."

THE easygoing [illegible] name stage was over. There was no way to explain Kyle's binoculars in that room if he hadn't been watching Donaldson, and as both Donaldson and Kyle had disappeared in the blackness of night that was getting darker by the moment. But the shock on Dee Walker's face was genuine.

"But I don't!" she said. "That's why I came to you for help. How could I know?"

"Mrs. Walker, is there any chance — no matter how far-fetched — that Kyle could have been spying on you?"

"When he'd already sent me out of the city?" Van challenged.

"I directed my question to Mrs. Walker," Jameson said.

"I think Van answered it," Dee said. "Kyle thought I was in San [illegible] cabin when he checked into the Apache Inn. You were the one who told him Donaldson was registered there. If all of this has anything to do with Kyle being jealous of me he would have gone up to the cabin with those binoculars."

Jameson seemed convinced. "I'm sorry I have to ask all these questions," he said. "How long since you've been in touch with the cabin?"

"Several hours," Dee admitted.

"Then maybe you better give a call. Use my phone. Kyle must have cut up there after he left the motel. And, Dee, if he's there pretend that you're calling from home and haven't seen me at all. He may open up with you."

Dee picked up the telephone on Jameson's desk. There was no way of knowing how she would co-operate. He left her with Van Bryson and stepped outside to the reception desk, where there was still nobody on duty, but he could listen on the extension. She knew he was listening, of course.

And so Dee talked to Reno and received the message Charlene Evans had called in. She checked on the time Charlene had called, learned that Mike had just gone to sleep and finally hung up a few seconds before Jameson came back into the office.

"Who is Charlene Evans?" he asked.

"Kyle's secretary," Dee answered.

"Where does she live?"

"I'm not sure of the address. It's in the book."

"Fine. I'll get somebody right over there. She's lying, of course. We all know Kyle didn't go to Casa Grande. Dr. Bryson, I want you to take Mrs. Walker home with you. Kyle's made it obvious that he doesn't want her in the house, and I'm going to go along with that even if I don't know why. I'll have a man outside. Kyle may try to reach you. As for me, I'm going over to the [illegible] and see how Sam's getting along with that benefit—"

Jameson was almost right. He would go, but not before Geary rushed in with the word that New York was calling and a certain editor was very much interested in the query on Jake Berendo and the Chapman murder.

This time Jameson was in luck. Sensing a story, the editor offered bait. Berendo was singing loud and

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long. He had already named a syndicate killer, Rick Drasco, as the actual assassin in the strangulation murder of Bernie Chapman. Behind the Chapman killing was a story of gangland corruption that would rock the underworld empire if Berendo ever came to trial. If—because fatal accidents sometimes occurred to a State witness with colorful memoirs. If—because the DA wanted full corroborating testimony to Berendo's confessions before exposing his songbird to the expertise of the syndicate's legal artillery.

Jameson requested a description of Drasco.

"He looks like an insurance salesman—a good one," the editor answered, "or even the president of your local chamber of commerce. I'll send a wire photo if you're interested. Better yet, I'll grab a plane and bring the photo myself."

The call was over. It was useless to try to protect Dee now. She heard; she saw; she related. Rick Drasco. R. R. Donaldson. R.D. Every move Donaldson made spelled assassin, and whether Kyle was the target or someone who was to be used to finger a target, he was running. He was running like a man afraid for his life.

NO man in Tucson had been closer to Kyle Walker for the past five years than Sam Stevens. That was why Jameson took it upon himself to make a personal call at the grand ballroom of the Plainsman Hotel at an hour when the sleepy-eyed waiters were impatiently waiting for the last guest to leave so they could get on with the clean-up job. Jameson found Sam secluded in a small private bar off the ballroom. Sam Stevens was a local institution.

But when Jameson walked into that small oasis off the ballroom he saw, with a sharp stab of shock and sadness, a tired, aging man whose once-proud shoulders rolled forward in fatigue and whose strong right hand, faintly spotted with brownish age marks, trembled slightly as he raised his glass of whisky to his lips. Unobserved, Sam looked all of his sixty-four years. Of late, Jameson realised, Sam had been the man who always came to dinner. No occasion was too large or too small. It was the sign of a lonely man staring at the empty horizon of eventual retirement. Already everybody knew it was Kyle Walker who supplied the ideas and sparked the initiative.

Jameson spoke his name softly and Sam's shoulders squared as if jerked by invisible wires. His automatic smile was almost fast enough to conceal the weariness.

"Jimmy, you old coyote!" he said. "Sit down and have a drink. I didn't know you were interested in do-gooder spectaculars. A group of real pretty ladies put out about ten thousand dollars on a charity ball tonight that grossed about ten thousand and seventy-five — and that's better than average for these affairs."

"Why aren't you home in bed?" Jameson asked.

"I'm celebrating. This afternoon the Boosters gave me a luncheon and presented me with a plaque. Tonight I was sponsor for the lovely ladies, and any day now the Press is going to send someone over to take notes for my obituary. Have a drink on the house. Let 'em gross ten thousand and seventy-four dollars."

"Thanks," Jameson said, "but I can't. I'm on duty."

That was when all of the fun went out of the evening. Sam Stevens' body was aging, but there was nothing wrong with his mind. He took a good look at Jimmy Jameson's grave face and asked what troubled him.

"Sam," Jimmy asked, "how much did you know about Kyle Walker when you hired him five years ago?"

"I hired him because he sounded like a damn good man and I needed a damn good man!" he said. "And that's exactly what I got!"

"You think a lot of Kyle Walker, dont you?" Jameson asked.

"Yes, I do. I never had a son.

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Jimmy. Well, I don't mind admitting that Kyle and his wife — yes, and that little boy of theirs — are like family to me. I mean it. Why, do you know they're up at my place in the mountains right now havin' themselves a real vacation before Kyle starts the new job!"

"Mike is up at the cabin, Sam," Jameson said quietly. "He's still up there with your houseman. Dee is at Dr. Bryson's apartment — at my request. She came back several hours ago looking for Kyle. He never showed up. I thought you might have seen him or heard from him."

Jameson told Sam that Kyle was missing. Kyle was gone. Jameson told him about the visit Kyle had made to his office early in the day. He explained about the beige Chrysler and the man from Prescott who didn't exist, about the Apache Inn where he had found a folded newspaper and the pair of binoculars in the opposite room. Finally he told him about a killer named Rick Drasco.

"A few minutes ago Mrs. Walker telephoned the cabin and was given a message from Kyle's secretary. She said he had gone to Casa Grande on business — but Kyle didn't go to Casa Grande," Jameson said. "He was in room 227 of the Apache Inn."

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"How do you know that? Because of those binoculars? Anyone could have taken his binoculars and used them."

"Sam, stop kidding yourself! I know you like Kyle. So do I—that's why I want to find him. Don't you see, Kyle knew who the man in that Chrysler really was. He recognised Drasco."

But they were no longer alone. Detective Geary was walking toward them with a uniformed State policeman at his side.

"Ah, the storm troopers are here," Sam said.

Geary touched the brim of his hat. "Captain Jameson," he said, "excuse me for bothering you but I thought you might like to talk to Deputy Anderson. He saw Donaldson a couple of hours ago—just before we put out a bulletin."

It was the wrong time for an interruption. Jameson wanted to keep bearing down on Sam Stevens, but Anderson's story was important and he had to listen. Sam listened, too. He heard about the man in the beige Chrysler who had driven his daughter out to Pandora's Box for dinner and then had to leave because she broke up at the sight of an airman in uniform.

"It had to be the girl from the Apache Inn," Geary remarked. "Veronica Moore. We've checked her out. She's never been married — to an airman or anybody else. And she's still missing."

JAMESON felt sick. Obviously, Donaldson hadn't taken the girl back to the motel. Obviously, he wasn't going to take her back.

"Is it a kidnap job, do you think?" Geary asked. "The girl's father is an army officer. He's buying a home in the sixty-thousand class—"

"Have you talked to him?" Jameson demanded.

"No, not yet. I was leaving that to you. The mother is on the coast. We haven't notified her, either. I talked to her brothers, but I didn't tell them why we were so concerned. They're just kids."

"All right," Jameson said. "I'll take over. But I don't like it. It doesn't fit Drasco's pattern."

Geary and Anderson left. It was going to be a rougher night than Jameson had expected. He looked at Sam to see how he had reacted and found him slumped as if needing support.

"Are you all right, Sam?" Jameson asked.

Sam tried to smile. "I guess I've had too many celebrations in one day," he said.

"I'll take you home."

"No—no! I can make it. But, Jimmy, about this trouble. Have you talked to Van?"

"Dr. Bryson? Yes, a little. Why?"

"He doesn't like me," Sam said.

"Don't be silly. Everybody likes you."

"The hell they do! I haven't made and lost and then remade a fortune by being the kind of fellow everybody likes! I'm tough. Dr. Bryson thinks I'm an exploiter —an empire builder. But we need empire builders, Jimmy. People need heroes. My father — you remember my father. He was a hero. Ruthless and a slave driver, but he never drove anybody harder than himself. I've tried to be like that. Kyle Walker is of the same stock. If you have to dig up dirt, get after Bryson."

"If you don't like Bryson, why do you have him as a partner?" Jameson asked.

"Because he's smart, damn it! He's got a mind like a computer—and he knows his geology as well as physics. But he's a cynic, Jimmy. To him this whole project—all of our projects—are just toys. Imagine! With a mind like his he could make a fortune, but he prefers to waste his time in a classroom!"

"The world needs heroes," Jameson said.

Sam Stevens glared at him, and then he laughed. There was no humor in the laugh because it wasn't a night for humor, but there was enough sparkle in it to get him away from the bar and on his way to the street again. Jameson went with him as far as the front door. When the attendant brought Sam's big bronze air - conditioned Cadillac around the old man was ready to drive. He had picked up his white Stetson from the hat-check girl, perched it on his head at a rakish angle, and walked as straight as a soldier on dress parade. Jameson didn't dare suggest again that he take him home. Times did change, he reflected, as Sam drove away. They didn't come like Sam Stevens any more.

. . . .

Sam Stevens had never employed a chauffeur. Before he made his first fortune wildcatting (that was after he had lost the ranch inherited from his father in a poker game) he rode his own horse; and from the day he bought his first Cadillac he did the driving himself. The current model was his eighteenth. He knew every street and every turn in every road since the days when most of them had been wagon trails. The first thing he did after regaining his financial standing was to buy back the ranch that had been his childhood home. The old buildings were gone, but the "new" house, which was, Sam recalled with one of those sharp pangs of memory that momentarily freeze time, now more than thirty years old, stood on the same crest of the same hill where the original cabin had stood.

That was where Sam built in the spring of 1929, just eighteen months after the first gusher came in. Yes, it was Sarah's money that had bought him a partnership in the company where he worked when they met, but neither of them was either ashamed or afraid of that. Some people belonged together.

And so, when the money rolled in, he bought back the ranch and built the house on the hill. It was Sarah's elegant house with a wide, sweeping drive that wound its way through a fortune in transplanted verdure up to that porch where she used to wait, rocking serenely in her high-backed mahogany rocker, for the sound of his horn at the gate. Sam had long since ceased to sound his horn at the entrance and the gate was no longer closed, but he never made the turn into the driveway without remembering.

A KILLER IN THE STREET

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The money had continued to roll in all through the years the rest of the world called "depression." The oil flowed, the deals were made, and there were those who said Sam Stevens drove himself harder and took more risks than any other man in the West, and there were those who said he wanted to live down the gossip that he made his fortune on a woman's stake. Like any man worthy of the gift of life, he had enemies — and thrived on them.

But when Sarah died after three terrible years of devastating pain something of Sam died with her. There were those who said his mind was gone for a time after Sarah's death. There were those who always had to say something because they never knew anything. Some of it, by virtue of the law of averages, was true.

After a year Sam got started again. The building boom was on, and Sam's name on a project was still as good as gold. Time slowed him some, but he made up for that by working longer hours and attending more dinners and benefits, and none of the talking people asked why because even the most wretchd of them understood how lonely it must be to drive up that winding lane each night.

The rocker wasn't kept on the porch any more. It had been stored away in the garage for nearly seven years.

Sam only thought of that as he braked the Cadillac to a stop in the driveway because he was afraid and needed to reach out and touch something for strength.

It seemed that he had left the garage doors open. But they were closed. No matter. He was too tired to put the car away. He cut the motor and switched off the lights. Tonight the car would stand in the drive. He got out and walked to the front door. He had to unlock it with his key —Julia, the housekeeper, always went home on the bus when he dined out. She left the light on in the hall and the kitchen — where she always left a glass of milk dumped into the sink—and his bedroom upstairs.

Sam let himself in and closed the door behind him. He felt unbearably weary and deeply disturbed. He never reached the stairs. Tonight an extra light was showing; it spilled out from his study. Nobody ever invaded Sam Stevens' study. He stopped at the doorway and looked inside the room. The first thing he noticed was a brandy decanter and two glasses placed on the small table beside his own favorite chair. While he watched a man seated casually in the chair leaned forward and carefully poured brandy into both of the glasses. Then the man stood up and faced the doorway. He was middle-aged, well built, and wore a dark blue suit and tie and dark glasses. He didn't smile but he did hold out the brandy glass in invitation.

"Mr. Stevens?" he said. "My name is Donaldson. In this time I think you know why I am here."

Sam walked slowly into the room. Donaldson poured the glass of brandy into his hand and took the other for himself. He raised it in the gesture of a toast and drank quickly. Sam ignored his glass.

"Where's Kyle?" he demanded.

"I don't know," Donaldson answered, "and I don't like not knowing. What went wrong? How did Walker know I was looking for him?"

Sam hadn't taken his eyes

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Mrs. H. WIFE



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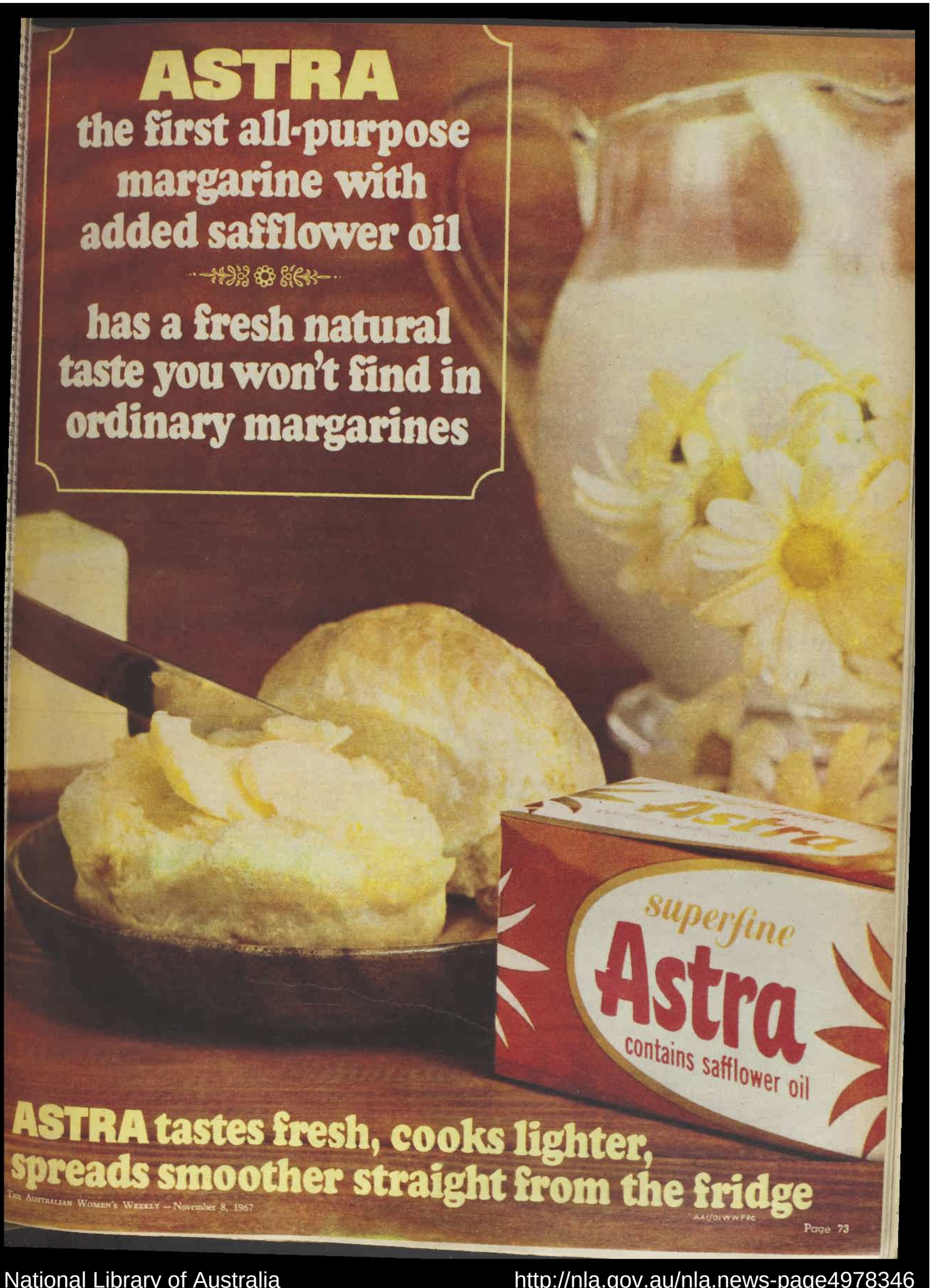
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FROM Johnson

A KILLER IN THE STREET

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from Donaldson's face, and his eyes were remembering.

"Now I know where I saw you before! This afternoon at the Country Club bar! You told the bartender you were my guest."

"And so I am, Mr. Stevens. More so than I expected. What did you tell Walker?"

"I don't know what you mean. What could I tell him?"

Sam's hand was shaking. He was going to spill the brandy, and so Donaldson took it from him and placed it back on the small table. His movements were slow and deliberate. He was trying to get something straight in his mind. Finally he shook his head.

"No, I don't believe it," he said. "You're not old enough to be senile. You know who set you up again six years ago after your wife's death knocked you flat. You know where the money came from. You know why the name Sam Stevens was so important. Don't play games with me, old man. I've had a rough night, and I don't like to play games. Think back, now. Who told you to hire Kyle Walker five years ago?"

SAM wasn't senile, and it was too late for games. But he was trying not to face what he had known he must face from the minute Jameson nailed him at the hotel bar and began to talk about a five-year-old murder in New York.

"I never asked questions when I was told to hire Kyle," he protested. "I didn't know he was mixed up in murder!"

"He wasn't," Donaldson said. "I was. Walker is the innocent bystander who saw too much."

"Then why didn't you kill him, too?"

"I was too hot — so was Berendo. But Walker was so scared he applied for passports for himself and his wife, and there you were in Washington trying to hire Van Bryson, who was Walker's buddy in Korea."

Sam was beginning to understand. "I got authority to double Bryson's Washington salary. Was that a part of the deal, too?"

"I don't know anything about the finances," Donaldson said. "That's not my department. I can tell you that Walker was identified within four hours after he saw me strangle Bernie Chapman. Within eight hours his employment records had been examined and we knew he had served overseas with Bryson and was in business with him for two years after they left the Service. You hired Bryson and came back here, but your secretary stayed on to help him terminate. When she was through working on him, Bryson thought taking Kyle into the organisation with him was his own idea."

"Charlene?" Sam echoed. "Are you trying to tell me that Charlene Evans is mixed up in this?"

"I don't know the secretary's name. That's not my department, either. Walker was hired and put on ice where we knew where to find him if he ever got talkative — but it was Berendo who talked. He'll be taken care of, and his testimony is worthless without a corroborating witness. I guess that explains why I'm here."

"But Kyle wouldn't testify!" Sam protested. "If he didn't talk five years ago—"

"He could change his mind. As soon as the story of Berendo's confession breaks nationally, Kyle Walker will get nervous. He could even get noble and conscientious— now that he's an image. I don't take chances, Mr. Stevens. You never know when a man's going to turn hero."

"But he won't!" Sam said. "He's got too much at stake. His family—"

"That's what I'm thinking of — his family," Donaldson said. "The way I'm going to handle this, his family will never know what a lousy citizen he was. He's got a nice house — insurance and money in the bank. They'll be comfortable the rest of their lives. And so will you, Mr. Stevens. There won't be any coverage of the story behind the story of why Kyle Walker became such a sudden success."

Sam reached up and removed his Stetson. He let it slip loosely from his fingers to the floor. His hand was shaking again. He reached down and picked up the brandy and drank it quickly.

Donaldson nodded approval. "That's right, Mr. Stevens. That's the sensible way to do business. We can't any of us afford publicity, can we?"

"I never bargained for this," Sam said. "Not murder. Do you think I had any idea what I was getting into when that New York lawyer approached me six years ago?"

"Of course you had an idea," Donaldson said. "You had an idea there was money to be made — lots of money in a little time. And you wanted to land on your feet, didn't you? You wanted to be the biggest wheel around."

"I wanted something to do! To be active!"

"And that's what you are, Mr. Stevens. But not tonight. Tonight you're going to be completely immobilised. I don't know where Walker is. I don't know what he knows. But there's a good chance he may try to get in touch with you. If he does, you're to tell him whatever you have to tell him to keep him away from this house tonight. I'll be here and I'm not ready for him yet."

"He won't call me," Sam insisted. "If Kyle intended to tell me anything he would have done it this afternoon when he must have seen you at the bar. What were you doing, playing cat and mouse?"

"I had some time to kill," he said, "due to a technical difficulty. By accident I learned that Walker sent his wife and son out of the city. I wanted to make sure he was still around. That's why I went to the Booster Club luncheon. Telling the bartender I was your guest was just my little joke."

"Then you left when Kyle left."

"That's right. I don't think he saw me. If he did, I didn't think he would recognise me with these dark glasses. I followed him back to the city and lost him when he got into trouble with a traffic cop."

"Why didn't you kill him?"

"I told you, I'm not ready. I pick the time, the place, and the method. Now the schedule is messed up and I'm not sure why, but I'll find out. I'll just cool it overnight and tomorrow I'll find out. And you may be right. Walker probably won't come here. He's got that nice fat career of his to worry about. He can't yell for help. So you have no troubles, Mr. Stevens. No troubles at all. All I'll ask from you is a bed for the night."

"There's a room behind the kitchen. It hasn't been used for years. The housekeeper sleeps at home."

"I don't like that room," Donaldson said. "I had time to look through the house before you arrived. The beds

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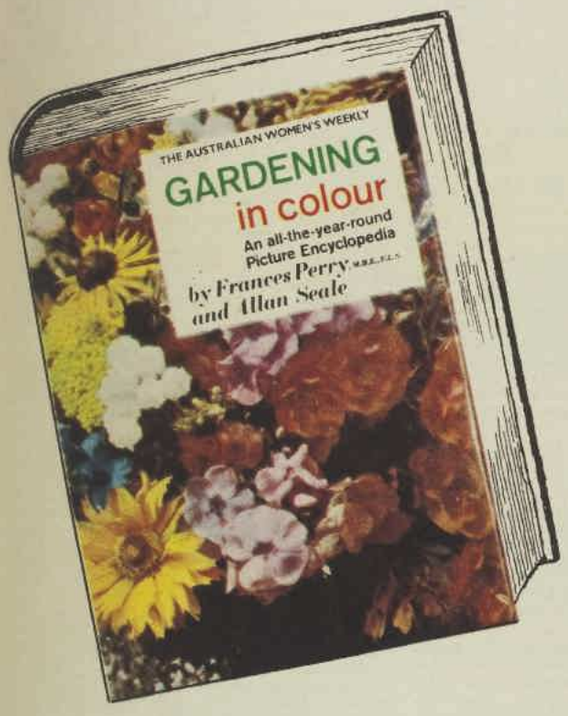
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A KILLER IN THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

upstairs are softer. But there's something more important. My car is hot. I can't use it in this city again. I parked it in your garage next to a white pickup that seems in fine condition. I'll be driving that when I leave tomorrow. When I've finished the job I came to do I'll dump it and you can make a stolen-car report to the police."

"And you?"

"I'll get back to my contact in Phoenix and disappear. Don't worry, Mr. Stevens. The organisation won't let anything happen to hurt your image. You're too important to us. Now, what do you say we both get some sleep."

Sam's face was white with fury. He didn't trust himself to speak. Donaldson — Drasco — whatever he called himself, was so confident. And he was animal. Expensively dressed and immaculately groomed, but all animal. And in an animal instinct is strong. He knew exactly what Sam Stevens was thinking. He walked to the hall doorway and then paused and looked back into the study.

"Before I came out here," he said, "I was told that Sam Stevens was a legend, and that his father was a legend before him. That's funny. My father was a fisherman and he died with the DTs in a charity ward, and here I am giving you orders and sleeping in your bed."

"I'm surprised that a man like you knows who his father was," Sam said.

He expected it then. The fist, the knee, the pistol whipping — whatever it was that men like Rick Drasco did to people who talked back. Nothing happened. The eyes behind the dark glasses stared blankly for a few moments and then Donaldson walked quietly up the stairs. It was worse that way. Contempt was worse than violence.

And then Sam remembered what Donaldson hadn't explained. He listened. The house was quiet now. He walked through the hall and into the kitchen. The kitchen light was still on and Julia had left a glass of milk on the table with a note propped against it telling him that Mrs. Walker had called. Sam glanced at the note and continued on to the garage. There was a direct entrance from the service porch. He opened the door and switched on the lights. The beige Chrysler was parked where the Cadillac belonged, and the bonnet was still warm. He looked inside. The car was empty — front seat and rear seat. He had to look further.

Sam walked around to the pickup and peered into the cabin. It was empty, too. Then he went to the rear of the truck and pulled back one corner of a tarpaulin that was rolled up in a bundle near the tailgate, and that was where he found Veronica Moore's body.

"All right, you've seen her," Donaldson said. "Now put back the tarp and forget it! It was an accident. Forget it! I'll dump her where she'll never be found."

"An accident?" Sam echoed. "How much does the organisation pay you for accidents? How much help will they give you if I go in the house and call the police and tell them I've got the killer of that girl who's missing from the Apache Inn?"

"I told you," Donaldson said tightly, "to forget it. If you talk, I talk. If I'm destroyed, you're destroyed."

But the rage Sam was fighting back was too much. No power in the universe could have stopped him from calling Donaldson by his rightful name. He was still speaking when he saw the back of the killer's hand coming toward his face, and he tasted the blood as it spurted from his lips. The follow-up blow was hard and low. Sam's legs buckled and he sagged to the ground.

It was much later when Sam regained consciousness. He tried to shift his position to relieve the pain and realised that he was no longer in the garage. He was more or less stuffed in the old leather chair in the study. The lights were still on, but he was alone. He looked across the room. The telephone was on the library table. He concentrated on the telephone and, gathering all of his strength, pushed his palms back against the arms of the chair and forced himself to his feet. He swayed but remained upright. He stumbled and fell forward, and his hands gripped the edge of the heavy table and gave him leverage to pull himself up again. He leaned toward the telephone and then saw that the wires had been cut. Donaldson was still having his little joke.

. . . .

It was chilly in those last hours before the sun rose. Kyle awakened shivering, cramped, and temporarily out of focus with his surroundings. He stretched out the arm that had supported his head most of the night and looked at his watch. It was almost six. By that time he was fully aware of his situation and knew he couldn't risk staying on the lot much longer. A used-car lot was no place to hide in daylight. He got out of the wagon and wiped the moisture from the windscreen, and then got back inside and drove through a series of side streets until he was in the outskirts of the city. The business card of D. D. Madsen read: ". . . Hours 9 to 5." Until the shop opened he had to keep clear of the main streets and highways. After all, he was supposed to be in Casa Grande.

He parked on a quiet street and gave more thought to his plan of action. He didn't know where or when Donaldson planned to strike, but logic told him it would be as soon as possible after he picked up his glasses from Madsen's shop. The appearance of Dee, Van, and Jameson at the Apache Inn had prompted immediate flight. It would be comforting to think Donaldson had abandoned his project, but Kyle wasn't a wishful thinker.

And so he would take the initiative Donaldson had lost. He would pick the time and the place, and nobody would corroborate Jake Berendo's confession of complicity in the Bernie Chapman murder. The trial that was intended to air so much dirty linen would die for lack of evidence, and Donaldson's death would be attributed to simple gangland insurance against another information leak. Moreover, there would be no reason for gangland retaliation. Crime was a business, and businessmen know there is a cutoff date for everything. Nothing could be gained by retaliation. Vendettas were carried out to maintain discipline within a group, and Kyle was merely a silent witness who — with Donaldson dead—would have nothing to talk about. Having the pressure eased in New York would be more important to Donaldson's organisation than creating a new pressure area out of revenge.

There were details to be worked out, but more would be improvised than detailed. For that he needed to keep at the top of his wits and his strength. He scanned the rear-view mirror and saw a dishevelled, unshaven man who would attract attention anywhere. In spite of the notorious unreliability of eye-witnesses, he wanted to look as ordinary as possible. He needed a shave and breakfast. The shave was easily obtained with a transistor shaver he kept in the glove compartment of the car. Breakfast meant driving back into the city, but now he would be coming from the general direction of Casa Grande, still avoiding patrolled streets, and with a definite plan of action.

THE first objective was to pinpoint the optometrist where, sooner or later, Donaldson had to put in an appearance. He was lucky. It was located in one of the newer commercial buildings on East Broadway with a good visual approach and a large parking area. Located diagonally to the building was a drive-in cafe that catered to the early breakfast trade. Kyle parked the station wagon in an alleyway adjacent to the shop and walked to the cafe. He took a booth at a window that afforded a clear view of Madsen's front door and ordered coffee . . .

At about the same time Kyle was stretching himself awake in the front seat of the station wagon, a small charter plane emerged from the pale eastern sky and de-escalated to a gentle landing at the Tucson airport. From the passenger section stepped two men wearing almost identical brown worsted suits and tan gabardine topcoats. The shorter of the two also wore a narrow-brimmed felt hat and carried a featherweight portable typewriter. The taller, a rangy redhead, was hatless and carried a brown leather attache case. They walked quickly to the terminal building where Jimmy Jameson waited.

The man who carried the typewriter stretched out his right hand. "Captain Jameson," he said, "my name is Clifford. Your office put in a call to my paper in New York concerning a story I wrote on the Jake Berendo indictment.

"This," Clifford added, turning to his companion, "is Mr. Baird of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He's here for the same reason I am — to learn more about the man you think is Rick Drasco."

Jameson shook hands with Baird and then led the way to the official sedan that was waiting in front of the building.

When the small party reached Jameson's office, Dee Walker and Van Bryson were waiting. With the exception of the State trooper's report on the man who had registered at the Apache Inn as R. R. Donaldson, and the fact that no trace of either the beige Chrysler or its occupants had been located at any hotel or motel in the area, there was little change in the situation from the time Van first brought Dee to the police. Nor was there any trace of Kyle. Charlene Evans had been interviewed. She was loyal. She stuck by her story with such vehemence Detective Geary was inclined to think she believed it herself.

"I can understand how Kyle could avoid us if he doesn't want to be found," Jameson said. "He knows the

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Tom insisted it was time Anne spent her savings on herself

A LETTER FROM ALFIE

By DIXIE LASLETT



AT breakfast, Tom, his eye on the clock, wolfed his bacon and eggs, inhaled his cup of coffee. "If I weren't in such a rush, I'd ask what you're up to. I can always tell when my wife has something on her mind."

Anne reached behind her and scooped the huge piggy-bank from its perch on the hutch. "This," she crowed. "It's full."

"Don't tell me you've finally saved enough for those fireside chairs you've been yearning for."

"I'm sure there's enough," Anne said, spilling coins out on the table. "When it's changed into notes, I'm dashing off to Taylor's. They've the last pair in the window."

"It's not such a good idea to have an enormous piggy-bank," Tom grumbled as he struggled into his jacket. "Everybody knows it holds nearly $90. That's why you never get what you want. You'd better march right downtown this morning before your family has a chance to borrow it."

"That's not fair," shouted Anne. "You know there wasn't anything else I could do when Aunt Lib needed help."

"I'm not talking about your Aunt Lib. What about your brother Alfie? How many times has he needed your piggy-bank loot? After all the scrimping and saving you do, has he ever attempted to pay it back?"

Anne's cheeks were pink, and she blinked back a tear. "Leave my brother Alfie out of this," she snapped. "He's had some tough breaks . . . nothing seems to turn out right for him, but I was glad to help him out, so there!"

Tom chuckled. "You sound like a little girl when you're angry. Forget it. I was teasing. I know you think the sun rises and shines on your kid brother."

Her brief flash of anger already forgotten, Anne was starry-eyed as she stacked huge piles of half dollars. Watching her, Tom felt conscience-stricken. She had the most trusting, generous nature. He wished he could be more like her.

"I'll leave you with your gold, Midas," he murmured tenderly. Bolting out the door, he almost knocked over the postman in his haste.

"Take this and save me a few steps," Mr. Bryan said.

The top envelope was from Alfie. Feeling guiltier by the minute, Tom shoved the mail hastily into his jacket pocket. All the way downstairs he worried about whether he'd done the right thing. He'd never before kept Anne's mail from her. Surely, he reasoned, just this once it wouldn't hurt to delay it a day.

Anne would have her chairs, and it would be too late to help Alfie once more.

It wasn't fair for Anne to always do without what she wanted. She'd been longing to do something about their shabby living-room. With three active youngsters, their chairs had seen rugged use.

Once at the office, he pushed Alfie's letter resolutely from his mind. He'd give it to Anne tonight. She'd think he'd absentmindedly put it in his pocket. She'd surely have the chairs by then.

But she didn't. "They were sold," she wailed. "Just before I got there. My beautiful chairs . . . gone."

Tom's heart sank. He couldn't hold out Alfie's letter for ever. Suppose there was some really urgent news?

"There's another pair," continued Anne, "but they're much too expensive. By the time we could spare the extra money, they'll probably be gone, too."

"How about . . ." began Tom, but Anne interrupted. "No charge accounts. I promised you I'd never open another — not after what we went through our first year. Not until our income improves, anyway."

"Take what we've been saving toward my new suit," he said determinedly. "I want you to get those chairs."

"I'll do no such thing," Anne flared. "You can't go to your office looking so seedy. Besides, the kids need new shoes for school. Let's face it, we'll just have to wait."

All night he tossed and turned, caught in a turmoil of doubt and indecision. By morning he'd made up his mind. He must borrow Anne's savings before she saw Alfie's letter.

Watching her busy hands preparing breakfast, while she hummed happily, he hated breaking the spell. Even if there were no letter from Alfie, it wasn't safe having that money around. Not with Anne's big heart.

"As long as you're not buying those chairs, how about letting me borrow the money for a while?" Her startled gaze made him squirm, but he went on, "I wouldn't ask, but it's to help someone pretty special."

"Why, darling, I'd no idea you needed it. Why didn't you say so?" There she was, ready to part with her little hoard without a question.

"I'll return it soon."

She grinned. "I can tell you don't want to say who 'someone special' is, so I won't ask."

Unaccustomed to subterfuge, Tom's face flushed as he mumbled: "Tell you later."

"Lucky it's changed into notes. You'd sound like Santa, with your pockets jingling."

Too touched to speak, he knew what he must do. He'd stall until Mr. Bryan arrived with this morning's mail. He'd give her Alfie's letter and leave before she had time to read it. He'd tell their receptionist not to put through any personal calls this morning.

Everything didn't go quite as he'd planned. The receptionist greeted him anxiously. "Your wife phoned. Sounded awfully excited. Please call her."

I knew it. Same old story. Well, I won't call her, he thought. Not yet.

Instead of lunching with the boys, he gulped a milk-shake and headed for Taylor's. He'd buy those confounded chairs and think of some explanations later.

"Sold this morning," the salesman announced breezily. "Never saw anything move so fast."

That was that. Nothing was working out. He might as well call Anne. Getting no answer, he gave up, almost in relief. He hoped she at least hadn't suspected him of holding up the letter.

"Why didn't you call me back?" There was a lilt in her voice he hadn't heard for a long time. Without waiting for his explanation, she rushed on, her words rustling like dried leaves in a faint breeze. "I've so much to tell you. Come see."

The old, creaking chairs were gone. So was the sofa. The room looked as if they'd just moved in.

"As long as we're getting new chairs, it was a good time to get rid of that eyesore, too," Anne explained.

"You mean you bought those chairs this morning? How . . ."

"Relax. They're paid for. The sofa, too. They'll be delivered tomorrow." Her blue eyes were radiant, the smile she gave him mischievous.

"Tell me more."

"My brother Alfie is doing so well, he's paid us everything he borrowed, plus interest," she boasted. "That's what I wanted to tell you this morning."

Tom didn't know what to say. If only he had more faith in people, as Anne did, he wouldn't always expect the worst. But he couldn't resist asking with an impish grin: "You sure his cheque won't bounce?"

"I'll ignore that," she snapped. "But, just to set your mind at rest, it was a postal money order. Now, if you'll be quiet, I'll read you the letter from Alfie."

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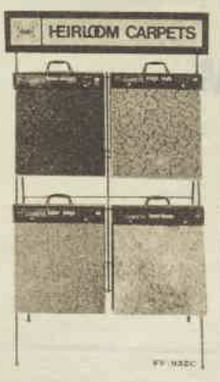


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A KILLER IN THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

area. But Donaldson is a stranger in the city. Unless he has a local contact he should be easy to find. How do you hide an eight-cylinder sedan?"

"In a garage," Baird suggested.

"We've already checked all the commercial garages. Nothing. What did you bring in your briefcase, Mr. Baird?"

Baird set the case on Jameson's desk and unlocked it. It contained the portfolio filled with information on both Berendo and Drasco. There were photographs of Drasco—all candid and unposed.

"He's a clever operator," Baird admitted. "He has no police record, no mug shots, and no registered fingerprints. We know what he is, what he does, and his usual method of procedure; but we have no legal charge against him."

"If he's holding Veronica Moore against her wishes, you have a charge now," Jameson said. "She hasn't returned to the motel. I've talked to her father by telephone. She hasn't been in touch with him at the base. I located her mother in Los Angeles. The girl hasn't been in touch with her, either. Mrs. Moore, incidentally, is coming in by the next plane. You'll have to meet it, Geary. I don't want this thing to get sticky in a news way." Jameson turned to Clifford. "That," he added pointedly, "includes you, Mr. Clifford. I didn't particularly want you to come here, either."

"Thanks," Clifford said. "I always get that kind of welcome. Now, can anybody positively identify Rick Drasco as the man in the missing sedan?"

"The room clerk at the Apache Inn should be able to do it," Jameson suggested, and then Dee, who had left her chair and edged forward to peer anxiously at the array of photos fanned out on the desk, gave a startled cry.

"That's the man who was looking for a house number yesterday when I started to pull out of the driveway to go to the ranch. I backed into him. I mean, our bumpers hit."

"You didn't tell me anything about that!" Jameson said sharply.

"I didn't think of it. I should have. The dark glasses—oh, yes. Put dark glasses on the man in these pictures and it's the same man. Drasco. He said he was looking for a house number, but it was *our house* number, wasn't it?"

"Did you actually converse with this man, Mrs. Walker?" Baird asked.

"Yes. I apologised for hitting his car, and he told me he was looking for a house number. And then Mike told him we were going up to Uncle Sam's cabin. Jimmy, I swear it was this same man!"

"Uncle Sam's cabin?" Baird echoed.

"Sam Stevens — Kyle Walker's employer. Partner, actually," Jameson explained. "Sam has a house up in the mountains—calls it his cabin. Walker sent his wife and four-year-old son up there yesterday morning shortly after recognising a nonexistent war buddy driving the Chrysler everybody's trying to find. I've had a hunch for several hours that it was Drasco he recognised, but he didn't want me to know that. He's been running ever since."

Dee was too frightened to speak. She listened to Jameson go over the whole ground they had been over and over before, and when Baird asked questions she merely nodded or shook her head.

BAIRD scanned his file and frowned. "Drasco usually works with an accomplice, but not always," he said. "With or without an accomplice, he always directs the job himself. Two things are out of line in this situation. The first is the girl. Drasco doesn't mix business with pleasure.

"The second thing out of line is the dark glasses. Drasco wears steel-rimmed bifocals. I can even give you the prescription for the lenses. He's been spotted in Miami, pre-Castro Havana, Puerto Rico, and Southern California, but he's never been spotted wearing dark glasses."

And then Jameson slammed one fist down on the top of his desk and shook his head in disbelief at his own stupidity. "Ignorant!" he said. "How ignorant can a man get? Geary, you're a college man. Tell me, why does a man wear dark glasses day and night, indoors and out?"

"Because he can't see without them," Geary said.

Jameson sighed and dug a slip of yellow paper from his shirt pocket. It was the page he had torn from the classified telephone directory in Donaldson's room at the Apache Inn. He placed it on the desk beside the photos.

"Mr. Baird," he said, "what would happen if Drasco broke his glasses?"

"He would be immobilised until he got new ones. But where did you get this?"

"In the room at the Apache Inn occupied by R. R. Donaldson."

"'Optometrists,'" Baird read aloud. "Captain, have you checked out these shops?"

"We're practically on our way," Jameson said. "Geary —"

"I'm going, too," Clifford said.

"You may get your head shot off," Jameson warned.

Clifford shrugged. "So who lives for ever? Coming, Baird?"

Baird looked at his wristwatch. "It's an hour before the morning flight to Mexico," he said. "I should have time —"

"Mexico City?" Jameson interrupted. "Are you leaving us?"

Baird smiled. "You sound hopeful, Captain. No I have a tip that Walker will be on that flight ticketed as C. Evanson."

"C. Evanson? That's Charlene Evans!" Geary exclaimed. "I knew she was covering for Walker! I'll get her back here —"

"No, don't do that!" Baird ordered. "You'll wreck the whole setup. I'll be at the airport to learn who C. Evanson really is. Let's check out those optometrists."

The two men from New York followed Geary out of the office and Jameson relaxed. There should be time to locate the right shop before it opened for business, and then it would be just a matter of waiting until Drasco put in an appearance. Wearily, he sat down in the chair under the calendar. Wearily, he smiled at Dee Walker.

"It's going to be all right, Dee," he said. "I don't know why Kyle thought he had to play a lone hand with this. I can guess, but I don't know. But I do know that he was wrong. We'll pick up Drasco's trail when he goes to the optometrist."

Dee looked at Van. He nodded his reassurance. It was all so clear now. They had nothing to do but wait. Dee wanted to accept that but she just couldn't return those weary smiles. Something was wrong. She wanted to tell them, but they wouldn't understand. Men wanted logical reasons for everything, and for some things there was no logic. There was only a kind of knowing.

. . . .

At two minutes before nine o'clock a white pickup truck pulled into the parking area

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PP88A

A KILLER IN THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

in front of Madsen's shop and stopped. Kyle, subconsciously aware that the pickup resembled one owned by Sam Stevens, lowered his fifth cup of coffee and watched Donaldson, who still wore the dark glasses and carried what appeared to be a salesman's sample case, alight from the truck and walk to the door of the shop. He tried the knob, but the door was locked. He rapped on the glass. Thirty seconds passed before the door opened and Donaldson disappeared from view inside the shop, and in that time Kyle put down his cup and took out his wallet and left money on the table.

He stepped out into the bright sunlight of a street. It was a beautiful day. That was an odd thought to take with him as he hurried to the alleyway where he had left the station wagon, but it was an odd thing he was about to do. Kyle Walker, a civilised man, was going to commit a murder in broad daylight because it was the only way he knew to save his own life and that of his family.

He was surprised at his coolness. He had no fear of eyewitnesses — what people saw was almost entirely subjective. Besides, the alleyway offered a shelter, and since the building was new and only partially rented, there weren't many people who might be eyewitnesses. Finally, volunteering criminal evidence had gone out of fashion a generation ago. He removed the gun from his pocket and waited.

When Donaldson stepped out of the optometrist's shop he no longer wore dark glasses. He wore the same type steel-rimmed glasses he had worn on the night he strangled Bernie Chapman, and he still carried the sample case. He walked briskly to the pickup and reached for the handle of the door.

At that moment Kyle came out of the alleyway and raised his gun. It was his intention to give Donaldson as much warning as Donaldson would have given him, but there were two exterior rear-view mirrors on the pickup, and Donaldson had one of them directly in front of his face as he opened the door. He whirled about holding the sample case before him. Kyle's first bullet shattered the glass in the half-open door. His second smashed into the cab above Donaldson's head as he made a successful dive for the front seat.

An instant later, before Kyle could locate the target for his third shot, the pickup roared into motion and veered crazily into the street.

Kyle spun about in time to see Madsen's chalk-white face staring at him from the doorway of the shop. He had missed his one chance and there was no way to pursue Donaldson now. He ducked back into the alleyway and raced for the station wagon.

The white pickup ran the first signal light, narrowly missing a laundry truck and two pedestrians. Before reaching the next intersection it swung off on to a side street and slackened speed. Rick Drasco took stock of the situation. The left window was shattered and the mirror that had saved his life was demolished. Otherwise the truck was undamaged. He continued to drive more slowly and merged with the downtown traffic at the next signal.

His palms were wet with sweat, and he could taste salt on his lips. His glands were reacting to the excitement of the hunt and to the anger — the wild racing anger that was welling up inside like a volcano. Somebody was going to get hurt when it erupted. Rick Drasco always moved in his own way and at his own time. It wasn't so much that Walker was fighting back that infuriated him; it was that he had the audacity to strike first.

Drasco reached the highway and drove slowly through the centre of the city. At the outskirts, he parked beside a roadside telephone booth. The notebook in his coat pocket contained all of the telephone numbers pertinent to the contract. He found the one he wanted and put in a long-distance call — to Sam's cabin in the mountains.

A soft, cautious male voice answered.

"I want to speak to Mrs. Kyle Walker," Drasco said.

"Mrs. Walker isn't here," Ramon replied. "She has gone back to the city—last night."

In the background Drasco could hear a childish voice pleading at Ramon's side. "Is that my daddy, Ramon? Is my daddy coming today?"

"Who is that with you?" Drasco demanded.

"That is Mike," Ramon answered. "Mike is the Walkers' son. If you want to leave your name—"

"That won't be necessary," Drasco said. "You just tell Mike that I'm a friend of his Uncle Sam, and Uncle Sam asked me to drive there to the cabin and take Mike to his daddy right away."

Kyle needed help and knew only one place to turn. He couldn't go back to Charley. She had done her noble bit and was very likely under police surveillance because of it. He couldn't turn to Van. Van was brilliant but penniless. That left Sam. Sam was the money man with world-wide contacts. He might at least be able to protect Dee and Mike.

Sam's Cadillac was still in the drive. Kyle parked directly behind it and walked quickly to the front door. He rang the bell several times. There was no answer. Sam was an early riser who usually breakfasted in the kitchen with a radio newscast blaring at full volume. Kyle walked around to the rear and found that door unlocked. He rang again and then walked inside. He was now on the service porch where another door opened into the garage. Passing it by, he stepped into the kitchen. Sam wasn't there and the radio was silent, but there was evidence of a hasty breakfast having been consumed: half a cup of stale coffee, a plate that had held eggs and bacon.

A SECOND cup of coffee — black (the way Sam drank it) — was untouched, and placed beside the cup was a long white envelope with the name "Julia" scrawled across the front in Sam's familiar bold hand. The envelope was unsealed. Kyle opened the flap and found that it contained two one-hundred-dollar bills. He replaced the money inside the envelope and left it on the table.

He walked into the hall and listened. "Sam—?"

There was no answer. He walked to the study door and looked inside. At first glance the room seemed empty, and then Kyle noticed a second long white envelope propped up against a brandy decanter that was standing on a small table beside the leather chair. He walked to the table and picked up the envelope. This one was addressed, also in Sam's hand, to Captain Jimmy Jameson. And then, because he was becoming prepared for what he would find, Kyle looked for Sam and found him seated deep in the leather chair facing the fireplace.

He was dressed in his fanciest boots and the cowhide vest he had worn in the portrait, and the gun that was still clasped tightly in his right hand was a bone-handled range pistol taken from a rare-gun collection kept in a display case across the room. It had been fired once at close range and the shot was true. Sam Stevens had committed suicide.

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A KILLER IN THE STREET

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Kyle was stunned. It was so senseless. Ignoring the name on the envelope, Kyle ripped out the contents and began to read:

Dear Jimmy,

By the time your eyes see this letter I'll be past the stage of being hurt, unless there's some Power that can think up a hotter hell than I started making for myself six years ago. I'm too old to make excuses for myself. I was emotionally unstable after Sarah died, but I should have smelled skunk when it sprayed on me. Or maybe Drasco, the man my "boss" sent out to kill Kyle because of what he saw in New York five years ago, was right. Maybe I wanted to keep on being the biggest wheel in town long after I should have headed for the stable. That isn't important.

What is important is why I hired Kyle in the first place and why, as Van Bryson says, our corporation never made a mistake or took a loss. As long as I'm making this confession I may as well admit that what I told you about Van last night was out of pure fright. I knew what was happening as soon as you asked what I knew about Kyle when I hired him. I didn't know a damned thing, you see. I just had my orders . . .

THERE were several pages — some with dates and amounts of the transfer of money. It was the pathetic story of a man caught in a web from which he couldn't get free short of the means he had finally used. The last few lines told that story:

The girl—Veronica Moore—is dead. I found her body in the back of my truck last night. I thought Drasco would kill me then, but he didn't. Not in his orders, I guess. But they won't use the old man any more. Drasco is taking the truck in the morning. He'll bury her somewhere on the desert. I can only hope you find him before he finds Kyle. I can't telephone because the vermin cut the wires, and I've lost too much blood from the beating he gave me . . . I had that coming, I guess, but that little girl didn't have anything coming but a long, wonderful life.

Get him, Jimmy. Get him and throw the book at him. Whatever you need besides what's in this letter you'll find in my safety deposit box in the bank. Just get them all!

Kyle stopped reading and touched Sam's body. It was still warm. He had waited until Drasco left to fire the shot. That was the only way he could be sure Drasco wouldn't find the letter and destroy it.

And now it was Kyle's, and there was nobody left to protect Dee and Mike. He folded the letter carefully and put it back in the envelope, and then he put the envelope into his inside coat pocket. It just might be enough to buy his freedom.

.

Jimmy Jameson stood with his back to the wall map in his office and tried to follow Detective Geary's story. Clifford was there to back him up. Baird had gone to the airport to check out the Mexico City flight.

"We know the man in the white pickup was Donaldson," Geary said. "The optometrist, Madsen, gave us the story. Donaldson came in yesterday morning and left a pair of glasses with a broken lens. He wanted a rush order on the repair job — said he was in town to represent an air-conditioning firm and couldn't do his work without glasses."

"Madsen," Jameson reflected. "He wasn't the first listing, was he?"

"No, a Joseph Abrams was the first, but it didn't matter. As soon as we got to Abrams and briefed him on the situation he gave us the telephone number of the concern that would have to do the lens grinding on such a job. They traced the order back to Madsen and we got there about three minutes after the shooting."

"Three minutes too late. What about the pickup? Did any of the witnesses get the licence-plate number?"

"No. It was probably stolen, anyway."

"And what about the man who fired at Donaldson? Any identification?"

"Two positives," Geary said. "Madsen and a waitress in the coffee shop across the street gave almost identical descriptions. I sent a man over to Walker's house to pick up his photograph, and both witnesses agreed he was the attacker."

"The attacker?" Dee echoed. "Oh, no!"

"That's about it," Geary said. "Madsen got a look at Mr. Baird's photo collection on the way back here and gave us another positive identification. Mr. Madsen, would you like to do your own talking?"

Ollie Madsen sat on a straight-backed chair flanked by Geary and Clifford. Somebody had given him a cup of hot coffee which he seemed to be using as a hand warmer. He smiled wanly.

"The man who told me he was R. R. Donaldson — I have his business card in one of my pockets. Oh, well. You know about that, anyway. Donaldson is the same man Mr. Baird is looking for — Rick Drasco."

"You will swear to that, Mr. Madsen?"

"Yes."

"Thank you," Jameson said. "Did Mr. Baird tell you that Drasco is a known gangland assassin who has been identified by his accomplice as the killer of a New York City garage attendant five years ago?"

Madsen looked pale.

"You may go now," Jameson added.

"Now?" Madsen echoed.

"Don't worry. Your shop is the last place Drasco will come to now. He got his glasses, didn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"And now," Jameson added, looking at Geary, "he's no longer immobilised."

Geary got the message. "I think we had better locate Walker and worry about Drasco later," he said.

Jameson backed away from the map and leaned against his desk. He stared at a collection of wriggling, bisecting lines, and reflected on Kyle's situation. He knew all of those streets — he had developed many of them. It wasn't going to be easy to find him if he was determined to go on with this loner act.

"All right, let's start with where we know he isn't," Jameson said. "He isn't at his own house, and he isn't at his secretary's apartment."

"When I talked to her last night — or was it early this morning!" Geary mused — "she said that R. R. Donaldson of Baemer Air Conditioning had called at Kyle's office yesterday morning, but Kyle told her he was accepting no calls. That proves Drasco was trying to make contact."

"Then it isn't likely that Kyle will go back to his office today," Jameson declared, "or that Baird will find him at the airport. Even if he was booked on that flight he won't expose himself so soon after the shooting."

"That's what I told Baird," Clifford remarked. "He said I was probably right, but an order is an order."

"That leaves Dr. Bryson's apartment — and we know he hasn't been there."

"And Sam's house," Van suggested.

"Sam's?" Jameson twisted about and peered quizzically at Bryson. "Sam would have called me the minute Kyle stuck his nose in the door," he protested.

"Love is blind," Van reminded, "and Sam loves Kyle the way a father loves an only son."

"All right, we'll try Sam's house."

Jameson did the calling on his own telephone. By this time he was getting used to that anxious look in Dee's eyes. He could face it while he waited for the response that didn't come. He called the operator and asked her to dial Sam's number. Then he put down the telephone.

"They can't get through," he said. "There's something wrong with the connection. Geary, send a car over to Sam's house right away. Any more suggestions, Dr. Bryson?"

"They might have gone to the cabin," Van said.

"That's possible. How long is it since we last called Ramon?"

Van checked his watch. "Nine hours."

"That's long enough. We'll try again."

This time the response was immediate. Ramon's answers were prompt and clear and his information arresting.

Jameson listened and said, "When? When did you get that call? . . . No, of course

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A KILLER IN THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

he wasn't telling the truth! Sam Stevens isn't sending a man to pick up Mike and take him to his father. Ramon, listen to me—"

By this time Jameson was shouting his words, but all that came back to him was a quiet, disconnecting click on the opposite end of the line. He put down the instrument and forced himself to face Dee again.

"A man called the cabin and told Ramon he was being sent up to get Mike."

"Drasco?" Dee whispered.

"You did tell me that he heard Mike say you were going to Uncle Sam's cabin, didn't you?"

Dee rose automatically to her feet. Van was instantly at her side.

"Geary!" Jameson yelled. "Get the radio room busy. This time we're looking for Kyle's station wagon and for a man driving a white pick-up truck that's been shot at. I have to get something from my locker."

Jameson's locker was at the far end of the office next to some filing cases. When he returned from the short, swift journey he was buckling on his sidearm. Dee's anxious eyes missed nothing.

"I'm going up there with you," she said.

"All right," Jameson said, "you can come if Bryson will be responsible for you. Mr. Clifford will have to be responsible for himself."

. . . .

When Kyle left Sam's house he knew only one place to go. A race for the border was out of the question. All highways would be doubly watched since the shooting — particularly those leading to Mexico. But there were narrow roads that wound up into the mountains where he could hide until he got his bearings and decided how to use the weapon Sam left behind. He tried not to think of Sam's death. Grief deadened the senses, and he needed all the instincts for survival that nature provided.

It was a beautiful day. It seemed incongruous that he could be aware of beauty at such a time, but danger made everything sharper and more poignant. The sky was bluer because it might be the last sky he would see. The air was clearer because time was running out. Drasco — thanks to Sam's letter the killer had a name — had known Sam's house was the one safe place where he could spend the night. Now he had gone to bury a girl's body. Afterwards, because he would assume Sam was still alive, he might try the cabin for his headquarters.

Kyle was trying to think the way Drasco might think. From the cabin he could telephone Sam and order him to send Kyle up on some pretext. Ambush was Drasco's style. And he needed other transportation now. The shooting at the white pickup would have been reported to the police. The truck was too hot to drive in the city. Sam kept a jeep at the cabin for Ramon's use.

Drasco could commandeer it — and Ramon — to get him out of the danger area. One thing was positive: whether or not he had guessed Drasco's strategy, there would be a confrontation soon. Any deal he hoped to make by virtue of Sam's letter was predicated on the slim chance of being able to stay alive long enough for open negotiations. There was no blueprint for that operation. It had to be played by ear.

Kyle drove fast. The road was a series of corkscrew turns, but he knew it well. The first order of business was to reach the cabin ahead of Drasco. Now he was grateful that Dee had gone husband hunting at the Apache Inn. She hated night driving. There wasn't a chance she had returned last night. The air was clearing more and more as the station wagon gained altitude, and Kyle was beginning to feel the exhilarment of confidence.

And then, so immediately ahead he was forced to floor the brakes to avoid head-on collision, there was a police car parked on the narrow shoulder with the nose pointed toward him. Kyle tried to spin the wheel and execute a fast U-turn, but the road was too narrow. The car swung out to meet him and forced a halt.

Jameson was at the wheel. Van sat beside him. Both men got out of the sedan and approached the station wagon.

"Kyle, come out of there," Jameson called. "We know you're in trouble. We want to help."

Jameson's voice was strained. Van looked unnaturally sober and the worse for it. Kyle did get out of the wagon, but he held one hand on the gun in his pocket.

"Where's Dee?" he asked.

"Up at the cabin," Jameson said.

"At the cabin? Where's Mike?"

THERE had to be a reason why Dee had come back. This time Kyle hit home.

"He's gone," Jameson answered. "Drasco got to the cabin ahead of us. He knocked out the houseman and took Mike—but we'll find him, Kyle. He can't get far—"

"You'll find him!" Kyle roared. "Jimmy, there's only one road to the cabin from here and this is it! The only cut-off is Red Canyon Road a mile above us, and it ends at a stretch of timber backed up by a pile of rocks with a two-hundred-foot drop behind them! Drasco's already below us."

"No he isn't," Jameson said. "I've been in radio contact with the patrol below. You were spotted driving up, but nobody's come down. Drasco is still up here."

Kyle looked up at the mountain: quiet, impassive, totally indifferent. Its very silence seemed to mock him. Kyle Walker, the man who was going to use a dead man's letter to bargain for his life.

"Nature is kind," Kyle said.

"What?" James echoed.

"A point of view. Nature is kind. It tells us when to stop dreaming."

"Kyle, we'll get Mike back," Van said. "They sent out a man from the FBI."

"I don't care if they sent a man from the FBI!" Kyle snapped. "It's me that Drasco wants. Me — not

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Look what's happened to the old School Bus.



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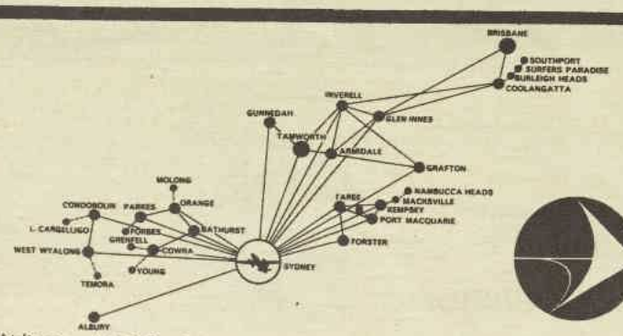
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some gun-happy detectives! Drasco's gone into that canyon with Mike. When he finds it's a dead end, what do you think he'll do?"

"Come back out," Jameson said.

"Yes, using Mike as hostage. I don't want my son used for target practice, Jimmy. Where's your FBI man?"

"At the cabin with Dee. He's got Charlene Evans with him. I think they had a bug on her phone — at any rate, she admits that she's been working for the syndicate all these years. She's responsible for your job with Sam, Kyle. She knew you were slated for murder the minute Drasco walked into your office yesterday."

"Charley?" Kyle echoed.

A KILLER IN THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

"Charley. Good old Charley. I warned Sam about that girl when he hired her. Star-struck. Flighty. I thought she was trying to move into Sam's territory when the old boy's defences were down. That shows how wrong I can be! She was up to her false eyelashes in debt to a phony talent scout on the syndicate payroll. She was given a choice of being their contact in Sam's office or of working out her debts in one of the fun-and-games ranches outside Vegas. Oh, they're nice people, Kyle. Real cute people."

The blows were falling too fast. Kyle tried to think of Charley the way Jameson was painting her and the colors wouldn't blend, and then Jameson added the needed perspective.

"I guess Charlene did a lot of growing these past six years," he said. "She had to know that covering for you was signing her own death warrant, but that's what she did. Last night she called the Phoenix contact and reported that you were flying to Mexico City this morning. Then she went to the airport to meet the killer she knew would be waiting for you. The only reason she's not in the morgue now is because Baird reached her first. She's hysterical, but she's beginning to make sense. She's talking like words were going out of style. Come out with me, Kyle, and help Charlene break this mess wide open."

It sounded so easy and so right; but it wouldn't work. There was still only one reality, and that was a little boy named Mike and a two-legged animal who got his kicks from killing. Jameson wore a gun; Van didn't. Neither of them was prepared when Kyle pulled his own gun from his pocket and pointed it at Jameson's chest.

"Drop your gun belt, Jimmy," he said, "or I'll kill you."

There was a cold way of saying things that left no room for misunderstanding. Jameson read Kyle's eyes and unbuckled his belt. The gun dropped to the earth at his feet.

"Now get on the radio in that car and order your men out of Red Canyon Road."

Kyle had an authority now that was more than the gun in his hand. It was finished. It was the end of the running and the lying. He hadn't closed his eyes to Bernie Chapman's murder in order to protect Dee. Man had always covered his conquests and his cowardice with that ancient self-deception. He had accepted the Big Myth — the one that made every decent way of life unworkable. Look out for Number One. Everybody does it. A little corruption won't hurt you — until it boomerangs one day and hands you the inevitable payoff: the loss of whatever you love the most.

Jameson did as he was told and then switched off the radio. "If Drasco gets you within range you're a dead man," he warned.

"Not until I get my son," Kyle promised.

"Do you think you can bargain with that killer? Kyle, you're needed alive! You saw Drasco kill Bernie Chapman, didn't you? That's why you were afraid when you saw him in the city yesterday. If you saw the killing, your testimony can convict this hood and help the Government crack the entire operation—"

Jameson did fine as long as he talked, but he made a mistake with his hands. He grabbed for Kyle's gun and was instantly on the ground — unconscious. Standing over him, surprised at his own action, was Van with a set of fresh bruises on his knuckles.

"Let's go, Kyle," he said.

"You —?" Kyle echoed.

"Me. I want a piece of your fight, Kyle. It's the only thing in this screwed-up world that's made any sense to me for five years!"

Jameson was beginning to groan. Van pulled him off on the shoulder and then leaped into the police car as Kyle started the motor and swung it around toward the Red Canyon Road. If anyone saw them, they would think Jameson was at the wheel.

"Kyle, you idiot!" Van said. "Why didn't you tell somebody when you saw Drasco?"

"I wasn't sure," Kyle said. "And who would have taken me seriously then? You would have said it was overwork and nerves."

"Not if you told the whole story."

"All right, I was trying to find an out. I wanted to save my job, and I thought I owed something to Sam. Now, with Sam dead —"

"Sam *dead!*"

"You didn't know?" Kyle said.

"No. When? How?"

Kyle took one hand from the wheel and dug Sam's letter out of his coat pocket. He handed it to Van without comment. Van read it slowly.

"You never liked him, did you?" Kyle asked.

"That's not true! I did like him — enormously. I just couldn't see with his eyes. And I wasn't wrong. You were building dung heaps, Kyle. Steel-and-glass tax write-offs for dope peddlers and glorified pimps. The Egyptians at least built pyramids. They make nice snapshots for tourists."

The timber was thinning out. Now there was just a little scrub growing among the rocks and just ahead, at the end of the road, Sam's white pickup abandoned where Drasco had stalled it in what must have been a frantic attempt to turn back from the dead end. The rear axle was broken. He had gone too far. Kyle cut the motor of the police car and listened. There was no sound of footsteps or voices. The rest of the way was up to the rocks on foot.

Thirty yards ahead they found a scrap of Mike's shirt caught on a clump of brush. Kyle stopped and dropped to his knees. The soil around the bush was damp and there was one clear print of a tiny Western boot.

"He's alive!" Kyle cried. "Look, Van. He was walking under his own power when they passed this point."

He looked up at the mountain. It was all rock now. Layer after layer of rock. There was no sign of life anywhere.

"Mike!" he yelled. "Are you up there? It's your father, Mike. Don't be afraid."

Kyle's words bounced back and forth across the canyon. When the last echo died there was still no answer.

They began to climb again, separating gradually until there was about a hundred feet between them. Fifty yards above, the rocky climb terminated in a ledge that seemed to be the last footing before the mountain rose sharply in an almost perpendicular wall.

KYLE was moving steadily toward the ledge when the first shot chewed the ground a dozen feet ahead and sent him low to the nearest cover. The second shot was inches from his right heel.

"Drasco, this is Walker. Send my son down and I'll come up alone!"

"Don't be an idiot!" Van yelled. "We've got him trapped. He can't go any higher and he can't stay up there for ever."

"Neither can Mike," Kyle answered.

Kyle crawled several yards to his left and then stood up and ran toward the ledge. He covered half the remaining distance before Drasco's fire forced him to take shelter again.

"Drasco," he shouted, "send the boy down to Bryson. It's me you want—not him!"

There was no answer. Kyle readied for another try at the ledge, but before he could move again there was a sound of scuffling from above—then a sharp, high-pitched cry followed quickly by one more shot. Then silence.

"He's shot Mike!" Kyle yelled.

He started to run toward the ledge but Van had been edging toward him and was close enough to pull him back.

"Kyle, use your head!" he cried. "It's a trap. If you go up there now he'll kill you and Mike. He's forcing your hand!"

Kyle walked alone back to the patrol car and got a bullhorn out of the back seat. Then he went to the front seat and turned on the two-way radio. He started to talk.

"Jameson," he yelled. "I want you to listen to this. I want the FBI men to listen and the whole highway patrol, because I may not live

To page 86



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RIVETS



long enough to repeat it in court.

"My name is Kyle Walker. Five years ago I lived at the Cecil Arms Hotel in New York City. I drove home late the night Bernie Chapman was killed. I didn't see Bernie on duty when I drove into the garage, so I parked the car myself and took the elevator upstairs. Then I discovered that I had left my keys in the car and took the elevator back to the garage. When the elevator doors opened, I saw Rick Drasco, the man who registered at the Apache Inn as R. R. Donaldson, put a wire around Chapman's neck and strangle him until he was dead. Jake Berendo — I recognised him from a picture in the New York newspaper — was Drasco's accomplice. He held Chapman until the job was done.

A KILLER IN THE STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

"That is what I saw . . . and that's why Drasco has to kill me . . ."

Kyle switched off the radio.

The canyon was silent. There was no noise of any kind. Kyle's footsteps, when he began to climb, seemed to make no sound against the rocks. It was as if he had entered a new dimension and walked without weight. There was no gunfire. He reached Van and stopped. He raised the bullhorn again and called, "Drasco, I'm coming all the way this time. I've already told the world why you want to kill me. If you want to die for two murders instead of one it's up to you."

If Mike was dead, it no longer mattered what the syndicate would do. If he wasn't, and they survived the next few minutes, the Walkers would have to take their chances with life like any other family anywhere.

Kyle dropped the bullhorn and climbed to the bottom of the ledge. By stretching his body he could grasp the edge of it and pull himself up far enough to roll on to the that last footing where Mike had to be. He was still flat on his stomach when he saw a coral snake moving slowly across the ledge about six feet away from his face. He scrambled to his feet. Just beyond the snake, wide-eyed and motionless, he saw Mike. His mouth was taped and his hands were tied, but he was very much alive and aware of the reptile.

Kyle aimed his gun.

"Don't shoot!" Van ordered. "That snake never attacks unless it's been attacked."

Van climbed up on the ledge and stood as motionless as Kyle until the snake disappeared in the dwarf brush that was rooted in a patch of soil between the rocks. Then Kyle leaped forward. Gently, he pulled the tape from Mike's mouth.

"Ramon isn't afraid of snakes," Mike sobbed.

Kyle held the boy to close the beat of his heart was like the beat of his own.

"Kyle," Van said, "look over here and see why Drasco didn't answer."

THERE was an elbow on the ledge, a place where it widened to a width of ten or twelve feet. Drasco had backed as far into the cul-de-sac as he could go. Now he stood mesmerised by another coral snake that was crawling slowly toward him. Several feet beyond his reach was his gun and the dead snake that had drawn his last shot.

"It's probably the mate," Van said. "It's going to strike."

The sunlight glinted on Drasco's bifocals. It was as if he were some kind of crouched monster with reflectors for eyes. His arms were stretched out against the rocks, and his fingers clawed pitifully for some weapon that wasn't there. He was completely helpless and Kyle had no pity for him at all.

But Mike's head was buried on his shoulder, and it seemed there had been enough death for one day. Kyle fired once. The snake's head split open and the body was flung back against Drasco's legs. The terrified man screamed and grew rigid.

"You can come out now," Kyle said. "It's all over."

It was Van who actually brought Rick Drasco down from the mountain. Kyle shifted his attention to Mike. He lifted him down off the ledge and carried him in his arms all the way back to Jameson's patrol car.

There he switched on the radio and said, "OK, Jameson. Come on into the canyon and get your man. And tell Dee that I'm taking Mike home now. It's about time . . ."

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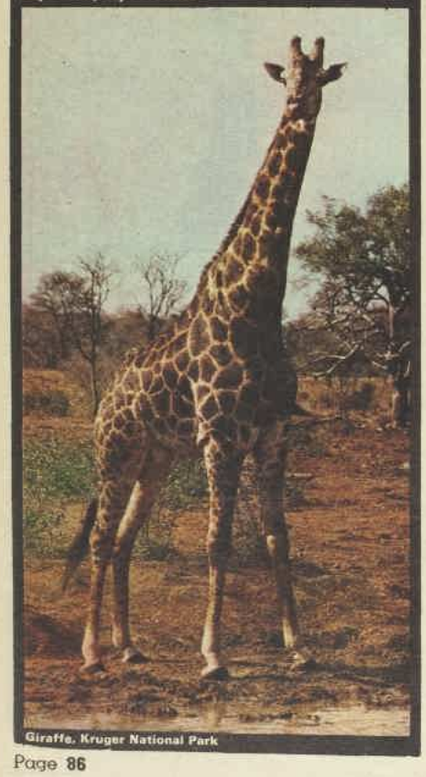
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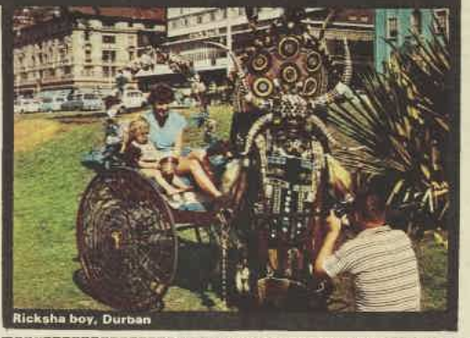
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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Make presentable by using an animal method (4, 4, 5).
6. Remote little Diana with a holy insect (7).
8. Search blindly, mostly with a rope (5).
9. Devil of a slim person (3).
11. When ten dive it can be obvious (7).
12. Pressing short gentleman from Abraham's birthplace (6).
13. Cotton cloth brought first from India (6).
16. German seaport and name of a variety of domestic fowl with blue legs (7).
18. Drink in small quantities while gossiping (3).
19. Musical instrument of pipes supplied with wind by bellows and sounded by keys (5).
20. A resident in a red well (7).
22. Heavenly body in action (4, 9).

DOWN

1. These mossy saxifrage plants are not resting places for a woman's head (5-8).
2. Mountain in the Island of Crete (3).
3. Stifled laugh has it in the top (6).
4. Originated a flower (5).
5. He labors to secure the success of a candidate (13).
7. Pierce with an irritating process, using a soft metal in the centre (5).
8. Musical instruments (7).
10. A flightless sea bird or a paper-covered book (7).
14. Devil starts to urge forward (5).
15. Seaport in S.W. Morocco (6).
17. Molten mass within the Earth's crust (5).
21. I (3).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.

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